Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers

W. S. Stewart

Vol. II

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LATER BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

Volume II

WALTER SINCLAIR STEWART was reared in a home of rare culture and refinement. He has been in the active ministry for sixteen years, most of this time in Wisconsin. His insatiable inquiring mind seeks to know all there is to know of our Baptist heritage. Thus he discovered an unaccomplished task. Pioneering of any kind has always attracted great interest. No greater heroism has been shown anywhere than in the beginnings of our Baptist work both at home and abroad. Mr. Stewart has read widely of Scotch, Irish, English, Australian, New Zealand, Continental European and American work; and he wanted to share the material he had enjoyed. When this desire became known to some of our Baptist leaders, the Department of Missionary Education of the Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention became interested and gave the material to the Publication Society.

LATER BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

Volume II

By
WALTER SINCLAIR STEWART
Author of
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I

Edited by
The Department of Missionary Education
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DEDICATED

To

The Memory of

Dr. A. H. STRONG

A Valued Counsellor

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THE task of assembling life-stories of Baptist missionary pioneers in book form has never been undertaken hitherto. The materials have enriched our miscellaneous and interdenominational missionary literature. It is now our privilege to provide this biographical material in separate volumes, as follows:

Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I.
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume I.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, Volume II.

The thoroughness with which the biographer has pursued his task and his care in the use of source materials make this series of rare value.

These books will serve many uses, but are especially suited for study classes among student groups, for study groups in Summer Assemblies and Summer Conferences, and will be very valuable for young people's societies, local mission-study classes, discussion groups, and reading courses.

We heartily commend the use of this material for a wide acquaintance with the world contribution of Baptists in the outreach of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

WILLIAM A. HILL,
Secretary of Missionary Education.

FOREWORD

Four years ago the first volume of this series of books, *Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers,* was published. Dr. W. A. Hill, secretary of the Department of Missionary Education, wrote an introduction in that book in which he announced that a series of four books was projected. It is with much delight, therefore, that I send this fourth volume on its mission, completing the series. Thirty-five short biographies are presented in these books with a view to acquaint the reader with the immensity of the contribution of Baptists to world evangelization; and also to challenge world Baptists to further deeds of sacrifice with these character studies of unparalleled heroism.

I feel especially indebted to the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in giving me access to all the files and books of the Board; and in turning over to my use a private office and a typewriter in their rooms. I want to thank Miss Mabel Taylor, daughter of Dr. Z. C. Taylor, who kindly loaned me her father's autobiographical sketch; Rev. P. Frederickson and Rev. T. Moody for their assistance and suggestions for Dr. A. Sims' life; Rev. Ernesto Barocio in his untiring efforts to verify facts of Hickey's life; Mrs. Una Lawrence for the biography of Miss Lottie Moon; John Grant, son of

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I

ZACHARY C. TAYLOR

The Baptist Apostle to Brazil

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

1. A young man born again.
2. Zachary Taylor, born, January, 1851, in Mississippi.
3. Early life:
   (1) Worked on father's plantation.
   (2) Pioneering in Texas after Civil War.
4. Call and schooling:
   (1) Began preaching in 1873.
   (2) Studied at Waco and Baylor Universities.
   (3) To Southern Baptist Seminary.
5. Married Miss Kate Stevens Crawford on December 25, 1881.
6. Went to Brazil January 12, 1882.
7. Beginnings in Brazil:
   (1) Started in Bahia.
   (2) Catholic opposition virulent.
   (3) Issued a monthly paper by 1884.
   (4) Made many missionary journeys.
8. Great changes full of sorrow and joy:
   (1) Liberation of slaves in 1888.
   (2) New constitution adopted in 1891.
   (3) Mrs. Taylor died August 19, 1894.
9. Married Miss Laura Burton in 1895.
10. The Collegio Americano-Egydio opened May 5, 1898.
11. Last term of service:
   (1) Left America in January, 1903.
   (2) Outreach of Mission farther each year.
   (3) Celebration of 25 years of Brazilian Mission in 1907.
   (4) Made a journey to Portugal in 1908.
   (5) Left Brazil in September, 1909.
12. Last years of his life:
   (1) Home in Corpus Christi, Texas.
   (2) Wrote missionary articles.
   (3) Sought to oppose Catholic influence in America.
13. Killed in tidal wave September 14, 1919.
14. The Apostle to Brazil.

ZACHARY C. TAYLOR

"For thou shalt be a witness for Him unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard."—*Acts 22: 15.*

Born and Born Again

Zachary C. Taylor had been disturbed for some time concerning his lost condition. When the evangelist invited sinners to the mourners' bench, he went forward. He found no peace of soul. All seemed dark. He went to a grove and tried to pray, but he didn't seem able to find God. One evening, he was lighting the candles in company with other boys, when Deacon Lott asked Zachary to walk with him. "God never gifted me with public speech," said the pious deacon, "but, Zachary, I want to pray for you."

After the service that evening, Zachary felt still more burdened. Then as he sat in church on the following Sunday and heard a sermon on the text, "The harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and we are not saved," he felt that the death-knell had struck for him. Why couldn't he have the peace and the joy that these Christians had? What hindered?

He went with the congregation to the Tantabogue Creek where several were baptized. He was more than ever convinced, and convicted. After the baptismal service was over, Zachary accepted the invitation of Deacon Lott to go to his home. Something must be done. The burden must be lifted!

When they reached Lott's home, they went right to his

room. Lott put his arm over the shoulder of Zachary, and he was too moved to speak. Deacon Bazar, entering the home just at this time, came and put his arm over the young man's other shoulder. There they sat weeping, all three of them, and praying. Suddenly, the light of heaven burst on the soul of Zachary, and he was made a new creature in Christ. Questionings gone, doubting over, he arose and sang praises to God.

It was a genuine conversion. The soul that had been captive to sin was washed clean by the blood of the Lamb. "We all three stood embraced for a while," said Taylor afterward. "Then I began going the rounds and didn't stop shaking hands until I had encountered about fifty persons in the house. Dinner was served, but my joy was so great I wasn't hungry. I hurried home to tell my father and mother. Everything was different, I could even work better."

Zachary was seventeen years old when he was saved. He immediately became concerned about baptism and church-membership. He asked his father many questions. His father told him to read the New Testament, and especially Romans 6:3, 4. These verses made him a Baptist. He saw in the beautiful ordinance of baptism a striking symbol of the death and burial of the old self and of the resurrection to a newness of life on the part of the believer. Soon afterward, Zachary was baptized and became an active worker in the church.

His people had all been Baptists. His great grandfather had been a Baptist preacher in North Carolina. His father was a deacon in the Baptist church; and his mother was a firm Baptist. They had brought their boy, Zachary, up in the church. Now, in answer to their prayers, and due to

the persuasion of the two Christian men, Zachary was converted and became a church-member.

Zachary Clay Taylor was born in a home of plenty on a farm about three miles from Jackson, Mississippi, in January, 1851. His parents were living at this time on the Cordell farm, with his mother's people. When Zachary was seven years of age, his father bought land on Barne's Prairie near to Fannin. Here they made their home for many years.

Early Life

Zachary was a busy boy. There was always something to do on the farm. "I was pushed in school so that I thoroughly hated books," he wrote. "When not in school father had me alongside of the slaves at work, and I imbibed early a hatred for work also."

The outbreak of the Civil War caused a great change in the Taylor household. The father, B. W. Taylor, went to war at the head of the brass band of the Sixth Mississippi Regiment. When he returned, his slaves had been freed and he had lost his plantation. He faced a tremendous task.

Pioneering in Texas After the Civil War

The chaos was universal all over the South after the war. There seemed to be no stability anywhere. The Taylors, therefore, determined that they would sell everything and move to Texas. Many reports had come to them of the fine opportunities and openings in this immense commonwealth.

They journeyed to New Orleans, Louisiana, by train; and then they embarked, taking a boat to Galveston,

Texas. From there they pressed on into Washington County where they stayed for a year, and then finally settled in Houston County, twelve miles from Crockett.

It was the rough, hardy life of the pioneer, but Zachary enjoyed it. The thrill of the new, the lure of the unknown, and the zest of the unconquered were ever stimulating to him. They had to forage for much of their food. Such a life, however, had rich compensation in the satisfaction of mastering the elements, and in the constant wonder of what the next day had in store.

Gospel meetings were held occasionally in the Taylor home. These services were conducted by Rev. J. F. James, who was the Associational missionary. Zachary always attended such meetings, and he early became troubled. He read his Bible, and went to the mourners' bench, seeking forgiveness. No light came! The burden grew heavier from day to day, until that glorious day in 1868 when he was saved.

Call and Schooling

No sooner had he joined the church than God began asking for his life that he might dedicate himself to the ministry. Two forces in his life, at this time, militated against his immediate decision. One was that some of his acquaintances had started out to become preachers, and then had quit. He was determined that if he once became obedient to the heavenly vision he would never turn back. The other reason was the counsel of his father. He urged Zachary to think seriously before entering into a calling that demanded his whole life.

The lost condition of the world outside of Christ was very real to him. There were times when he was eighteen

that he would weep over the sin of the world. Then in 1870, when he was a delegate of the Neches River Association, he was more deeply stirred. God was kindling the flame of an evangel fire in his soul that could not be quenched until he gave his life for Brazil.

At this meeting Zachary met Doctor Link, who was then the editor of the *Texas Baptist Herald*. He persuaded the young man to take his own State paper. A little later he subscribed to *Kind Words* and to *Ford's Christian Repository*. These various magazines so aroused his soul that he determined that he would complete his education. Thinking to quiet the longing in his heart, he decided that he would become a doctor, and do all the charity work possible.

With his father's help, he reentered school. He was now over twenty-two years old. The way before him was dark. Part of the time he taught school to secure enough funds to continue his education. He finally went to Waco, Texas, to study medicine. Here he came in contact with many young men who were studying for the ministry. The longing that had become so deep-seated in his nature now came to the surface with renewed vigor and poignancy. Yielding to this desire he wrote to his home church and asked for a license to preach.

The people of the church knew something of the battle that was waging in Zachary's soul. They realized somewhat how he had tried to ward off the summons that God had made for his life. It was a great delight, therefore, to this group of Christians to grant the license. That summer Zachary preached his first sermon at Bird's Schoolhouse.

Where should he go to complete his education? How

should he secure funds for this purpose? These and many other questions were demanding an answer. Zachary was perplexed; and yet he had a peace that was like balm to his soul. The call of years had been answered. He had made an unconditional surrender of his life to God; and he was now on the road of obedience, that highway of life on whose thoroughfare alone there is the peace of God and the joy of Divine Companionship.

During the first year of his studies at the University of Waco, he heard a message by Rev. E. Z. Simmons, who was home on furlough from China. After his address Simmons invited all those who were interested in foreign missions to meet him. Zachary went to this meeting not because he had any particular foreign mission field in view but because of his interest in the missionary. "The impression he made on me was lasting," wrote Taylor. "I began to consider what Southern Baptists were doing for the world. I looked at South America and saw there was not one missionary in a whole continent! I said, Lord, there is the most neglected field, let me go there. Brazil stood out as the vastest and therefore the most in need."

What an immense challenge to Taylor's faith and courage! Yet with undaunted fortitude he decided that he would prepare himself for the task. "Only faith held me to my purpose for five years of constant study," Taylor said, "hard work, strict economy, and severe privations. I began to train my body, not only to right habits, but for endurance, subjecting myself to all kinds of hardship."

He studied a year and a half in Waco University and then he entered Baylor, from which school he graduated in 1879. Every year there had come interruptions in his

studies due to one reason or another. One year he was out for several months as an agent of the American Bible Society.

During the summer he sold books to earn money for his schooling. It was necessary not only to meet his own need, but also the needs of his parents. He sent money to them. He was always eager to share in the burden of the home because he appreciated the sacrifices that had been made for him.

In all these difficulties and struggles he never forgot the call that he had answered. In his mind constantly was the country of Brazil. He read all the books he could secure on that great nation. One of them that particularly impressed him was *Brazil and the Brazilians.* He talked about this large South American republic with W. B. Bagby, who was then pastor of the Baptist church at Plantersville, Texas.

When Richard Ratcliff was invited to preach the missionary sermon at the University, Taylor was delighted. Ratcliff had gone out to Brazil immediately after the Civil War. He had sought to secure the support and backing of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptists, but due to the depleted condition of their treasury, they could not finance him; so he had gone out alone. During Ratcliff's stay at Baylor, Taylor had the fascinating experience of talking to a Baptist preacher who had done missionary work for years in the land of his cherished goal.

Taylor had also written to the Foreign Board of his desire to go to Brazil. When Dr. H. H. Tupper came to Texas in 1878, he sought out Taylor. Doctor Tupper discovered that Taylor still had four more years of schooling. He encouraged him to keep on with his studies,

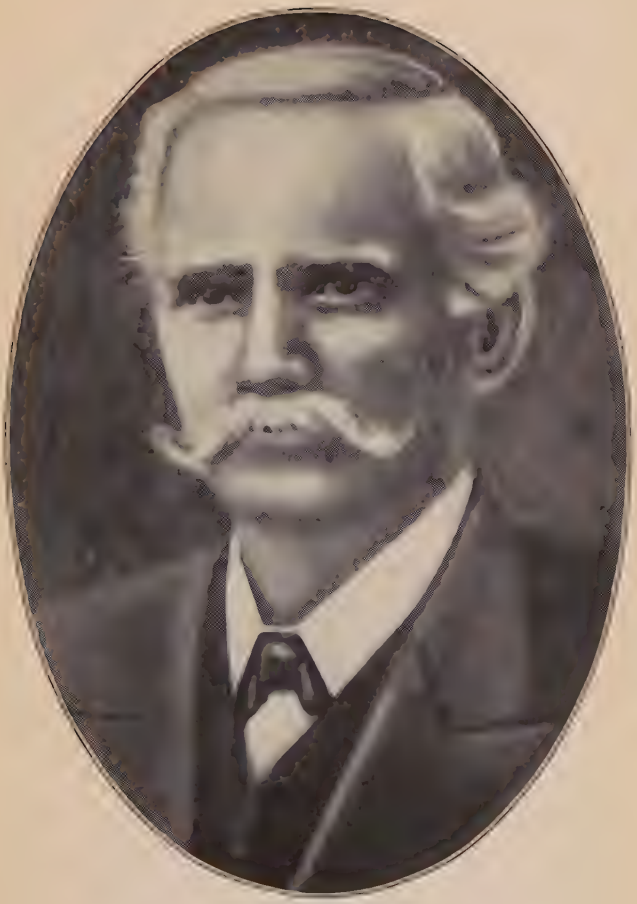
assuring him that when he graduated the Board would send him out.

There were seven in the graduating class that June day, 1879. Taylor had won "The Hyram Woods Medal for Logic." Right after graduation, Bennett Hatcher and Taylor were ordained to the gospel ministry at Independence, Texas. Another milestone had been passed. Another task had been completed. He was another long step nearer his life's accepted future sphere of activity.

That summer, Taylor began working as a deputy surveyor. He continued this type of work for over a year, becoming the elected county surveyor of Runnels County, and the pastor of the Runnels Baptist Church. This was his first pastorate.

In February of 1881, he entered the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. Here he came in contact with some of the greatest Baptist teachers of all the South; men who have influenced the thinking, the living, the preaching, and the life-work of hundreds of young men; teachers who through the clarity of their thinking and the firmness of their fidelity to the Bible have contributed a large share to world evangelism. Among this coterie of men, Taylor mentions particularly Broadus, Boyce, and Sampey.

When the Seminary was closed for the summer in 1881, Taylor preached at Lawrenceburg, Kentucky. It was while there as supply pastor that he was visited by Doctor Crane, Doctor Luther, and General Hawthorne. They came to see him to urge him to go to Brazil as Bagby's helper. Taylor had sent in his application first to the Board; but due to the fact that Bagby was all ready to go, he had been sent on first.



ZACHARY C. TAYLOR
The Baptist Apostle to Brazil

The Southern Baptist Convention in 1879 had passed a motion that "the Board will feel authorized to enter Brazil at as early a day as its means may justify." General Hawthorne had gone to Brazil in 1866 as an advance agent. He had been entertained as an honored guest, and upon his return to America he had determined to work there. On account of the condition of his wife's health, he found it impossible to return. He became, however, an ardent propagandist of the necessity of a Baptist mission among the Brazilians.

Hawthorne succeeded in securing the passage of the resolution appointing two missionaries for Brazil. He immediately persuaded the Bagbys to go as the first missionaries, and now he came to Taylor's home to urge him to go. The opportunity for which he had long waited was at hand. What answer should he give to this somewhat baffling problem? Many more months lay ahead of him before he could finish his Seminary course. Should he accept the offer and go?

Taylor prayed much these days. He did not want the burning desire of his life to conceal the will of God. In his memoirs he has written: "The call of God is the main thing. The text that came to me was, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'" The door was open, God had called him years before. Surely, there was nothing to do but to enter in and serve. So he made his decision, and in ten days he was on his way to Texas.

General Hawthorne and Taylor toured the State of Texas for three months arousing the churches to their opportunity and responsibility for Brazil. When the State Convention met in the fall of 1881, they passed a reso-

lution authorizing the Foreign Board to send Taylor as a missionary. When the Convention closed Taylor went to Richmond, Virginia, to be examined by the Board. After prayerful and thoughtful deliberation, he was appointed a missionary to Brazil. "They said nothing about salary," said Taylor, "neither did I know nor ask about it. I was not working for money, glad enough to be in God's service."

Marriage

Before going to South America, Taylor married Miss Kate Stevens Crawford on December 25, 1881. Miss Crawford was born in Bell County, Texas, on February 17, 1862. She rejoiced with her husband in his appointment as a missionary. During all the rest of their life together, she proved a source of strength to him, and a woman who gained the respect of the people of Brazil.

To Brazil

On January 12, 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sailed on the bark Serene, from Baltimore, Maryland. It took them just thirty-two days to reach Rio de Janeiro. Mrs. Taylor was a good sailor; but no matter how often he traveled on the water, Taylor was always seasick.

Beginnings in Brazil

He had finally reached the land of his heart's desire. Brazil at this time had a population of 18,000,000 people. It had been the dumping-ground of Portugal. The worst criminals of that land, the native Indian races of Brazil, and the imported people from Africa had all intermarried. "These Portuguese, though they have degenerated," said Taylor, "are of the grand old Roman race."

Upon his arrival in Rio, he was entertained by a Methodist missionary until Bagby came down and took him home with him to Campinas in the State of San Paulo. Here he immediately began to learn Portuguese in the Presbyterian Colegio Internacional at Campinas.

What a stupendous undertaking lay ahead of him! How immense it loomed on his horizon as he began to come to grips with the task that now awaited to be done. Where should he establish himself? That was the first question that must be decided. Bagby and Taylor both realized that they should work in two different centers that they might reach more people. But Brazil is a vast empire.

These Baptist missionaries traveled into the interior, but they found no large cities. In Capivary, they met an ex-priest, Tiexeira de Alberque, who had been converted. They induced him to join with them in their work as a teacher and preacher. They both felt that to have with them a man who had come out of Romanism into the full light of the gospel would be of great help to them in all their approaches.

The religion of Brazil was essentially a worship of the saints. "Mary is the chief saint," says Dr. T. B. Ray in his book *Brazilian Sketches*. "The most famous of all the shrines of Brazil is in the interior on the San Francisco River. It is the famous Lapa where 100,000 people come every year as pilgrims."

A change came to Catholic Brazil in 1555, when Calvin, the great Reformer, sent out missionaries from France. A little over one hundred years later, the Dutch sent missionaries with their colonists. Then in the middle of the nineteenth century, the different Evangelical Boards

began commissioning missionaries. The Baptist missionaries were the last to arrive.

Taylor, Bagby, the ex-priest Tiexeira, and their families moved into one house in Bahia in 1882.

Bahia is the third city of Brazil [writes C. S. Cooper in his book *The Brazilians and Their Country*]. It was the capital of Brazil until it was transferred to Rio de Janeiro in 1763. The first episcopal see was established here. A city of true tropics just thirteen degrees below the equator. At least two-thirds of the population are Negroes. A city of narrow streets, churches, and convents. Henry Martyn stopped over here on his way to India; and standing on the high cliff looking down on the almost matchless panorama below, he said: "Look, my soul; be still and gaze."

Bahia is about central on the 4,000 mile coastline of Brazil [wrote Taylor]. It is a city of about 250,000 people. There is only a small Presbyterian mission here. There is no other evangelical denomination nearer than Rio, 750 miles to the south, and Pernambuco, 400 miles to the north, a destitute region of about 1,200 miles coast as well as all interior. The City of Bahia has 400 Catholic churches and chapels in it, a seminary and a medical school.

Soon after settling in this Brazilian metropolis these Baptist missionaries rented the building of the old Jesuit College. Here they had plenty of room for themselves; and also for their preaching services. The people of the city under the influence of the Catholic clergy looked upon these Protestants as intruders. Very few of them at first attended the meetings.

One day among the curiosity-seekers [Taylor reported] came one young man who said he did not know what sin was, nor how to repent. I took the ten commandments, repeating each, asking if he had ever done what they prohibited, and to each he acknowledged he had, except the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal." Said he

had never stolen anything, but when I looked for my hat it was gone. There is little consciousness of sin among the people. One man said to me that sin did not consist in the act itself, but only in its becoming public and therefore a scandal. Not he who committed the act, but he who told it was the sinner.

What a delight it was to Taylor's soul to lead his first convert into the baptismal waters. He had talked to John Baptist many times. He would stop in his tin-shop and tell the gospel story as John Baptist worked. At first this tinner wouldn't buy a Bible from Taylor. He told him it was a false Bible. Taylor persuaded him to buy it by asking him to compare it with the Bible owned by the priest. This reading of the Word of God brought him to repentance.

John Baptist was soon afterward baptized, and then ordained. When Tiexeira died, he was appointed to take his place on the Mission Staff. After a few short years he was taken sick while he was preaching one Sunday, and died very suddenly. "John Baptist was a man whose superior for righteousness I never met. He would wear tattered shoes and clothes before he would go into debt," said Taylor. "He walked uprightly. As our representative he shone as a bright star, and was the living evidence of the power of God, a sanctified soul."

Soon after he began visiting in the homes of Brazil, he felt the need of a printing-press. The first tract that he had printed was on the *New Birth*. Taylor firmly believed that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." By 1884, he was publishing a monthly paper, *The Echo of Truth*. Then by 1889, when he bought the old Inquisition building, he had the two printing-presses placed in the basement, where he employed

six helpers. To such large proportions had the printing grown.

He was essentially an evangelist. He went everywhere in the immense republic of Brazil preaching the Word. He visited the great cities of the coast and the interior. He preached in small communities. He sought to sow broadcast the seed of the gospel of Jesus, trusting in God for the harvest.

Catholic persecution followed Taylor wherever he went. Never was he free from attack during his first few years. "The priests are dangerous citizens," he wrote, "claiming their bodies are inviolate, and so irresponsible to civil governments; every sheriff, attorney, or judge who arrests or prosecutes as a criminal a priest is anathematized by the bishop. We have liberty to preach in the houses, but not on the streets."

At first his trips from Bahia were short distances; but soon he journeyed several hundred miles in his desire to evangelize Brazil. Itapoan is a village only fifteen miles north of Bahia. When Taylor arrived at Itapoan, he was greeted with a shower of rocks and stones. On his second visit he had no interruptions; and so he secured a good hearing.

In 1886, Taylor was struck over the head; but he said: "Let persecutions, trials, troubles, and even death come, yet our motto is Brazil for Christ." It was in March of the same year that one of his contemporaries wrote to the Board: "Our brother and sister Taylor are the most earnest, zealous, and energetic missionaries I ever saw. They scarcely cease from labors long enough to eat and sleep."

At the close of that year Taylor was forced to take a

furlough on account of his health. He had a free passage to America by the shipping of Messrs. E. Levering & Company. When he arrived in Richmond, he submitted to the Foreign Board three suggestions for advancement in Brazil. The first was that more missionaries should be sent out to occupy the strategic centers of influence in that large commonwealth. Second, more funds were needed for presses and printing. Third, two houses of worship should be erected, one at Rio and the other at Bahia.

There was real enthusiasm and joy among Southern Baptists over the Brazilian Mission. They had a high regard for Taylor and Bagby, who was now located at Rio. They had watched with prayerful satisfaction the increasing number of baptisms from year to year; and they were ready to do all in their power to further the influence of their mission station.

Changes: Joy and Sorrow

When Taylor returned to Brazil some very important forward steps had taken place. Slavery had been abolished by a bill that had passed in 1888. The Baptist church had freed a slave when he entered their membership; but now by governmental action freedom had come to them all. "The two great enemies to the progress of the gospel in Brazil have disappeared, slavery and the empire," wrote Taylor when he returned to Brazil. "Monarchy is the worldly or satanic type of government, but now it is gone."

One of the objections raised by the people of Brazil to the Baptist church was the form of baptism. One man came to Taylor one day and said, "If you wouldn't insist on immersion in baptism, but would use affusion, many

more would join." To which Taylor replied, "I have come to Brazil to proclaim God's law, not to legislate upon it."

There were several men and women of influence who heard the message of God's grace and then gave their hearts and lives to the service of the mission. Jose Domingues of the Holy Spirit was a dealer in coffee in Itapaguge. He had four stores which he trusted to his clerks while he drank. "One day," says Taylor, "he read a tract—*How to Pray*—in which he discovered the publican's prayer, 'Lord be merciful to me, a sinner.' He kept praying, and he was converted. I baptized him, and then he requested preaching services at his home. He changed the part of his name 'Holy Spirit' to Baptista. His business was so affected by his acceptance of Protestant faith that I gave him a job as a colporter."

There were two brothers, Joaquim and Bento Pereira. After Joaquim had found the Lord, he went to bring Bento to Jesus. He told him of the joys of the Protestant religion. He offered him a Bible. Bento had been poisoned against Protestantism, and he rebuffed his brother's advances, and ran his knife through the Bible. The calmness of Joaquim during his own anger greatly impressed Bento, and led to his conversion.

Marciano Pereira was a brother of Captain Egydio. He lived in Vargem Grande; and he was a leading citizen of that community. The seed of the Word of God had brought him to repentance, and in 1889 he went up to Bahia for baptism.

Once he had secured the frame of a large building for the trading of tobacco [said Taylor]. He did not use tobacco himself, but he began to meditate as to whether Christians should traffic

in it. He wrote to me for counsel. I replied that tobacco is an unnecessary article, that its use was a vice, indecent, expensive, and therefore dishonoring to our Saviour. He abandoned the house, and also the traffic in tobacco forever, though it cost him dear.

From the very beginning of his missionary activity in Brazil, Taylor adopted a very careful method for the reception of members into the church. These people who had been taught to pray to saints, and who believed that the approval of God and merit in his Kingdom were gained by penance, needed to be told the truth of the Bible. Candidates for church-membership were asked such questions as:

Are you married? Is the woman you are living with your lawful wife? A large percentage of all candidates are not married though having a family. Are you ready to make the marriage legal? The reception into the church is delayed until the marriage is consummated. Have you destroyed your idols? Have you quit buying lottery tickets? If questions are all answered satisfactorily then the people are baptized, and immediately given the right hand of fellowship.

In Brazil Rome had darkened and covered up every doctrine of the Bible or introduced substitutes. When the priests began to feel the impress of the gospel truth in the loss of membership, they started lies about the Baptist missionaries. These priests told their parishioners that Taylor paid $100 for each convert and that he was preaching against God.

Due to the influence of the Roman Church, the Brazilians had an immense traffic in idols. They called them saints, though they said the idols were not sacred until they were blessed by the priests. These idols were bought

in the stores like any other commodity, and in the homes of Brazil there was always a dozen or more of them made of wood, brass, clay, silver and gold. They were called saints of the Roman Church; but they really were Latin gods with Christian names.

One day Taylor went up the Coast to Pernambuco, a city of 200,000 people. On these long trips he usually rode a great deal on horseback.

In one place a worthless fellow on fair days would tie a string on a Bible and walking up behind another fellow would give the string a jerk in such a way that the Bible would hit the man in the back [said Taylor]. This was done in scorn of the *religiao protestante.* A convert told the boy what a sacrilege it was for him to treat God's Word that way, and that if he would read it he would find salvation in it for his soul. He read it for three days and nights, begrudging, as he said, the call to meals. He was converted, and proved his change by entering immediately upon an honest livelihood. In a short time he had won his way into the sympathy and good-will not only of the brethren but of the best citizens of the place. Bernardo sought out his old friends and new ones, bringing them to Christ.

The changes that had occurred in Brazil were epoch-making; and they were not permitted to go unchallenged by the Catholic Church. In 1888, the bill for the liberation of the slaves was passed, thus setting at liberty 600,000 Negroes. In November of 1889, the monarchy was overthrown, and it was declared that now the nation should be known as the United States of Brazil. On February 24, 1891, the constitution was adopted. All this advance toward democracy was a blow against that ecclesiastical machine that had ruled Brazil for years as a tyrant.

In the *Foreign Mission Journal* of September, 1890, is a plea written by Taylor:

There come times in the history of countries in which mission work is being done, which seem to be the "set times" for pressing on the work. But of all our mission the "times" seem to point to Brazil as the place, where, above all others, we should just now press our work. The destructive hold of the Roman Church on the Government of Brazil has been loosened. Religious freedom has followed.

The following year when Taylor sent in his annual report, he records: "I consider this the best year of my life. Not in numbers gathered; but in the amount of labor done, and in the acquisition of Brother Ginsburg. He was ordained December 25, 1891." Rev. S. T. Ginsburg was pastor of the Congregational Church at Pernambuco when Taylor first met him. He had already become interested in the subject of baptism, and later he went to Bahia that Taylor might baptize him. "Rev. Ginsburg has many gifts," wrote Taylor, "both natural and spiritual; best of all he is an evangelist."

Captain Egydio was a very religious man. He went on long religious pilgrimages, and he sought to follow all the directions of the priests. He was a coffee-planter, living about one hundred fifty miles southwest of Bahia. He was very much incensed when his brother Marciano embraced the gospel, and he threatened his oldest brother, who had been the means of Marciano's conversion. "If you continue to teach my brother these devilish doctrines, I will send a couple of Indians here to take off your head." To which the brother replied, "Very well, you may take off my head, but you cannot take off my soul." The captain turned and walked away, and began to drink very heavily. He was too bright a man, however, to discard anything without becoming acquainted with the facts concerning it, so he began to read the Bible and was converted.

Thus began a Christian life, which for activity and usefulness may be compared to that of the apostle Paul [wrote Taylor in his autobiography], except that Captain Egydio was a layman. He loved people. He loved to do good. He had a neighbor, Captain Bernardino, who would not even let the Baptist people pass his home. One day, Captain Egydio and I tried, but he hit us with a stick. Then he took my horse into a pond where he gathered mud and pelted me from foot to shoulder, doing the same with Egydio. On another occasion, Captain Egydio and I had gone into the country where I was to baptize. Among the candidates was a woman, whose mother, father, and brother lay in wait near the house until the proper time to swoop down and prevent the baptism. The Christians surrounded them; and then the son approached me with a big knife. Elias came between us, we heard a gun fire, and then the baptized daughter of Captain Egydio called, "Come on, Brother Taylor, they are all here waiting." The Christians who kept off those who would interrupt the baptism didn't hear them, nor did they let them interrupt the work of God. Captain Egydio's short career of five years was full of useful deeds.

As a result of the missionary journeys of Taylor, people would come sometimes hundreds of miles to be baptized. Taylor had gone north, south, and west in the intensity of his zeal to spread the good news of Jesus. Hardships were his daily experiences. Persecutions and attacks had no effect on this man of God except to urge him on to even greater efforts. He had come to Brazil to tell of the unsearchable riches of Jesus; and he gave his life gladly and with full consecration for the furtherance of the gospel.

Taylor had preached in Villa de Conde, one hundred and fifty miles north of Bahia. During the days of the empire he had baptized some people there at night. Now that Brazil was a republic he had set Sunday afternoon as the time for baptism. When the time arrived for the ordinance, Zese, a tool of the priest, came up to Taylor and said,

"Get out of here, you rascal." Taylor, undeterred by such a threat, decided to go ahead. Three women were ready for the ordinance and Zese came up and knocked them into the water. This produced great confusion as there were hundreds of people watching. Taylor took the women out of the water and then he knelt in prayer. Meanwhile the sheriff sent word that he could not protect the missionary against these violent men as he had only four policemen.

Zese came up and offered Taylor a drink of rum, which he refused. Whereupon Zese threw the rum on Taylor and the women.

Zese had been waiting to get me and Britto in line between him and the river [wrote Taylor in reporting the incident]. He was tipsy already, and catching his opportunity he made a rush down the slope, arms wide open. As he came to Britto first his arm struck him, but Britto dodged and Zese lost his balance, his left hand struck me, and I lowered my head; as he passed on without us, he splashed into the river. This drew a laugh from the crowd; and then after Zese was helped out, I baptized eight converts.

The trouble wasn't over yet. Taylor had gone up to hold a public meeting that he might give these new Baptists the right hand of fellowship, and some final instructions. The mob, who had been incited by the priests, broke into the building as Taylor escaped through the back door. They tore down the lights, broke the table, and tore up the Bible, and then rushed out to find Taylor. In their search for him, they were misdirected, as Taylor hid in the home of the sheriff's brother. He left the village in safety very early in the morning. God had protected him; and twenty-four years later, in the same river, Zese—who had been converted—was baptized.

The Bible is the most priceless of all documents to place in the hands of people. Taylor made it a habit of his life to read the Bible through every year. When he entered a new community he would always present to the authorities copies of the Bible, and tracts, praying that God would bless the precious word to the salvation of many lives.

Mrs. Taylor had visited women and children, and had sought to keep her husband fit for his stupendous task. With careful and prayerful attention she mothered their three children; but now she was dangerously ill. Smallpox, a disease more dreaded in Brazil than any other except cholera, had smitten her. Soon after she recovered, it was discovered that she had sarcoma under the knee. She was immediately sent to Rio for treatment, but she grew steadily worse. Taylor went to Rio and brought his wife back to Bahia for an operation. So serious had her illness become that the doctor said that relief could only come through amputation of the leg.

Upon receiving the consent of the Board, the Taylors embarked for New York, reaching there January 25, 1892. They went directly to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Taylor's limb was cut off at the knee by the noted Baptist surgeon, Dr. W. W. Keen. There were days when her life hung in the balance, but finally she took a turn for the better and started on the road to recovery. After two months in the hospital, the Taylors went to Texas to Mrs. Taylor's home where Marquis was born on May 8, 1892.

Only seven months after leaving Brazil, they returned to Bahia. Mrs. Taylor lived two more years. She died August 19, 1894. Another internal sarcoma drained away her life. They buried her in the British Cemetery in

Bahia. She had been faithful unto death, and the crown of life was her reward.

The Baptist Mission in Brazil observed with the other missions of the world the Mission Centennial. This resulted in some notable conversions. One was a lady of seventy. She sent Taylor a trunk full of images which he dispatched to Waco University.

In September, 1893, Taylor went with two of his colporters to the city of Barra, which is five hundred miles up the San Francisco River. This was a journey of nine days, by train, by boat, and by horseback. When Taylor arrived in Barra, he discovered that the Italian priest had been plotting against him. He went to the home of Captain Quintino Rabello, who offered him a vacant house, where he could live and hold meetings. No sooner had Taylor gone to this house than the district attorney came to see him to tell him that unless he left Barra there would be bloodshed.

For three days Taylor stayed in the city, though he did no preaching. During these days he was guarded night and day by the police. He sold Bibles, and held many interviews with men who came to him to seek the way of Life. He left the city without being subjected to any persecution. When he returned to Barra on his next visit, he was able to reap some of the harvest of this seed-sowing, and to establish a church.

Second Marriage

In 1895 Taylor again went to America. He married Miss Laura Barton in December of that year. The wedding occurred at the meeting of the Texas Baptist State Convention, Doctor Willingham being the officiat-

ing clergyman. Miss Laura Barton was born in 1858 in Texas. She had been converted when only sixteen. Through her love for teaching, she had gone out to join the North China Mission in 1889. After one term of service there, she had come back home to rest. Now, she was on her way to Brazil to serve her Lord there, to become a helpmate for Zachary Taylor, and to mother his four children.

When they reached Bahia, they spent a week working among the islands in the Bay of Bahia. A boat, named Evangeline, had been given to the Mission in 1893, and they traveled about in it. They soon discovered that it was impractical to continue; so they took up the itinerating in which Taylor had been so successful, Mrs. Taylor journeying with her husband and playing the small folding organ. This proved to be an added lure to the meetings as Brazilians were lovers of music.

On August 24, 1897, Taylor wrote a special plea to the home churches to pray for the missionary activities in Brazil:

> The whole nation is sore and afflicted and needy and is seeking comfort. The priests are now so busy forging their chains of error on these people that they take little notice of us. Will you pray for (1) the downfall of idolatry here; (2) that the evil power of these 30,000 priests be broken and confounded; (3) that the Bible may be recognized by these people as the law of God; (4) that we who proclaim it, may be recognized as God's messengers.

Despite the fact that the Republic was established the Catholics did not cease their persecutions. In April of 1898, a Brazilian evangelist was stabbed and died instantly, as a result of the instigation of the Catholic clergy.

Shortly after this brazen murder, Jose Clodaldo, who had worked in a factory in Bahia, but was now on a small piece of land at Rio Salsa, was brutally attacked. He was lashed by a group of soldiers until the blood ran from his head and body; and then he was tied down for hours till the rawhide knots almost took away his life. The soldiers afterward took him to Cannavier, whose priest had incited the outrage, where he was thrown into a vile cell. As soon as Taylor heard of this criminal affair he hurried to Cannavier, and immediately secured Clodaldo's release.

Opening of Colegio Americano-Egydio

For many years Taylor had hoped that a school could be started in Bahia. Now the opportunity had arrived. Captain Egydio had agreed to sell his coffee plantation and give the money for the establishing of a school. Mrs. Laura Taylor was a trained normal-school teacher. On May 5, 1898, the *Colegio Americano-Egydio* opened with eleven pupils. It was a state occasion. The President of the State Normal School acted as chairman. The Secretary of State and other prominent men were present.

By the close of the first year one hundred and fourteen pupils were enrolled. Doctor and Mrs. Ottoni were added to the teaching staff. On a ship en route to New York a few years previously, Doctor Ottoni had met two of the Taylor children. He fell in love with the children, and as they sat on his knees, he told them stories. He gave Mabel a present, and she ran and brought him a Scripture card, saying, " Papa told me whenever anybody gave me anything, I should give them something also." This little card started Ottoni to think about his condition. Slowly, but surely, he came into the full light of the gospel. Upon

his return to Brazil he was baptized by Taylor. The prestige given to the school by the addition of Doctor and Mrs. Ottoni caused some pupils to enroll from the best families of the city.

The work of the school in no way curtailed the missionary journeys of Taylor. As he traveled he was " in perils of robbers, in perils of fanatics, in perils of infuriated priests, and in perils of bloodthirsty persecutors without fear or shrinking." In 1899, he went two hundred miles south to Cannavieras, which was the largest chocolate-import town in the world at that time. He held a meeting where sacks of chocolate beans were used as seats. After ten days of preaching, he baptized eighteen. The following year he organized a church there.

The Native Mission Society had been organized in 1900 and had sent out its first missionary, Queiroz. Taylor wrote of the progress of the work that year: " We are doing the best work of our lives now. The Bahia Church besides raising all their current expenses is raising about $30 at each monthly missionary meeting. Politically Brazil seems to be passing over a burning volcano. A monarchical conspiracy was forestalled a short time ago."

Every year there was an annual parade to honor some saint. In Jacobina, which is one hundred and fifty miles from Bahia, Emilano Minas Novas was director of the religious procession.

He would take two pieces of plank and nail them together in the form of a cross [wrote Taylor]. He would put on an artificial head, imported from Bahia, then put on pants and shirt, afterwards stuff in the cotton and rags to make it appear as a man, and finally over all he would put a rich robe. Thousands would prostrate themselves before this bundle of cotton and rags, calling it a

saint. A New Testament fell into Emilano's hands, and he was converted and came to Bahia for baptism. He is preaching here in a music hall.

Taylor had written several letters telling of his depleted vitality and of the continued sickness of his wife. He wanted to place his son Tarlton in Richmond College, and the other three children in the public schools of Richmond. He disliked very much, however, the thought of leaving Brazil. He finally became so weak that a change became absolutely necessary. They sailed as soon as possible, reaching America on January 6, 1902.

On reaching the homeland they went at once to Texas for a rest. They spent some time in Waco, and then summered in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. That fall Taylor's father died. While at home Taylor wrote an article for *The Foreign Mission Journal* entitled "Our South American Cousins."

> The people of Brazil [he said] are a proud race; but idolatry has degenerated them. They have lost conscience, and the power of self-government. They are priest-ridden. They obey the Pope as king instead of Jesus. Over half of the population are born out of wedlock, and eighty-six per cent. of the people are illiterate.

Last Term of Service

In January of 1903, Doctor and Mrs. Taylor sailed for Brazil, leaving all of the children in America. They were going back to the Mission Station of which Miss M. E. Wright, in her book *Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention,* says: "Brazil is the most fruitful field under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Convention. One of the last countries entered, it already has the largest constituency of any except China," a station of

which A. H. Newman, in his book *A Century of Baptist Achievement,* has written, "Probably no mission of the Southern Board has been more prosperous than that in the land of the Southern Cross, Brazil."

When he reached Bahia, Taylor threw himself with tremendous energy into the task of evangelizing Brazil. In one tour in June, 1903, he journeyed over a thousand miles. The city of Cattele was the most distant town he reached. Much of the persecution of the early days he no longer had to endure. By trickery, bribery, and chicanery the priests sought to arouse secret antagonism. The gospel, however, was bearing fruit. Friends to the Protestant cause were rising up all over the state.

When he made his annual report to the Foreign Board in 1905, he said that there had been 163 baptisms, and three new churches had been organized. The task was growing larger each year. The outreach of the Mission was becoming greater. The need of more workers, more missionaries, and more funds was more and more urgent.

One of the most interesting converts of the Mission was Dona Archiminia. Her father was the priest in charge of San Pedro, which was one of the largest Catholic churches in Bahia.

Most of the priests of Brazil live in open violation of the laws of celibacy, and their children have practically equal standing to those born in wedlock [wrote Taylor in his autobiography]. The sister of Dona was named Jaquelina, and they were almost inseparable. Dona was a state teacher; and some tracts fell in her hands which she read with satisfaction and approval. She came to our church to worship and embraced the gospel. I persuaded her to write articles for our monthly paper as she had gained a wealth of learning from her father's library. She used it now in showing the evils of the Catholic Church. She had practised

Roman Catholicism in the home of a priest for fifty years, and now she said it was all Roman paganism. She blamed the priests. Everywhere she went she made converts. She enlisted the respect of men. No other woman has excelled her in true service to pure religion. She loved the missionaries. When I had to leave Bahia, and then my wife soon afterward, she fell on my wife's neck, saying: "Brother Taylor has gone, and now Sister Taylor is going. What will become of us?"

On one of his expeditions Taylor was injured, due to the slipping of his horse. When the horse came to a narrow bridge he missed his foothold and fell over backward, throwing Taylor to one side.

I found myself sitting in a V posture [said Taylor in describing the accident]. Unable to bend, I reached out and found a sapling by which I pulled myself up and out. My back was wrenched, and I had a gash in my forehead. After washing my wound, I slept little that night. The bridges we passed were usually three logs side by side, the middle placed lower to keep the animal from slipping.

After twenty-five years of Baptist missions, in Brazil, the first general Brazilian Baptist Convention was held in the city of Bahia in July, 1907. The meetings were a huge success. There was great rejoicing when it was announced that since the beginning there had been over 5,000 baptisms on the field, and there were now 100 churches. It was decided to "establish a central College Seminary at Rio with Doctor Shepherd as director; to take on the work in Chile as their special mission. The missionaries in their separate meeting asked for twenty-five new missionaries. The whole city of Bahia was stirred as never before."

Mrs. Taylor had to go to New York on account of her sickness. On her return to Brazil she planned to bring back with her Taylor's daughters, Mabel and Eschol, who

had just graduated from Blue Mountain College in Mississippi. It was decided that she would also take along with her Mrs. Tanner, who was her sister, and her three children. After she reached Brazil, Mrs. Tanner seemed to grow better. "To talk with her," said Taylor, "seems like talking with an angel." Soon she grew weaker and died. Taylor had promised her that he would keep her children, and he did.

A member of the Baptist Church of Valencia, Brazil, had visited some relatives in Oporto, Portugal. He discovered some believers there, and upon his return home he urged that something be done. Rev. S. T. Ginsburg urged Taylor to go to Portugal, and bring back a report; so he went in 1908. He preached in Lisbon, Oporto, and a few other places. He baptized fifteen converts there on Christmas Day. He urged the Brazilian Baptists, upon his return, to maintain a mission in Portugal. This they promised to do.

In March, 1909, Taylor went to Guandu in response to the request of Jequie, who had been converted through the reading of the Bible. Guandu was in a section of the jungle where criminals made their home to escape arrest. Without any fear, however, Taylor rode on horseback for two days to their small community. He found a large building, which they used as a church. This surprised him for he thought it too big. After being there a week, he organized a church of ninety-six members, and ordained Martins as pastor. This was a testimonial to the faithful work of Jequie.

The time had come for Taylor to seek medical aid. The tirelessness of his service and the willingness of his consecration were still paramount. His bodily vigor was very

much impaired. He had neuritis, and now a serious complication set in that made it imperative for him to return to the States. He left Brazil in September, 1909, never to return.

Last Years

After he came back to the United States, Taylor stayed for two years in Waco, Texas, under the medical supervision of Doctor Halbert. He was also treated by electricity by Doctor Martin of Dallas. Finally, Doctor Halbert told him that his condition was chronic and that he had better settle down to a moderate life, that he might outlive it. Taylor then applied to the Board to be sent again to Brazil. The Board, through its secretary, Doctor Willingham, consulted with his physician and decided it was not best for him to return.

When Mrs. Taylor heard of the serious condition of her husband's health, she embarked for America with all the children. The Taylors secured a small house in Corpus Christi, Texas, where they lived the rest of their lives. Doctor Taylor busied himself with a large garden and in fishing. He had his own nets and other fishing-tackle. It was unnecessary to go out of sight of his home to find the best fishing-places. In this way, Taylor and his family were able to live, helped out by a small pension from the Foreign Board.

From time to time, Taylor wrote articles for the Southern Baptist press, chiefly on the necessity of the curtailment of Roman Catholic influence. He felt that the Catholics had designs on the government of the United States. On one occasion the Knights of Columbus of Corpus Christi were soliciting funds. They came to his

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AUDITORIUM BUILDING
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA

home, and their leader was among them. Taylor said, "The Knights of Columbus is the most dangerous organization in the world," when they asked him for money. "Oh, this is a different organization altogether," one of them responded. "Yes," Taylor replied, "it is the same bottle with a new label."

He distributed copies of *The Menace* to his friends. Taylor said:

> The priests of Brazil swear to chastity and live as libertines. A premium is put on licentiousness by the erection of houses for deserted children. Any cruel mother can carry a child to a door in the wall, the latch being outside, put the outcast into the basket, give the bell a tap and wheel a turn, and the infant falls into the arms of a nun, without the party ever being seen or known. A large portion of these are children of priests.

Brazil was always on his heart. Though he was unable to go again himself, he continued to pray and plead for that country. In his memoirs, Taylor wrote:

> I invite you into the Lord's garden, to see the wilderness where it was planted. See the Lord's servants at the printing-press, in the schools, preaching on the streets, on the highways and by-paths till opposition passes and kindly sympathy takes its place. Twenty thousand converts in less than forty years, who turned over to the Lord's treasury last year more than $90,000. If a sufficient number of missionaries, say one thousand, should go down there, the people would turn in mass to the gospel. These people for politeness and gentleness excel the Anglo-Saxons. Now is the time for Christianity to make the supreme effort and the crowning work of the centuries.

Storms of more or less intensity had come at periodic times, but they had never injured Taylor in any material way. At last, however, came a storm so violent that the water surrounded the house. The family was at worship.

They had sung "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and Taylor had led them in prayer. At this time there were in the Taylor home Prof. R. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, their daughter Eschol, and John S. Tanner.

After the devotions, it was observed that the water around the house was still rising; and they all went up through a hole that Tanner had made in the roof. As they waited and watched the great tidal wave, they realized that they were doomed. Soon the house was torn loose from its foundation, and started drifting. Then the house collapsed, and each one sought a piece of driftwood. Taylor was not seen again alive. Tanner was the sole survivor of the wreckage.

Hundreds of people were drowned that day, September 14, 1919. The bodies of the Taylors were buried with many others across the bay at White Point where they had been washed up. Later, their bodies were identified, and they were removed to Waco, Texas, where they have remained since.

He was the most wonderful character that I have come in contact with, and I knew him as Uncle Taylor [writes John S. Tanner]. He was a real father to me as my own father died when I was only three months old. I have never known a man more sincere or unselfish. He wrote me letters regularly when I was in Baylor University. In one of them he said, "It is the daily living that makes character." He was an ardent believer in the observance of the Sabbath.

The outstanding characteristic of Taylor was his unquenchable love for Christ that made no sacrifice too great, no way too difficult, no obstacle invincible to the faithful presentation of a Saviour to lost men [wrote Mrs. R. M. Appleby]. Another outstanding characteristic was his unswerving loyalty to the great commission. Through dangers and persecutions, in times of ill-

ness and loneliness, Doctor Taylor went, traveling by foot, horseback, by boat and rail at a time when traveling was far more uncomfortable than today. The statistics to January 1, 1928, are 35,000 Baptists, over 300 churches, and 100 schools. These attest the faithfulness of Doctor Taylor's sowing.

The sweep of Taylor's influence in Brazil has been immense. He was essentially an evangelist. He was ever pressing onward to new fields. He wanted all men to hear the gospel of Jesus. He believed most thoroughly that it was the task of the pioneer missionaries to spread the good news of Christ as far and as wide as possible. The second group of missionaries could then build on these beginnings, and conserve the results.

He served his Lord to the very end. Once having put his hand to the plow, he continued on until the furrow of his life's service was ended, until the Master of his life and the God of his salvation promoted him to the glory-land of the soul.

He was the first to volunteer for Brazil, though not the first to reach that country. Once in that nation, he went tirelessly everywhere preaching the gospel. He fought a good fight for Christ against the tyranny and oppression of Rome. He finished the task God gave him to do. He kept the faith as revealed to him by the Holy Spirit in the Holy Scriptures. He has obtained the crown of righteousness which the Lord promised to them that love him. *Zachary Taylor the apostle of God to Brazil!*

II

JAMES HICKEY

The Apostle of Mexico

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

1. Reared for the Roman Catholic priesthood.
2. James Hickey born, September 23, 1800, at Sligo, Ireland.
3. Conversion due to:
    (1) Observations and studies in college.
    (2) The Protestant girl who became his first wife.
    (3) A Protestant aunt.
4. Came to America in 1830.
5. Worked as an itinerant, independent missionary in many States.
6. Married Miss Elizabeth Cardwell in Missouri.
7. Beginnings among Mexicans:
    (1) First trip to Mexico in 1853.
    (2) Labored in Brownsville, Texas.
    (3) Entered Mexico to stay in 1861.
8. First two years in Mexico:
    (1) Began in Matamoras.
    (2) Moved to Monterrey in 1862.
    (3) Opposition by Catholic clergy always violent.
    (4) Appointed agent of Bible Society on February 7, 1863.
9. January 30, 1864, organized the First Baptist Church of Monterrey.
10. Traveled incessantly.
11. Died, December 10, 1866.
12. "The Apostle of Mexico."

JAMES HICKEY

"Wherefore leaving the doctrine of the first principles of Christ, let us press on unto perfection; not laying again a foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God."—*Hebrews 6: 1.*

Reared for the Roman Priesthood

James Hickey's parents had consecrated him for the priesthood. From earliest childhood he had been tenderly nursed that he might develop into a man worthy of this calling. No sacrifice was too great, and no hardship too onerous if their boy might become a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Hickey considered it a mark of high esteem that their lad was deemed good enough to occupy such a position in the Church.

These pious parents were delighted, therefore, when James left home to attend the priests' college. Little did these folks know of the lives of Ireland's priests. Only when these representatives of the Church were performing the rites did they see them. To them the priests were the very mouthpieces of God; and to accuse such men of wrong-doing would be almost as sinful in their minds as finding fault with the Virgin Mary.

Trusting in the efficacy of the prayers of the priests and in the saints of their native land they sent their boy to study for the priesthood. Who knew but that he might rise to a higher and a more commanding place in the councils of the Church? Perhaps by their own fidelity to mass, by their own honoring of the saints, and by their

own offerings to their priest they might advance the cause of their beloved boy.

From earliest youth James had been a very studious lad. Born on September 23, 1800, at Sligo, Cork County in Ireland, he was taught only the doctrines of the Roman Church. It was with high anticipation and pleasure that he looked forward to the continuance of his studies and to his ministry thereafter.

God had a much more important mission for this young man. Across the sea was a land in darkness and despair; a land where the Bible was a closed book; a land where the priests were in supreme control. God in his wisdom had chosen this Irish Catholic young man as his missionary to benighted Mexico.

Conversion

It was while in the priests' college that the first changes came to Hickey. No doubt his observing mind had pondered over many things that he had seen in his own home environment. Now that he was thrust into intimate contact with priests his early suspicions were confirmed, his fears were realized! He was horrified by this new knowledge!

To his intense chagrin and shame he discovered that immorality and drunkenness were the common practises of these men, that the teachers in the college were men who had very low moral standards, that the entire leadership of the Roman Church was corrupt and rotten.

To a youth of such high ideals this acquaintance with the lives of these men caused still further study. If the life was impure, what of the teaching which should result in life? Were the precepts of the Church, and the books

of the Church in keeping with religion? Were the doctrines of the Church such that in the keeping of them men must disown the customs of common decency? All these thoughts, and many more were racing through the mind of young Hickey as he became more and more familiar with the daily acts of his companions and teachers.

Fortunately for him, and for the Protestant work in Mexico, Hickey fell in love with a fine Christian woman. She had been reared in a Protestant church, and while still young, had given her heart to the Lord. As she grew to young womanhood she had been led to the decision to give her whole life for Christian service. At the time that she met Hickey she had decided to go out to the foreign field as a missionary.

Under the influence of this young woman, and of a Protestant aunt, Hickey left, not only the college for priests, but also the Roman Church. He decided that from henceforth he would accept dictation from no man as to his beliefs, but that he would follow the Bible only as his guide. He was determined that his life should be a force to help his fellow man and not something to which they would point at as low and wicked. One of the statements of Jesus stood out in his life at this time: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Soon afterward, she who had helped lead him into the light became Hickey's wife. Together they now planned how they might best advance the Kingdom of God. Both were equally zealous for the Lord's work; and both felt the call to go out and work in the harvest fields for God. Their hearts burned within them to tell to the unsaved world the gospel of Jesus.

It was first determined by them that Hickey should

complete his studies. He was only twenty-two years old, and it wouldn't take him long to finish his schooling. He, therefore, entered a school of the Anglican Church, hoping to complete the work shortly and then to enter on his chosen career.

At this critical point in his life the will of the Lord is again made clear to him. Poverty kept him and his wife from going out to India or China. They now had a little daughter in their home, and the missionary societies had but very limited funds with which to prosecute their work. While waiting for the coveted opportunity of a foreign commission Hickey took over the care of the church at Limerick. He was not content to wait in idleness; he rather believed that he should serve the Lord wherever he was to the very limit of his ability.

A much greater sorrow now came to him in the loss of his wife. She had helped him into the light. She had aided him and had been a faithful companion as he had sought to know and do the will of God. Now she was gone! The loneliness that came over him forced him more than ever to seek companionship with his Lord. The counsel now lacking drove him to desire more earnestly the guidance of the Holy Spirit; human support gone, he leaned more on the arm of the Lord.

Where should he go? What should he do? The zeal of evangelism was burning in his soul. He felt more and more led to seek to do missionary work with Spanish-speaking peoples. Where should he minister? What was the will of the Lord for his life? That was the paramount question for which he was seeking an answer.

Hickey had discovered that in many respects the Anglican Church was like the Roman Church, so he had left

JAMES HICKEY
The Apostle of Mexico

their fellowship and joined the small group of Evangelicals of Ireland known as the Independents. He wanted to break forever with any church that was still bound by the customs and precedents of worn-out creeds, and discussions over apostolic succession. In the spirit of the pioneer he again dedicated his life to be a Bible Christian.

Emigration to America

He read much of America. He thought much of the opportunities it was offering and the challenge it gave. Here was a new land where ministers of God were scarce. A new undeveloped country where people might be led to follow more willingly the teachings of Holy Scriptures, and have less fear of the priest. His daughter Olive and he therefore embarked for Philadelphia.

The British Isles were aflame with the stories of Carey, Ward, and Marshman, and their victories in India. The man who had gone to India as an unknown shoemaker had startled and awakened the entire world with the tale of his exploits. No one was more susceptible to these victories of grace than Hickey. His whole nature responded. Surely God would lead him to a field of service where he would be able to tell the lost of a loving Saviour.

The inspiration of Carey's life remained with him. When he reached America he heard of the bravery and courage of Adoniram Judson, his willingness to suffer anything that God's kingdom might be advanced. It brought Hickey to a new dedication of himself to the work of the Christian missionary. He was determined that at whatever cost he would be faithful to his Lord.

In the year 1830, when Hickey began working in the United States, it was a country large and undeveloped,

sparsely populated. The pioneers, however, were pushing westward, ever westward. The lure of the new, the uncolonized, and the dangerous was beckoning them onward. Where should he start preaching? To whom should he preach?

Hickey had come through many experiences. Trained as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and then coming by degrees into the full light of the evangelical faith he now became a member of the Baptist church. No doubt the influence of the lives of the Baptist missionaries, Carey and Judson, helped to turn him to the Baptist faith. Primary, however, was the reading of the Word of God. No other church seemed to him to be so close to the teachings of the Bible. No other church was so loyal to the Lord Jesus. No other church guarded so assiduously the great doctrine of regeneration.

After all these years Hickey had now found the church that just suited his ideals and his needs. Though in the years to come he became an agent for some of the great interdenominational societies he never lost his denominational identity. He was first a Christian, and then a Baptist; but believing as he did in the loyalty of the Baptist churches to the Bible he was sure that he could further the work of Christ by seeking to persuade people to unite with the Baptist denomination.

An Itinerant Missionary in America

For the next thirty years little is known of Hickey's life. He became an itinerant missionary ever bearing the light of the gospel into the frontier towns of America. He began his active preaching in Pennsylvania, and then went south into Maryland. Ever present in his mind was

his former resolve to go as a missionary to Spanish-speaking people. When therefore the opportunity came to go to Missouri he gladly accepted it. He planned then to go south into Texas, or even into Mexico.

He settled in Franklin County, Missouri, and immediately took up the study of Spanish. Never, however, had he permitted anything to keep him from preaching; so he began his active ministry as soon as he crossed the Mississippi River. He wanted to go to Mexico to see what could be done there. Many and various reports he received about the country and its conditions.

The State of Missouri itself was in a very unsettled condition due to the discussion over slavery. Being one of the border States, it was a question whether it would favor the Northern or the Southern States. Both groups, leaders of the slavery and anti-slavery agitation, were making a determined fight for this State. Hickey became a strong Union man, and he favored the abolition of slavery.

Marriage

It was in Missouri that he met Miss Elizabeth Cardwell, an English woman. He discovered in her one who loved the missionary work, and one who would help him in the attainment of his ideals. Soon afterward they were married, and then in a most providential manner the way was open for his long purposed visit to Mexico.

Beginnings Among Mexicans

Hickey made his first trip into Mexico in 1853. At last he had reached the land of his heart's desire. It was not for long. Everything in the country was turbulent. The war with the United States in 1845 had released pent-up

venom, and it had aroused all classes of the people to seek a change. Ever since the conquest of Mexico by Cortez in 1519 Spain had ruled. The Roman Catholic Church had held the country in its iron grip, throttling all attempts toward freedom. This church had now been in control for over three hundred years, and she was determined not to relinquish her hold without a terrific struggle.

Seething unrest was everywhere among the people. The United States, the powerful northern neighbor, had demonstrated for many years what material blessings and prosperity can come from a free and untrammeled citizenry. A man of iron will and high aspirations was fast coming to the fore. Juarez, with the determination of a master mind, had quickly risen from a lowly shepherd boy to the position of governor of one of Mexico's states. Without fear, and also without hatred he was resolved that the vise-like grip of the clergy should be broken, and that the millions of peons should be given an opportunity to live in freedom.

Hickey had gone into Mexico little knowing of the upheavals that were taking place. So violent were the people in their antagonism to the gospel that he preached that he thought it best to come back to America for a while. Perhaps the way might be open for him to work among the Mexicans that were pouring into the United States.

He now planned to make his headquarters in Brownsville, Texas, to keep in close touch with conditions in Mexico, and as soon as opportunity offered again to enter that country as a missionary of the Lord Jesus. Meanwhile, he became an agent of the American Tract Society in Texas, and fitted himself still more fully for the greatest achievement of his life.

Benito Juarez, in the meantime, had been banished by Santa Anna; but he now returned to Mexico and was made minister of justice. In this position he secured the passage of a bill through congress subjecting the clergy and army to the civil courts for trial. With unsurpassed ardor and with unflagging patriotism he was able to secure the adoption of the new constitution. Thus under his peerless leadership Mexico was again started on the road to that position among the nations to which it was entitled. No wonder that he is called " the Washington of Mexico."

Hickey felt that the time had now come not only for a visit to Mexico, but also for definite service to this priest-enslaved people. He wrote to the American Bible Society in 1861, seeking an appointment as their agent. Before he received their reply, he entered Mexico and began the work for which he will ever be known.

First Two Years in Mexico

His advent into this country was hastened by the outbreak of the Civil War. He did not want to engage in this conflict; and besides he, a strong Union man, was living in slave territory. He, therefore, crossed the Rio Grande and began his active ministry in Matamoras in 1861. For the next five years, unceasing and unresting, without any known reserve Hickey gave himself that all men everywhere might come to know his Lord and Saviour.

The years of war which had disturbed the peace of Mexico seemed to be over, and the liberal party with Juarez as its head was in power. On January 11, 1861, Juarez and his army occupied Mexico City and immediately began to put into force the Reform Laws which had been passed. This great forward step was not per-

mitted to go unchallenged either by the Roman Church or by the European nations. When the suspension of payment on the bonds to foreign powers was ordered, England, France, and Spain planned an armed intervention. The pope of Rome was very much pleased with this move. He gave his blessing and benediction to it, hoping thereby to regain the prestige and power that he had lost.

When Hickey entered Mexico the country was at peace; but soon afterward a three years' war began. The landing of 6,000 Spaniards, 3,000 Frenchmen, and 700 English marines was the cause. These forces had been ordered to seize the Mexican coast and to hold it until the claims of the various governments were met. England and Spain soon withdrew their troops; but France was obstinate. She made Maximilian the emperor and drove Juarez into the northern part of Mexico. This commanding figure, with tenacious zeal, clung firmly to his purpose; and ultimately he regained the leadership of Mexico. The power of the Roman Church was thus forever broken; and her star of empire has ever since been falling in Mexico.

Hickey found it exceedingly difficult to secure a building where he might hold stated services of worship. The people were all eager to hear; but they were afraid of the priest. Since the days of Cortez these foreign priests had preyed on the Mexicans so that they dared not do anything that would rouse the ire of these ecclesiastic demagogues. Probably no other one thing was so typical of the chicanery of this body of men as the legends and supposedly miraculous healings of the statue known as "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

All of the beliefs of the Mexicans in their national deity, "the Queen of Heaven" and "Mother of Gods,"

which they were accustomed to worship on the hill Guadalupe, had been transferred to this image of the Roman Church. The church explained this by saying that the Virgin Mary had appeared to an Indian and told him to go to the bishop with the message from her that she desired a church built on the hillside in her honor. A chapel was built in 1532; and the pope issued a decree establishing the twelfth of December as the "Day of Guadalupe," and he made "Our Lady" the patron saint of Mexico. In the year 1824 congress decreed this day a national holiday. By the time that Hickey began his missionary work in Mexico the entire religious life of the people radiated from their regard for this "Lady of Guadalupe." She was their guardian, and from her, they believed, all virtue and all goodness radiated. They worshiped her with ignorant devotion. They had come under the influence of the Church, but they knew not the Saviour Jesus or his book, the Holy Scriptures.

Hickey commenced his labors with an intensity of zeal and the devotion of a man who, after years of preparation, had reached his life's ambition. No wonder that after he died one of his converts, a young man whom he had baptized, wrote of him, in seeking to compare the coming into Mexico of Hickey and of the French:

> Was it mere coincidence that brought another invasion so different in method, means, and purpose into the other extremity of Mexico just then—just then when liberty to think, to speak, to teach had just been recognized and universally proclaimed to be the birthright of every dweller in the land of Guatemoo? Napoleon was behind one, but God was behind the other. The former miserably failed; the later doubtless is to be a grand success. One poor man's words changed the current of many lives, and eternity alone can reveal the full effect of what he said and

did. Fearless and untiring, it is a question if his life was not shortened by the privations he endured. Let his name be embalmed, and his memory be dear to all who rejoice that Mexico first heard the gospel from Baptist lips.

Hickey had not been long in Matamoras before he received a letter from Mr. Thomas W. Westrup asking him to come to Monterrey. Westrup had heard of Hickey through John W. Butler. This Christian gentleman had known Hickey in Texas. They had often talked together concerning the Lord's work. He had left the States because of his sympathies with the North and had made his home in Monterrey. Butler and Westrup had gravitated together as men who love the Lord Jesus will do. They were congenial spirits, and they discussed at length the evangelizing of the people. It was the high praise of Butler for Hickey that induced Westrup to write to him.

In November of 1862 Hickey and his wife went to Monterrey. He was still working as an independent missionary as his appointment as agent of the Bible Society had not been made. He distributed gospel tracts from house to house, sold copies of the Bible, started prayer-meetings, and began preaching in private houses. Bristling opposition greeted him everywhere. Men would accept his tracts, then tear them up and throw them at his feet with scowling faces and sullen looks.

Westrup and Hickey became fast friends, and they worked together as brothers in the Lord. Westrup had the position of bookkeeper for Joseph Morrell; but he gave all the time he could spare to the spread of the gospel. He had long wanted to be a minister for Christ, and he now felt that his opportunity had come. He had been born in England, but he had lived so long in Mexico that he spoke

Spanish fluently, and he was very familiar with the religious conditions of the country; whereas Hickey spoke Spanish very brokenly, and he was laboring in virgin territory. They seemed to complement each other. As Westrup wrote afterward, "Was it not Divine Providence that brought us together, me from one end of the Republic and Hickey from Texas, that my wide knowledge of Spanish and his experience in evangelical work might be utilized here as they have been?"

On February 7, 1863, Hickey was appointed an agent of the American Bible Society. It was many weeks later, however, before he received notice of his appointment. Meanwhile he was ever active.

> There is scarcely a home that Mr. Hickey has not visited on this frontier [wrote his companion, Mr. Westrup]. Many were the privations he suffered, heat, cold, hunger, and thirst, yet he would mount his horse at sixty-five, like a youth of twenty, and ride unarmed forty or fifty miles a day under a burning sun. In his earnestness he seemed to forget his age, and when asked if he did not tire in the saddle, would reply, "I never think of it." I can say with certainty that earthly honors had no charms for him; he only sought to bring souls to Christ.

Monterrey at this time was in a very unsettled state. The French would first be in control and then the republicans. On account of the Civil War all the Confederate ports were closed, and cotton was brought in from Texas in large quantities. This business caused several business men to make Monterrey their headquarters. Among them was Mr. W. R. Jolly of Mexico City. He was engaged in cotton industry and so in blockade-running. He became very useful to the work of the Christian mission and taught a Sunday-school class.

The Baptist Church in Monterrey

Hickey thought the time had arrived to start a church. In this project he did not meet the hearty support that he desired. Some even offered opposition to Hickey's purpose especially because the church to be established was to be Baptist. The foreign friends who were helping him were all of pedobaptist faith; and they told Hickey that if he completed his plans they would cease their support. Nothing daunted, this doughty propagandist carried out his entire program.

On January 30, 1864, he organized the First Baptist Church of Monterrey, and he thus became the founder of all Protestant work for Mexico. This was the first evangelical church started in Mexico. To accomplish this Hickey baptized three men. Two of them were Mexicans, Arcadia Uranga, and Jose M. Uranga, shoemakers by trade. The other man was Thomas R. Westrup, who had been sprinkled as a baby in the Church of England. Immediately following the baptism, which was administered in a stream near the edge of town, they all went to Hickey's home. This day is one long to be remembered in the annals of Mexico as these five people, the four men and Mrs. Hickey, began the work of founding a New Testament church.

This small body of believers must have a pastor; and it was impossible for Hickey to take that office because he was often absent from the city for long periods of time. Due to his work as an agent of the Bible Society, it was also imperative that he should not accept official position in a denomination. Hickey, therefore, appointed Westrup as pastor; and placing his hands on him, prayed

the ordination prayer for him as the first pastor of the first Baptist church of Mexico.

All this missionary work was not permitted to go unchallenged. The converts were abused and even attacked by their friends. The homes where meetings were held and their own homes had filth thrown on the doors. Fanaticism was rampant everywhere, urged and abetted by the priests, who feared nothing so much as the light of truth and purity.

This persecution did not expend itself entirely in verbal attack and vile abuse. Mr. A. Spulveda, who often went with Hickey on his travels, was foully murdered. His body was found horribly mutilated; and had it not been for certain marks it would not have even been recognized. Other converts were made the objects of the most impassioned hatred. Through all this Westrup and Hickey lived unharmed and unmolested. No matter where Hickey went in his travels he was never injured. God had a work for him to do, and until his task was done, he was immune.

A Tireless Traveler

What a traveler Hickey was, going by foot from house to house and from village to village telling the story of the love of Jesus! His friend, Jolly, gave him a horse named "Toby" on which he rode so much that he became known as "the horseback missionary." Everywhere that he went he made friends; and people that did not receive and believe his message respected the messenger. He faithfully sowed the seed of the Word of God, and the harvest of his labors is still being garnered.

One of the communities that he visited was Cadereita,

a town of 10,000 people just a few miles east of Monterrey. Here he baptized five women. One of them was Señorita Concepion Renteria. Of her Dr. H. C. Vedder wrote:

Later she was the first lady missionary employed by the Chicago Society to work in the Republic. He also baptized Louisa Rinz and Juana de los Santos who were prepared to receive the evangelical teachings because a gentleman named Antonio Garcia Guerra and his son were evangelicals baptized in Matamoras, who had gone to begin work in Cadereita, where they influenced these ladies who stopped going to mass and began to read the Bible.

In his first yearly report to the American Bible Society we find many interesting incidents of Hickey's life. He wrote:

In one place a man objected to the Testament on the ground that it makes other people crazy. So to disprove his statements I read from the fifth and sixth chapters of Ephesians. This seemed to satisfy him that he was wrong. To a schoolmaster I sold a Testament. At first sight he seemed very much disposed to ridicule it as a *religious book. It was the first Testament he ever saw.* But after reading over several passages he seemed greatly struck with their force, beauty, and singularity, and began praising the Book to the scholars and advising them to buy it. When I sold the Bible to one woman, she said, "The Bible is to the priests as the axe to the tree." I baptized the first Mexicans, and organized the first native Mexican church, besides being the first to preach the gospel in numberless places in Mexico and to prepare the way for others.

When various groups of soldiers came to Monterrey he would go from company to company with his Bibles and tracts. These men received him gladly, and welcomed all that he did for them. With his natural friendliness of manner and with his sincerity of spirit he was able to win

some of these soldiers to the Lord Jesus whom he was serving so devotedly.

Hickey had contact with the illustrious Juarez through his son-in-law, Don Pedro Santecelia, who was a converted man, and a lover of the Bible. He was accompanying Juarez as his private secretary.

> Hickey suggested [wrote Westrup] to him, that he ask President Juarez to exempt the Bible from importation duties. He did so, and Juarez replied, that he could make no special laws of the kind, but that he could and would exempt all plain books so desired. For a long time, till Juarez resigned the dictatorial powers with which he was invested no duty was paid on the books designated.

One day as Hickey was distributing tracts to the Mexicans an American named Smith asked him where he received the money for all this printed matter. He told him that God gave it to him. Whereupon Smith asked Hickey to come to his home; and he gave him $20 for the work. Often he was given money in this way by Christian American business men who were interested in this project and approved the methods used by Hickey.

The worst opposition now expressed itself regarding the meeting-place. No one dared to rent them a building even though they desired to do so for fear that the owner would be persecuted and boycotted, and perhaps the building itself be destroyed. Services were regularly held, however, in the homes of either Westrup or Hickey. They were conducted entirely in Spanish. God richly blessed the fidelity and consecration of his children, so that by the end of 1864 the Monterrey church had twenty members.

In the report of the Bible Society in 1865 there are some citations of their Mexican work:

There is a party of reforming priests in Mexico, amounting to over one hundred, who, though not renouncing the Catholic Church, renounce the principal errors of the papacy, and are laboring to create a reformation from within. Mr. Hickey says, "You would think it a strange sight to see a Mexican priest carrying a Protestant Bible in his hand to his church, and reading and preaching from it. Don Juan Francisco Dominguez did so in San Fernando. I gave him two Bibles, one for his private study and the other for the church."

One of the most interesting of all the trips that Hickey made was when he rode on his horse to the robbers' den, "The Laguna." He sold all the books that he took with him; and in the evening when he slept they protected him and his horse. He had been warned not to risk his life in this way; but he didn't count his life dear, believing rather that God would protect him if he was in the channel of obedience.

On another trip the entire caravan to which he had attached himself was attacked. He was returning home from San Luis Potosi, with a wagon train, when they were held up by a band of armed men. The owner of the train was shot dead, and one of the drivers was wounded, and then a dash was made for Hickey. A cocked rifle was aimed at his head, as the robber cried, "Your arms and your money!" Hickey had no weapon; and as soon as he realized the presence of the band of marauders he had taken the precaution to put his money in the provision bag under his wagon, so he lost nothing. Such an experience did not daunt Hickey's faith; nor did it in any way curtail his missionary journeys. He went everywhere with copies of the Holy Book.

In the summer of 1865 Miss Melinda Rankin made her first visit to Monterrey. She wanted to do missionary

work, and came on a tour of inspection. She then went back to the States to raise money and did not return to begin her labors definitely among the Mexicans until the fall of 1866. Then she established her work under the direction of the American and Foreign Missionary Union; and it was in no way related to the mission of James Hickey.

The strenuousness of the constant campaigning was beginning to affect this man, who was now in his sixty-sixth year. One day in the spring of 1866, he was within eight miles of Monterrey when he and his companion, T. Spulveda, met the forces of Colonel Rupert Martinez, who were awaiting an attack by the French soldiers. Westrup wrote:

> The colonel stopped Brother Hickey, and told him not to continue his journey, but to wait for him at the next fork at the road to the right. Brother Hickey did not understand him, and they had gone some distance beyond the fork when Sepulveda remarked that they ought to have waited there as directed by the colonel. Hickey reproved him for not doing so, but would not return. Martinez afterward learned Hickey's character and business from our good friend E. B. Steele, manager of La Fama Factory, and said that he was glad indeed that Hickey had disobeyed him, for he had intended to shoot him, thinking he belonged to that French force, fierce and lawless, shooting their prisoners for the crime of defending their country against the invaders. Martinez afterward became a convert to the gospel.

The task of winning these Mexicans into the true light of the gospel was more difficult, in some respects, than that of winning of people who never had heard the Christian message. The Roman Church had entered Mexico with the Spanish conquerors. They had made it a Catholic country, not by the persuasiveness of their gospel, but by

telling the natives that they must accept this new religion or die. Miss M. G. Burdette, in her treatise on *Mexico,* has written:

> Cortez came with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Roman Catholicism was not offered to, but forced on, the conquered people. Rome did not teach and plead; she commanded and threatened. "Confess allegiance to Rome or die," said the conqueror. With the conquest by Spain, the sacrifices of human beings and other revolting practises ceased; but the priests saw that converts could be more easily made by mingling the rites and customs of heathenism of the country with those of the Catholic Church. So the poor Indian brought his children to the priest for christening and continued to prostrate himself before the old familiar images, only calling them by new names.

When Hickey began laboring with these Mexicans he discovered that the iron heel of the Roman Church was responsible for more suffering than any other one factor. Gambling was legalized, drunkenness was everywhere, and immoralities of the most disgusting nature were practised by the priests, who dared to call themselves "Christs of earth." They stopped at nothing, these Spanish ecclesiastical demagogues, to intimidate the people, and to keep them in abject fear of the Church. The Inquisition with all of its horrors had been brought into Mexico; and many a poor ignorant native paid for his attempt at religious freedom with his life. Rome's grip was a death-grip on this country; but through the fidelity, fearlessness, and tirelessness of Hickey, and because of his strict adherence to the fundamental truths of the spiritual religion of Jesus, many were brought to the light.

Mr. Walter Scott, one of the Christian business men, who was helping Hickey in his work, wrote a letter to Dr.

N. G. Clark in which he related some of his contacts with this missionary:

> Hickey rarely preached twice in one house, being driven from house to house by fanatical persecution, intended to drive him away, or deprive him of influence, but nothing daunted, like a faithful mariner, at the helm he stood firm. Four of his converts are now ordained ministers.

Last Days

Later in the fall of 1866 Hickey went to Matamoras on the way to Brownsville to get some books that had been sent there for him. When he reached Matamoras he became seriously sick. He had never become accustomed to the food of that country, and that had been a hardship to him. Sometimes on his travels he would suffer severely from exposure; and he had recently been lost for a day, without food, and this sickness was brought on by this experience.

During the last days of his life his pain became intense. His life had been very rigorous and hard during the years in Mexico. He had been instant in season and out of season, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." His wife now realized that the end was near. She had fenderly nursed him, and ministered to his every need. Bending over him one day so that she might hear his answer she said, "My dear, are you entering the dark valley and the shadow of death?" He faintly replied, "I am entering the valley, but there is no darkness, all is light." "Then," wrote Dr. J. G. Chastain, in his book *Thirty Years in Mexico,* "they hummed together, 'There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins'; and he closed his eyes and died."

I shall always regret that in December of 1866 [wrote Westrup] we were deprived of the inspiring companionship of Brother Hickey. But his death was that of a hero of the Cross; he prayed continually, thanking God for what he had been able to do, and died singing a favorite hymn which he was unable to finish. Would that I could render to Brother Hickey such a tribute as he deserves. The perils through which he passed, the difficulties and obstacles overcome by him, his faithful preaching, teaching, and example entitle him to an enduring remembrance as the real founder and prime mover of this undertaking. Altogether he labored six years for Christ in Mexico, undeterred by poverty, opposition, and personal danger; his name lies embalmed in many a Mexican heart.

Before he died Hickey had expressed a desire to be buried in Brownsville. The Rev. W. F. Baird, an agent of the Bible Society, had reached the bedside of Hickey in time to hear his final requests, especially in regard to the further prosecution of the work in Mexico. After burying the body at Brownsville, Texas, in sight of the land for which he had given the last full measure of devotion, Mr. Baird with Mrs. Hickey hastened into Mexico to carry out the last suggestions of James Hickey.

A gentleman who lived in Brownsville, and who knew Hickey and his work, wrote, "The work in Mexico is progressing more rapidly than the most sanguine of the friends of the gospel could have anticipated, considering the disturbed condition of the country and the great loss sustained by the decease of Rev. James Hickey." Another gentleman, who lived in Monterrey, said, "I think, humanly speaking, he [Mr. Hickey] has done more good in Mexico than all others combined."

The American Bible Society in seeking to evaluate and estimate the worth of Hickey's life incorporated in their annual report of 1867 this notation:

There is much to rejoice in as the fruit of his devoted labors. For nearly four years, Mr. Hickey labored with unwonted industry, devotion, and self-sacrifice, and the blessing of God has signally followed his efforts. Hindered greatly by the political conflicts prevailing, and by the confusions and disturbances incident to a time of civil war, through various embarrassments and dangers even threatening property and life, he, nevertheless, continued his labors, and found free circulation for the Holy Scriptures. We have received the most gratifying assurances of the efficiency of his labors and of the blessings which have followed them.

On the foundation that Hickey laid has been built the Protestant work in Mexico. He sowed the seed. He sowed it with blood and with tears. He sowed it with a self-sacrifice and a self-abasement that he gladly made for the cause of Christ. The enemies who sought to frighten him away, who sought by every means known to man to hinder him in his work, never aroused his anger. Rather did he with courageous zeal plead with them to surrender themselves to the living Christ.

The passion of his life was to preach Christ. He, who had come out of the darkness of Catholicism, rejoiced when he was able to lead others from such a depth to the light of the knowledge of God. The dangers he incurred, the sufferings he endured, and the animosity he aroused meant nothing to him as long as he was able to sow the seed of the Word, "which is able to make men wise unto Salvation." He well deserves the name of "The Apostle of Mexico."

III

AARON SIMS

Pioneer Medical Missionary of the Congo

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

1. Aaron Sims, a medical missionary to the Congo.
2. Born in Hinckley, England, in 1857.
3. Schooling and training:
   (1) University of Aberdeen.
   (2) Interne in Aberdeen hospital.
4. In Africa in 1882 under Livingstone Inland Mission.
5. Changes of 1884-1886:
   (1) American Baptists took over the Livingstone Mission on the Congo.
   (2) Baptism of Sims, in July, 1886, in England.
   (3) Sims appointed a missionary of the American Missionary Union.
6. In headquarters at Leopoldville to 1898:
   (1) Worked on translation of tracts into various dialects.
   (2) Practised medicine for all alike.
   (3) Often accompanied Grenfell on his travels.
   (4) Coming of railroad in 1897-1898 made many changes.
7. Removal to Matadi in 1898:
   (1) Ocean steamers came to this port.
   (2) Linguistic ability.
   (3) Best-known missionary on the Congo.
8. January 1, 1902, the church at Matadi organized.
9. A man of manifold tasks, faithful to them all.
10. Honors from French and Belgian Governments and English universities.
11. The last years:
   (1) To England seeking health in 1920.
   (2) Back to England in July, 1921.
   (3) Died October 22, 1923.
   (4) Forty years a medical missionary.
12. The medical Livingstone of Africa.

AARON SIMS

"Whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all."—*Mark 10: 44.*

A Medical Missionary to the Congo

"Medical missions is the Great Adventure into the world of desperate need," wrote W. R. Lambuth in his book on *Medical Missions.* "Ours is a missionary religion and one of mercy." Dr. Peter Parker once said, "I have no hesitation in expressing it as my solemn conviction that, as yet, no medium of contact and of bringing the people unto the sound of the gospel and within the influence of other means of grace can compare with the facilities afforded by medical missionary operations." Aaron Sims was a medical missionary.

No other man was known so well and respected so much all along the Congo as Doctor Sims. No other one man ever did so much to keep the laborers of the Lord on and near the equator so fit for their task as did he. Not only, however, did he try to keep the missionaries from succumbing to the many dread diseases of the Congo; but all men, whatever their calling, sought his advice, and his medical skill. He became one of the most noted of all the authorities on tropical fevers.

His term of service as a physician far exceeds that of any Congo doctor. Forty years he labored with unremitting toil for his Lord and Saviour. It was one of the greatest sorrows of his life when he was compelled to leave the Congo for the last time because of ill health.

He gave of his best gladly and willingly to advance the kingdom of God in this frontier mission field.

Aaron Sims brought to his task a strong body, a well-trained and keen mind, and a consecrated life. He had prepared himself for his life-work with conscientious devotion. He thoroughly believed that the Lord could use a prayerfully developed and thoughtfully planned life to his glory in a better way than he could use a life that just relied on God's mercy.

Birth

Aaron Sims was born in Hinckley, Leicestershire, England, in 1857. His parents died while he was still young; and he was reared by the folks who adopted him. As he grew into young manhood he went to work, glad of the opportunity to help his foster parents and his step-sister, Emily.

Education

He joined the church of England, and while still a young man he became a teacher in the Sunday school of Christ Church at Sparkbrook. It was at this time in his life that he began to think of his future. He decided to become a missionary. He felt that there was a marvelous opportunity awaiting the man who would go to the foreign field equipped to battle with the sinister diseases that were slaying thousands.

Sims entered the University of Aberdeen as a medical student. During the vacation periods he helped Doctor Crabbe of Birmingham in his Medical Mission on Barn Street. He coveted this chance of putting into actual practise the teaching that he was receiving. This work

AARON SIMS, M. D.
Pioneer Medical Missionary to the Congo

also added to his determination to go into a foreign mission field.

It was during these school days that he first met Mr. Joseph Clark, who is now the veteran missionary on the Congo. Clark was a Christian worker, while Sims was a student in the Aberdeen Hospital. During all the future years they were friends; and it was with much grief that Sims bade Clark good-by when he left the Congo country in 1922.

In Africa Under the Livingstone Mission

The Livingstone Inland Mission was looking for recruits. This Mission had been started by a group of people who were deeply interested in the evangelization of Western Central Africa. Mr. Grattan Guinness was the leader. He planned to have the missionaries establish work beyond Stanley Pool on the Congo. This mission had sent out Mr. Strom and Mr. Craven in 1878; but the leaders were desirous of pushing into the interior as quickly as possible. They rejoiced, therefore, in the commissioning of Doctor Sims for work on the Congo.

In 1882 Dr. Aaron Sims sailed for Africa, which was destined to be his home for the next forty years. His purpose was to begin work at Stanley Falls. The difficulties to be surmounted were so great, however, that he decided to start at Leopoldville and gradually push on into the interior. He secured a wonderful site for the mission station and here he made his home for the next sixteen years.

From the very first year of his service as a missionary he proved his fidelity to his calling and his willingness to do anything if only the kingdom of God would be ad-

vanced. Doctor Sims built a two-room house close to the river, and planted palm trees all around it. He also built a cook-house, and three houses for boys, building all of them with grass and mud.

He visited Sir Henry Stanley at Stanley Pool. Writing of Sims and his work a few months later Stanley said:

> Mr. Comber presides over the Baptist Mission, and Mr. Sims over the Livingstone. Both have been remarkably energetic. Both have especially distinguished themselves for zeal in looking after the important interests entrusted to their charge. The Baptists were the first at Stanley Pool; Doctor Sims was the first to navigate the upper Congo.

Changes of 1884-1886

Sims had only been in Leopoldville a little over two years when the entire Livingstone Mission was taken over by the American Baptist Missionary Union. Mr. and Mrs. G. Guinness were in Boston in November of 1884 when the final negotiations were settled. The American Baptists thus added to their assets and their responsibilities a Mission which had six established stations, twenty-five missionaries, and a steamer that was just being launched. What a challenge to the faith and to the missionary purposes of these Baptist folk! What resources were drawn into the task, and how rich has been the harvest!

Upon this change in administration Doctor Sims returned to England. Then he went to America to meet the Baptist mission leaders. While in the United States he visited several Baptist churches and told the story of the needs of the Congo. Upon his return to England he was baptized in the Highgate Road Chapel in London in July, 1886. On the fourth of July he was ordained as a Baptist

minister; Doctor Murdock, who was secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, was present.

In Headquarters at Leopoldville

Soon afterward Doctor Sims, now a medical missionary of the American Baptists, returned to his station at Leopoldville. When his vessel reached Banana, at the mouth of the Congo, all his possessions were transferred from the ocean-going ship to the slower-moving river steamer. Matadi is one hundred and eight miles up the river, and it took two days to make the trip. His home at Leopoldville was three hundred and forty-five miles up the gigantic Congo.

Doctor Sims had early discovered that one of the paramount tasks that the pioneer missionary must do is to master the dialect of the people to whom he is ministering. He believed that tracts and the Bible should be given to the natives in their own tongue. By 1886 he had collected a vocabulary of the Kiteke, and had it published. He was a man of fine linguistic ability. He could speak fluently French, German, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish. Before leaving the Congo country he was able to talk in many of the dialects, speaking Kikongo very well.

The study of language and the building of words was a recreation to him. Even during his furloughs he would study languages. In conversation he could pass from one tongue to another without any seeming effort. This ability made him a much sought man as an interpreter. His fluency in the tongues of Africa as well as in those of Europe demonstrated his intensity of purpose in mastering every situation with which he was confronted.

Governmental changes had occurred in Congo since his

absence in the States. At an International Conference held in Berlin on November 15, 1884, and continuing for three months, the geographical limits of the Congo Free State were defined as well as its political status. "One of the first to mark off a new territory for disinterested service was Leopold of Belgium," wrote Donald Fraser in his book *The New Africa.* But no international supervision was exercised over the method of administration, and the government of the Congo Free State, which was inaugurated with such altruistic professions, became a horror of injustice until it was recognized as Belgian Congo. Then it took an entirely different form making for the advance of civilization in these regions.

What an apparently insurmountable task faced this missionary. To tell the good news of Jesus to a people who were bound by their fetishes, who believed in the most weird practises, and who followed the orders of their heathen priests and witch-doctors with childlike faith and fearful misgivings at the thought of offending any of them. "The very wealth of the Congo country has invited the great calamities. It was long robbed of its children by inhuman Arabs," wrote Ellen C. Parsons in her book *Christus Liberator.* "From the earliest time the enslavement of Africans seems to have been the practise of European and Asiatic nations," says Donald Fraser in *The New Africa.* "It was always recognized that the greatest wealth in Africa was man. After a while the conscience of the Christian nations was aroused, and slavery was stopped. Not so with Islam, for the Koran sanctions slavery."

Very few white men had treated these natives with respect. One of them said, "The cheapest thing on the

Congo is human life." It was necessary, therefore, for Doctor Sims to break down prejudice, to establish confidence, and to seek to persuade the natives that he was their friend. No other medium to the African heart was so immediately effective as medicine. These people were victims of all sorts of tropical diseases. They had so many unnecessary ailments due to their ignorance of all the laws of sanitation and hygiene.

Equatorial Africa has exacted a great price of the white men who have tried to live there. The Livingstone Inland Mission had lost ten men and one woman by death in the seven years on the Congo field. Sleeping sickness, malarial fever, beriberi, and, most deadly of all, the hæmaturic fever took a terrific toll of all whom it attacked. In the midst of it all Doctor Sims lived for almost forty years ministering the Word of God, and dispensing medicine to black man and white man, to Protestant and Catholic alike.

He was one of the first men to go into the upper Congo country. He sailed on The Peace into this uncharted region with Grenfell. "The source of the Congo is in the Chingampo Mountains," wrote H. W. Wack in his book *The Story of the Congo Free State.*

From Stanley Falls to Leopoldville, a distance of 1,068 miles, the river is navigable. From there on for 200 miles the water plows its passage through the Crystal Mountains, and thus by plunges comes down to Matadi which is 1,800 feet below. Then when the Congo meets the sea it is 20 miles wide.

The location of the mission station at Leopoldville was very strategic. It was the headquarters of navigation for the Upper Congo. Here travelers must disembark, and go overland to Matadi on the lower river. Between these two

towns the river is impassable due to the falls and the gorges in the river's course. Thus all freight coming in from Europe for the interior had to be carried off the steamers at Matadi, and then carried by the natives to Leopoldville where it would be loaded again on river steamers.

Doctor Sims became known as a man of very original ideas, and of very decided views in the early part of his missionary career. He observed siestas with great regularity and insisted that he must not be disturbed. Herbert Smith wrote:

> One day just after Mrs. Smith and I had taken dinner with Doctor Sims, the worthy doctor said, "Mrs. Smith, go over to your room and take your siesta. If you don't want to do that take your shoes off and put your bedroom slippers on." Mrs. Smith said, "Doctor, I do not have any slippers here." "Then go in your bare feet. I can't have you American women stamping your heels around the house while I am trying to sleep." Doctor Sims was said to be peculiar. Yes, yes, perhaps he was. Peculiar, because he was servant of all. May the Lord increase his tribe throughout the world.

> The Dutch trading-house gave him a large piece of ground close to our mission ground at Leopoldville [wrote Mr. Frederickson]. This he turned over to the mission. They also gave him a fine cow. He made bricks and built a brick chapel that could seat five hundred people. He made the arches himself over the windows and doors, laid most of the bricks with his own hands, the natives helping somewhat. He also built other brick houses.

Government officials respected him, and looked to him as a counselor whose advice was well worth following. He was often invited to dine with the various high officials of France and Belgium. At these dinners wine was always served; but the doctor took only a glass of water.

The story is told of how Doctor Sims had a pot of very weak tea, which he drank cold. This tea looked like cognac, and two of his African boys were sure that the doctor drank cognac, though they couldn't reconcile that to the fact that he did refuse palm wine. They determined to discover by sampling the contents that were in the pot. This they did one day only to learn that the doctor drank cold tea.

In 1893 the Government of France created Sims a Knight of the Legion of Honor. France gave him a cross of this Legion in recognition especially of his medical services to her people. " No one man has saved more lives on the Congo than Sims," is the record of one historian.

Leopoldville at this time was a trading-center. Here were government officers, traders, gamblers, and a cosmopolitan group of West African natives. Missionaries going into interior Africa, missionaries going home on furlough, and missionaries seeking medical attention all came to Stanley Pool, out of necessity some of them, but others to see Doctor Sims. Without any reserve he ministered to all these people hoping that he might win some of them to Christ.

Removal to Matadi

In telling of the location of Leopoldville in his book *The Map that Is Half Unrolled,*[1] E. Alexander Powell, writes: " Leopoldville was founded by Stanley in the early eighties. It is charmingly situated at the western extremity of Stanley Pool, commanding superb views of the river, the cataracts, the forest, and the mountains." This

[1] Quotations from this book are made by permission of the Century Company, owners of the copyright.

was the home of Doctor Sims until 1898 when he moved to Matadi at the request of the Foreign Mission Society.

One of the customs that the natives had which Doctor Sims opposed with all his power was that of cannibalism. He found that the people everywhere ate human flesh. One of the signs that usually denoted the cannibals was that their teeth were filed to sharp points. After Doctor Sims had talked to a group of Africans one day and remonstrated with them, one of them answered, "You kill your goats without our interference, permit us also to kill our own meat."

In the report of his work for 1895 Doctor Sims wrote to the Foreign Society: "The church here has received fifty-one members in eight years. We hold daily services and strangers from various parts may generally be seen. We are putting in several thousand fruit trees and plants now. The work is prospering."

A bachelor all of his life, Doctor Sims became more reserved as he grew older, and his eccentricities were more pronounced. He went on many a long journey on foot. He enjoyed itinerating. When the evening meal was over, and he would sit with his host, sometimes another missionary, his conversation would always be interesting as he would relate his experiences. He always attracted attention because he was a tall man of very distinguished bearing, and he had a fine black beard.

On many of the voyages of The Peace he was George Grenfell's companion. Alexander Powell has written: "Grenfell, the English missionary statesman, is one of the most remarkable figures the Dark Continent has ever known. It is doubtful if any European has ever acquired so deep a knowledge of the African character as this in-

defatigable servant of the Lord." Grenfell and Sims traveled hundreds of miles together on their tours on the Congo River and its tributaries.

What a river they discovered it to be! "The Congo goes due north for half its length through the very heart of Africa," says H. A. Gibbons in *The New Map of Africa,* "then west for 500 miles, and then almost south for 1,000 miles." Another recent African traveler said:

> As you glide for day after day down the Congo you become more and more awed by its majesty and grandeur. As long as from New York to San Francisco, and with a drainage area estimated at nearly a million and half square miles. The islands are large and numerous, there are said to be upward of 4,000 of them, one 50 miles long between Stanley Falls and Stanley Pool.

Missionary work had been conducted for several years with but very little success, and the white man was paying a fearful price in advancing the kingdom. In 1893, however, a veritable pentecost broke out at Banza Manteke. The station was started by the Livingstone Mission, but was now being supported by the American Baptists under the immediate supervision of Henry Richards. "After a thousand conversions the missionary was immediately thronged with patients," wrote F. P. Noble in *The Redemption of Africa.* "For weeks from three to four hundred received medical aid. It was not medicine but conversion that brought these patients."

With the beginning of the building of the railroad in 1897 things at Leopoldville became turbulent and unsettled. The coming of these builders presented an unusual challenge. In his desire to reach these large groups of men Doctor Sims held two services each day, one at eleven in the morning and the other at seven in the evening. So

persistent was he in his evangelistic emphasis, and so unselfish was he in ministering to all the ills of men, and of all men, that conditions gradually improved, and by the beginning of 1898 the Christian religion was again gaining ground due to the devotion of its ardent propagandist, Sims.

One day in January of 1897 W. D. Armstrong arrived in Leopoldville for the first time.

After dinner was over [said Armstrong] Sims took three or four steps backward into his bedroom, and after saying, "Let's see who can get to sleep first," he closed the doors and returned to his siesta. This was a sign for the company to disperse. The doctor soon found out that I was expecting to be married to a young lady who had preceded me up the river by about six months. He remarked, "If you like, I can write to the Governor for permission for your marriage, for he happens to be at the Pool." I warmly thanked him. A few days later I came down with sun fever. I had been terribly exposed on the caravan route. My temperature began to rise. The doctor came and instructed the boys to heat some water telling me that if my temperature rose above 105° to get into a warm bath. My temperature soon mounted, and the news reached the doctor that my condition was serious, and he came rushing in, in great agitation. "Here, sit up," he said, (then handing me a half-sheet of paper), "now make your will." So, surprised and somewhat amused (for I did not feel ill) I obeyed, and handed him the document. Then he began to talk. I wanted to know about the marriage permission and asked him if it would be possible under the circumstances to go to the Governor. "Oh," he said, "you'll have to forget all about that now!" I said, "What is likely to be the outcome of the fever, doctor?" "Oh," he said, "you may die or you may be an idiot." This was an interesting prognosis for a man who was about to marry. When, about six weeks later my wife and I were married, we sent Doctor Sims a piece of wedding-cake. The only reply I received was an envelope containing the half-sheet of note-paper on which I had made my will.

Removal to Matadi

In 1898 Doctor Sims moved to Matadi, which became his headquarters for the rest of the time that he lived in Africa. One of the reasons for this change was the shortage of funds in the treasury of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. His former station was turned over to the care of the Congo-Balolo Mission. But the main reason of the change of base seems to have been twofold. One was the ever-increasing importance of Matadi. This was due to the fact that it had been discovered that ocean-going steamers could run up the river this one hundred and more miles from the Atlantic to Matadi. The other reason was of the ever-growing influence of Doctor Sims. At this port of entry to all of equatorial Africa this learned man could be of untold value to all of the Baptist Mission Stations in Africa. His influence with the officials, his ability to speak fluently so many languages, and his untiring zeal in the prosecution of the work made him the most well-known missionary on the Congo. As a missionary diplomat Sims had no equal in the entire field of Congoland.

Before settling in Matadi, Sims went away on a furlough. During that year of 1898 he visited Europe, Asia, and America. He had been the first one of the missionaries of the Congo to speak in America; and now, after thirteen years the American Baptists looked forward to his coming with great eagerness. He had toured the main cities of the East before, and had helped to arouse the people to the needs of Congoland. Now they listened with quickened interest to his recitals of victory and his commendation of his brethren.

After final consultation with the foreign board this lonely, reticent man started back to Africa. At the age of forty-one, in the very prime of his life, he was to begin anew. Matadi had received its name from Stanley—he conferred upon it his own African title.

Matadi means "rock" and it is well named [wrote Doctor Lerrigo in *Rock-Breakers*]. It has had a bad name. Perhaps it deserves its evil reputation more than any other part of the equatorial territory. Matadi is hot. It is wet at times. It has malaria. The rock casts back the pitiless glare of the tropical sun; but Matadi's sun declines and cool breezes sweep up the river. While at night it lies relaxed and quiet, safe from the oppressive heat. Matadi became the base of missionary operations, and afterward the port of entry of Congo Belge. It was from Matadi that the old caravan road stretched away over the rocky hills. The narrow-gage railroad is now built between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The railroad is about two feet wide.

Alexander Powell has described this railroad as

A steel highway two hundred and fifty miles long, and as the sole means of egress from the Belgian Congo. Every kilometer cost a white life and every meter a black one. As trains do not run at night in Congo it takes two long dusty days to make this trip. The toy train is pulled by a tin-pot locomotive, which, when it could not make the grades, would back up to get a running start. Sparks from the wood-burning locomotive burned our garments, and our faces were covered with a thick layer of dust and soot, through which the rivulets of sweat trickled in miniature cañons. The journey is as thrilling as a ride on the switchback at Coney Island, for one moment the train plunges into a tropic forest, the next it skirts the edge of a dizzy precipice or goes tearing down a rocky gorge. It is obvious to any one that a country like the Congo can make no real commercial progress until it is provided with an adequate highway to the salt water, for the little narrow-gage railway is ridiculously unequal to the task.

This was the community to which Sims had been assigned. With the foresight of a seer, with the faith of a missionary, and with the energy of his entire nature he threw himself into mastering all the problems, and sought to serve all men. No wonder that Holman Bentley, the noted philogist and translator of the African Mission, wrote of him in 1900:

Doctor Sims has rendered invaluable help to the Missions and traders, as well as to the State and French Governments, by his medical knowledge and long experience. He has always been ready to give us the advantage of his skill, and has been the means of saving the lives of a great number of people, white and black. His has been a remarkable useful life.

One of the evils practised by the Africans that Sims combatted to the limit of his ability was polygamy. Women were bought and sold as pieces of merchandise, and the wealth of a man was determined by the number of wives that he had.

A man goes on buying them [wrote Dr. G. Grenfell] even when he has already far more than conduce to his comfort. Under such circumstances promiscuity is greatly fostered, and small families, or no families at all result. The advantages of monogamy as compared with polygamy are being demonstrated in the lives of the mission people.

In the year 1899 the type of mosquito that carries malaria was discovered. Since then the health conditions of the African continent have vastly improved. Even the West Coast with its terrors of climate has been made quite habitable. "The one thing that Europeans must learn to respect," says one writer, "is the sun. It is remorseless toward careless Europeans. The native can go

about with uncovered head and the sun lets him pass, but if the white man tries the same thing it will kill him."

The Church at Matadi

Sims built a large chapel at Matadi to seat six hundred people. Frederickson writes of the meetings. "As he led the people in prayer he would walk up and down between the seats gently pulling the ear of any one that seemed asleep." On January 1, 1902, he organized the church at Matadi; and during that year he baptized fifty-three converts.

Of Manifold Tasks, Faithful to Them All

The load that was placed on his shoulders was immense. He was constantly overtaxing his strength and his vigor to meet the growing responsibility of the work of the mission. He was mission treasurer. He had entire responsibility for the native services in Matadi and the supervision of his dispensary. He had charge of all the mission work in his district, and of the receipt, clearance customs, and transport of all the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society goods, as well as the entertainment of arriving and departing missionaries of his Society.

Rev. W. R. Kirby of the English Baptist Mission wrote of Doctor Sims' attendance at his wedding in 1903:

> He was kind enough to accept the invitation to our wedding, and you may judge of my delight to see him come arrayed in a not new swallow-tail coat, high collar, with a bit of black tape as a tie, canvas tennis-shoes, and no socks. Mrs. Kirby and I considered it a great honor to have him as our guest on that occasion and the friendship then formed never lost its savor. The doctor did not need the recurrence of meetings to retain friendship.

With all his eccentricities and peculiarity folks grew to respect and to admire him. They grew to realize that underneath it all there was a heart of gold that was honest and true, a life that was fully dedicated to the Lord Jesus, a will that was obedient to the will of God.

His fellow missionaries learned too that he liked a good meal; that he enjoyed the fellowship of his brethren; that he liked to talk over conditions and problems with those who were really concerned about the Lord's work. He had no sympathy with pretense, with false pride, with empty bigotry. But he did love the people of God.

Doctor Sims, because of his loneliness, and also because of his definite purpose to fit himself to be as useful as possible in the Lord's vineyard, was a great traveler. He visited most of the countries of Europe, besides India and Ceylon, Singapore, China, Japan; and returned home via San Francisco and New York. He spent three months of one of his furloughs in Vienna, studying diseases of the eye.

How constantly he was sought because of his medical skill! They came to see him, white and black, official and slave, missionary and trader from all over the Congo. In 1901 he had received the degree of Doctor of Public Health, D. P. H., from the University of Birmingham. He also held a certificate of the London School of Tropical Medicine. The story is told by a missionary of how he took a young mother to see Doctor Sims with her sick baby. "Do you give your baby quinine?" the doctor asked. "No," replied the mother. Then the doctor roared, "Do you want your baby to die?" "That mother," said the missionary, "will forever remember the lesson that the doctor thought useful to give her."

The mission at Matadi grew quickly under his leadership. For two years in succession, after the organization of the church, he baptized over fifty. By the year 1904 the church had over four hundred members, and he organized another church of twenty-five members. In another year the record in his annual report shows seven hundred members in three churches.

God mightily used Doctor Sims. Even though he was so noted as a doctor and a surgeon he utilized these talents as means of reaching people for the kingdom of God. "The hospital is the secret of success in the foreign field," he wrote to the Board. "The influence of a dispensary is fleeting; but in the hospital the patient can attend the prayer-meetings and have time for thought and conversation. Even itinerating work is of less value."

Dr. Johnston Myers, a former pastor of Immanuel Church of Chicago, wrote of a visit he made to Doctor Sims at Matadi.

He surprised, shocked, and almost angered me by his characteristic scolding. I can see him as he sat on the porch calling every few minutes. "Boy, boy!" and then apparently without reason throwing his white cap in the corner and ordering another. Then again telling his guests no matter who they were not to walk across the porch or to come around anywhere while he was resting.

Robert Glennie of the Baptist Missionary Society wrote of Doctor Sims when he returned to the Congo in 1912:

His eccentricities were more pronounced than ever, but they only amused me, for I knew the heart of gold in that oddly covered casket. Most of these odd ways were a pose. Once coming upon him as he returned from a visit to Italy and Austria, I found him the debonair man of affairs, able to talk on equal terms with

the highest-placed men of the nations, and leaving nothing to be desired in the perfect "turn-out" of his dress or the courtliness of his manner. The Congo side of him concealed more than the half of his personality.

Honors Crowding Upon Doctor Sims

He never told his friends of the honors that came to him. He was a very modest man, and he never paraded his accomplishments. Whether a government rewarded his signal service to its representatives in Africa, or an English University sought publicity in conferring on him a degree, it meant little to him. He remained loyal to his purpose of service to all.

Doctor Sims felt keenly the death of George Grenfell. He had gone with him in the pioneer days of the mission. He had enjoyed the fellowship of this missionary statesman, and now he was gone. Still Sims continued so that it is recorded, "The length of his service far exceeded that of any medical missionary in the Congo."

The stupendousness of his medical service alone is appalling. He reported that in 1911 he had over 8,000 patients. "It is the medical skill of Doctor Sims," wrote one of his fellow missionaries, "that has had a large influence in overcoming indifference and hostility." In all this activity he kept himself fit. That he was able to withstand the weakening influence of the Congo climate is a testimony to his virility of health and his carefulness in diet and rest.

As he grew older it was evident that Doctor Sims was not immune from sickness. In 1906 he wrote to the Board that he might have to leave the field due to poisoning in his right hand. Then, as his yearly reports are scanned,

one is impressed with repeated attacks of illness, which were due to the constant overtaxing of his strength and to his willingness to serve all men.

His medical work was carried on with great regularity [said Mr. P. Frederickson]. He had two native helpers, whom he had taught to speak French. One day, while I was there, seven boys wanted some minor operation. He gave them an anesthetic himself, then performed the operations, his two helpers carried them outside and laid them on the ground with a pillow under their heads. When they woke up, they rose up and went away. At another time that I was visiting him he had bought a fine rug and had put it in his sitting-room. A boy came in through the front door walking over it. "Now, boy, you know better than to come in here and walk over my new rug, you must come in from the back door."

The African has but few wants and these are easily satisfied. As Mr. E. A. Powell has noted:

No country can be developed without labor, as in Africa the greatest difficulty is experienced in persuading the native to work. There is nothing to offer him that he really longs for. In a land so hot that clothing is a discomfort, where a house can be built in a few hours from bamboo and palm, where he can raise enough food to support himself and his family by merely scratching the ground and scattering a few seeds, where innumerable varieties of edible fruit are to be had for the picking and fish are found in abundance in the rivers, why, argues the native, should he exert himself?

Dr. Catharine Mabie in her booklet on *Our Work in the Congo* has a paragraph on Doctor Sims:

Matadi is our base station. Here the indefatigable Doctor Sims, mission treasurer and everybody's friend in time of need, the best-known physician on the West Coast, resides. Here he has built a fine and commodious church edifice and bookroom, and has a church-membership of about two hundred and fifty. The

doctor entertains hundreds of passing missionaries of many societies as they enter or leave the Congo and attends to all their many needs, and conducts a large European and native medical practise, besides attending to a deal of other mission business.

In 1918 a General Conference was held at Luebo. In a paper that Dr. F. P. Lynch read to the conference he referred to Sims as "The Nestor of our service, the first medical missionary to the Congo, and after the signal record of 36 years still maintains his distinguished association in service." At this same gathering Secretary C. E. Wilson of the English Baptists said: "Doctor Sims has the reputation of being one of the most skilled physicians for tropical fevers. He is a very gifted linguist, and all acknowledged his ability."

It was in that same year that the dread scourge of influenza wrought such havoc everywhere. Every one in Matadi was sick. The hotels were full of sick people. Doctor Sims and the railroad doctor were overwhelmed with work. In the tremendous task of seeking to minister to all he gave of his best that the disease might be checked and that his fellow man might live.

Two years later the Belgian Government recognized his unselfish service to their agents on the Congo. In 1920 he was presented with the Belgian Service Medal by King Leopold II; and he was made a Knight of the Royal Order of the Lion of Belgium. His conspicuous service and the fact that he was the Medical Officer of the Congo Free State brought him these honors.

The Last Years

In 1920 Doctor Sims had repeated periods of sickness. He did not wish to leave the field even on furlough, for he

wanted the cause of Christ to prosper. He knew how difficult it was to carry on all the multiplied activities of the Mission, and that it was almost impossible to do so with a depleted missionary force. However, he had to go to England on furlough in 1921. As he left Matadi on the steamer in July of that year he said, "My society needs me here, so I will be back before the end of the year." He did return, as he promised, but in a more serious physical condition than when he went away.

It was very evident to his colleagues that he could not endure another year in Africa. The days of his ministry to the people of the Congo were numbered! His active service under the Foreign Board was finished. He would have to return home for the last time. His forty years of service as a medical missionary were over.

Sam Hede, a missionary, wrote of Doctor Sims' final departure from Africa:

As I remember him, standing on the deck that early morning, that noble old gentleman, now nearly heartbroken because he was not able to serve any more, I saw in him a knight of Christ that had fulfilled his task, a real follower of Jesus just catching the last paragraph of the meaning of missionary service.

In July, 1921, we traveled together home [wrote Mr. Frederickson]. The missionaries had a table of their own, and we had a good time together. But between meals the doctor would retire to a quiet place with a book. We knew he was suffering. The doctor was 66 years old on July 7th. The captain and Mr. Nelson arranged a nice treat for him at dinnertime, and he was surprised with a large fine birthday cake and a vegetable bouquet strikingly like one of flowers. It was presented to him with good wishes and congratulations from the captain and the doctor's friends. Then the band played a special piece for him. He was touched and pleased.

The veteran doctor had given everything that he had that the people of Congoland might hear the gospel. He who prescribed for others now needed a prescription. He who had nursed others, who had sat up nights with others, now needed some one to sit up with him. Doctor Sims returned to England for the last time, seriously depleted in health.

Creeping paralysis had caused him to leave Africa. That dread disease had gradually gained such headway in his system that he needed much care. Finally the end came. Doctor Sims died in Birmingham, England, on October 22, 1923.

"Another great pioneer Congo missionary has gone from us" is inscribed in the "Memorial" of the *Congo News Letter* of January, 1924.

His going is mourned by a great number of natives of the Lower Congo and by all the missionaries. He is known personally by name to thousands, such was the scope of service of this doctor missionary. Forty years of self-giving on the Congo is a record of service no Christian would be ashamed of. Now Doctor Sims is in the presence of Him whom, through all his long years of teaching and healing, he has loved as Lord and Master.

Thomas Lewis, a Congo veteran of the English Baptists said:

To the older missionaries who have survived the hardships of Congo Belge the death of Doctor Sims came as a shock because it is another break with the past. In one direction he was more like his Master than many of us, for he was the servant of all and therefore loved by all. Personally, I owed much to him when the Kimpese Training College was started. He was to my wife and me a rock to lean upon and he never failed us. So we pass over one by one into the Great Presence, and may we be found as true as our friend.

The funeral service of Doctor Sims was held on October 24. It was very impressive. Another one of God's chosen had been called home. "Therefore be it resolved," is the resolution that was adopted, "that we record our appreciation of the noble and self-sacrificing life of this most estimable man and of the valuable service which he rendered the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, humanity, and God. Surely he hath done a great and good work."

Doctor Sims was one who often ignored ordinary conventionalities, and many amusing stories are told of him. He admitted few, if any, to the intimacies of his soul [wrote Lawson Forfeitt]. But, as I gladly testify from a personal knowledge extending through many years, he was the true friend and helper of all who sought his aid, and his memory will long be cherished by those whose gratitude he so richly earned throughout his long and distinguished career as a medical missionary on the Congo.

There was no man better known on the entire West Coast of Africa than Doctor Sims. He was the best educated man on the Congo. During the last years of his life his counsel was sought, and his judgment was considered as that which was worthy of respect. Sims had followed the road to Christian victory. Jesus said: "He that is least among you all, the same is greatest; and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all."

He had measured up to the requirement of his Master Jesus. "He did as much for Africa in a medical way as David Livingstone did in a geographical way," is the statement of an African missionary. Another wrote, "It may truly be said of him that he gave his life for Africa."

In *The Congo Mission News* of July, 1924, this poem appeared:

A. SIMS, M. D.

First Medical Missionary to the Congo

He had the gift of healing;
And the touch to sooth
The throbbing throes of pain:
The skill to guide
The knife direct and true,
So that the anguished body
Could be whole again.
Life's coasts were his
For fair comprise:
The wide horizon held
His searching eyes:
The ways of wealth and fame,
Held forth inviting hands:
The Grapes of Eschol
And the Promised Lands.
He looked beyond the
Far horizon's rim,
And felt an unknown people
Needing him.
He was the first to venture
With the healing art,
To seek the Congo
And its people's heart.
Through life he served them
With unfailing skill;
His touch was blessing;
And his word good-will.
Then his hand failed them.
As the sight grew dim:
But long generations
Will remember him.
This be his epitaph
Above his head:
"He served while living;
And he serves though dead."

—*Franklin P. Lynch.*

IV

CHARLES H. COREY

Educator and Champion of the Negroes

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IV

1. Charles H. Corey—born December 12, 1834, in New Canaan, New Brunswick, Canada.
2. Schooling:
   (1) Graduated from Acadia College in 1858.
   (2) Graduated from Newton Theological Seminary in 1861.
3. Was pastor in Seabrook, New Hampshire, for two years.
4. Early contacts with the Civil War:
   (1) Companies drilling on church lawn.
   (2) Visited the battle-front.
5. Entered service of the Christian Commission on January 1, 1864:
   (1) Worked with the soldiers.
   (2) Sought to Christianize the Negro soldiers.
   (3) Stationed on Morris Island.
6. Married Miss Fannie Sanborn of Seabrook, New Hampshire, in 1865.
7. Early beginnings under the Home Mission Society:
   (1) Charleston, South Carolina, in 1865.
   (2) In 1867 held a Colored Baptist Convention in South Carolina.
   (3) President of Augusta Institute of Georgia in 1867.
   (4) Transferred to Richmond, Virginia, July 13, 1868, to Richmond Institute.
8. The Richmond Institute with Corey as President:
   (1) Opened by Dr. N. Colver in 1867.
   (2) Corey took charge on October 1, 1868.
   (3) Moved into new and larger quarters in 1870.
   (4) Financing a big and constant problem.
   (5) Graduates richly blessed in their service.
   (6) Became a Theological Seminary on March 1, 1886.
9. Some interesting facts concerning Corey:
   (1) Given degree of Doctor of Divinity by four colleges.
   (2) In 1890 a furlough of several months.
   (3) Accomplishments praised by his brethren.
   (4) The progress of the Negroes after the Civil War.
10. Died in Seabrook, New Hampshire, on September 5, 1899.
11. A champion of the cause of the Negroes.

CHARLES H. COREY

"For am I now seeking the favor of men, or of God? or am I striving to please men? if I were still pleasing men, I should not be a servant of Christ."—*Galatians 1:10.*

Ancestry and Birth

Baptists have been very active in Canada for a good many decades. In the Maritime Province of New Brunswick they outnumber all other denominations except one. They have been a consecrated band of hardy pioneers. In New Canaan, New Brunswick, Charles Henry Corey was born December 12, 1834.

The Coreys were Baptist people, and they were delighted when their son Charles was baptized at Petitcodiac on February 15, 1852. Living as they did one hundred miles from any city, and shut out from much communication with the outside world, they were true pioneers. In the severe winters they were often separated from all intercourse for long periods at a time. To compensate them, however, were the vast forests, the fertile soil, and the prosperous fishing industry of the Province.

Schooling

Educational facilities were very limited, and due to the seclusion of their home were difficult to obtain. Nevertheless, Charles Corey, with tenacity of purpose and with dogged persistence, prepared himself so that when he was twenty years old he entered Acadia College. He wanted to fit himself to be a minister of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In this Christian school, Corey came into contact with strong Christian characters who left an indelible impression on his life. One of these men was Dr. E. A. Crawley, who was then the president of the College. "He was a courtly old gentleman," wrote Corey, "a ripe scholar and a finished orator. He was grandly eloquent in his denunciations of the United States for holding so many millions in bondage."

Other teachers in the College also expressed themselves forcefully against the evils of slavery. Dr. J. M. Cramp, Dr. A. W. Sawyer, Prof. A. P. S. Stuart were all men who believed in the emancipation of the slaves. These scholarly instructors by the consecration of their lives, their erudition, and their constant intercourse with their students, left an abiding impression.

In 1858, Corey graduated from Acadia College. In the fall of that year he entered Newton Theological Seminary. Here he spent three busy years in order that he might fit himself for his chosen task. He graduated in the spring of 1861, a few months before he was twenty-seven years old. Trained for service—where would the Lord lead him?

Those were stormy days in the United States. The heavy clouds of rebellion had been gathering during the last few years and were now hanging over the nation in all their potency. The figure of Abraham Lincoln was looming large as the chosen leader of the Union. Would there be war?

The passions of men had been aroused. The prejudices of men had been stirred. The State of South Carolina had seceded from the Union. By the time that Corey was ordained as a minister the Civil War had begun in earnest.

Pastorate in Seabrook, N. H.

After his graduation from Newton Seminary, Corey was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Seabrook, New Hampshire. He accepted the position; and remained in Seabrook for a little over two years. This community became his home in America. Here he met his wife; and to this city he came after his years of service to spend his declining days.

Early Contacts With the Civil War

The terrific struggles of the Civil War commanded the attention of men. Tales of suffering and of privation were retold around the firesides. Men from the Baptist church of Seabrook were summoned to the fight. Some of them were slain.

At times, companies of men were drilled right in front of the church. Hearts were despondent at first as news of the defeat of the Northern armies came over the wire. All were exultant when the tide of battle turned and the different divisions of the armies of the North began to invade the South.

Little had any one realized that the War would last so long. Little did any one think that the cost in human life would be so immense. Very little preparation had been made by either side for such an enduring struggle.

Service in the Christian Commission

There were times when Corey went to the battle-front to visit the soldiers who had gone out of his church, and to talk with other men. These visits stirred his soul as he marked the spiritual needs of the soldiers. In order that

he might come into more intimate contact with these men, Corey decided to enter the service of the Christian Commission.

This organization had been formed, " to assist in looking after the dying on battle-fields," wrote Corey, " to carry comfort to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and to communicate with the friends of sick or dead soldiers." The practicality of their service made an appeal to Corey. He thought that in this new service he would not only be helpful to his country, but that he would be able to do more for his Lord.

What a challenge! What an opportunity! What a responsibility! As a minister of the gospel among thousands of soldiers, Corey could testify for his Christ:

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
Our God is marching on.

On January 1, 1864, Corey left Seabrook, having resigned his pastorate. He went immediately to New Orleans. " Thence I pushed on ' to the front ' at Indianola, Texas," says Corey in his book *History of the Richmond Theological Seminary.*

When the troops withdrew from that place, I followed them up the Rio Grande to Brownsville. When our work was done there, after a brief visit to Matamoras, Mexico, I returned to New Orleans, and was ordered to Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, where I first came in contact with educational workers among the colored people.

When Corey arrived in Port Hudson in April, 1864, he found that the colored troops were already meeting in

a schoolhouse for special instruction; Chaplain E. S. Wheeler had erected this structure for that purpose. In a report that Mr. Wheeler sent on, he said:

> I am most heartily pleased with the earnestness and spirit of the men in overcoming the ignorance to which they have been subjected. I had procured an order from our Division Commander, permitting me to tear down an old cotton mill, and erect it in a modified form, and there the men were not only instructed in a common-school way, but religious services were usually held in it by both officers and men.

All this was new to Corey. Never before had he been thrown into intimate contact with Negroes. This association with them aroused him to their dire needs. His whole being went out to them in sympathy. He wanted to help these recently freed men. These days in Port Hudson left impressions on Corey that he never forgot. Here was a race in need, and their call for leaders was appealing.

Had he the qualities of soul, and the adaptability of nature for the task that was now beckoning to him? Should he respond to the inner urge of his being, and give himself to the education of the colored race? These were some of the questions that were racing through Corey's mind. They were pressing him for an answer. He was willing to follow where God led on.

Meanwhile the Northern Army was advancing victoriously into the South. Corey was eager to get to the front where the fighting was in progress. He felt that he could be of more service there. He was glad, therefore, when the opportunity came to go to the city of Alexandria. Here he mingled alike with the white and colored soldiers, always striving to lift up his Lord to these men.

He held public preaching services and prayer-meetings. Corey felt, however, that he could do more by private interviews. In these conversations he came to personal grips with the problems, doubts, and difficulties of the men. Many of them he led into the light of Jesus. With joy in their souls they declared their allegiance to Him whose "blood cleanseth from all sin."

One day, shortly after Corey had arrived in Alexandria, the city was set on fire.

> The city was soon wrapped in flames [wrote Corey]. Houses, stores, churches, everything seemed on fire; women and children were in tears, and the transports blew their whistles. I hastened through the crowded streets just in time to reach the Chateau, the hospital boat to which I had been assigned, before she steamed out of danger. Toward evening the fleet, consisting of about fifty vessels, moved slowly down the river. The silence of those wooded shores was repeatedly broken by volleys poured into us by those concealed by earthworks on the bank. We finally reached Atchafalaya Bayou which the army crossed over, and we on the transports eventually reached New Orleans in safety.

In the summer of 1864, Corey went to New England for relaxation and recuperation. The constancy of his service, and the willingness of his life to give himself so wholeheartedly in his work had broken down his health. When he was again ready for work the United States Christian Commission sent Corey to make his headquarters before Charleston, on Morris Island.

Only a few hundred yards away was Fort Sumter, against which the first gun of the Civil War had been fired. Once in a while during the winter of 1864 there would be excitement. Sometimes this was due to the capturing of a blockade-runner. Or, it might be due to the bullets from Fort Sumter injuring a soldier. Most of the time, how-

CHARLES H. COREY, D. D.
Educator and Champion of the Negroes

ever, Corey was able to carry on his work unmolested; conscious that it was only a matter of a few months before the forces of the North would be victorious.

Savannah, Georgia, fell in December of 1864 to General Sherman. Then in triumph this doughty commander marched north into South Carolina, capturing Charleston in February, 1865. Corey went into Charleston with these Northern troops. A detachment of colored soldiers was among them.

> Some of them had been slaves in this very city [said Corey]. Now, with the old flag above them, they marched up the grass-grown streets past the slave-marts, and laid aside their arms and helped extinguish the flames of the burning city. Pale, poorly clad, and hungry people were on the streets. They received us with joy. It was the first body of colored men in arms seen in this city. I stood and wept; so did many a rough soldier; so did some of the citizens of Charleston. The Negroes shook hands, and clung to the soldiers, and seemed almost wild with delight.

Immediately after entering Charleston, Corey began holding meetings and working with the soldiers. He made this city his home until the end of the war. At the first service that he held there were more than 1,500 people, black and white. "When I prayed for the President of the United States," said Corey, "there went up such an 'Amen' as I never heard before."

Greater emotions were evoked on the day when the flag that had been shot down in 1861 was restored, than on the day of the entrance of the Union troops into Charleston. Dr. Henry Ward Beecher had been summoned to the city to deliver the oration on this memorable day. With pathos and patriotism this preacher delivered a speech of eloquence; and then the old flag, after four years, was re-

stored to its rightful place. Every heart was moved, and every eye was wet as this scene was watched by all.

Shortly after this momentous occasion Corey started North again. Before he left the city there was placed in his hands some resolutions that had been passed by the Wentworth Street Baptist Church on May 14, 1865:

Whereas, the Rev. Charles H. Corey, agent of the United States Christian Commission has, for several months past, taken charge of our Church, without pecuniary compensation, regularly maintaining public worship therein on each successive Sabbath, and having, by the courteousness of his demeanor, the usefulness of his instructions, and the exemplariness of his character, and the interest he had manifested in the welfare of our Church, most justly entitled himself to our high esteem and deep gratitude. . . . . we do unanimously resolve as follows: 1. That our heartfelt thanks are justly due and are hereby cordially tendered to the Rev. Charles H. Corey, for the ministerial services he has so cheerfully and acceptably performed in our Church during the past few months. 2. That we have learned with regret that the appointed duties of Mr. Corey will hereafter prevent him from continuing his services at our Church; and that the best wishes and prayers are, that he may continue in health and be abundantly prospered in the good work in which he is so faithfully engaged, wherever, in the providence of God, his lot may be cast.

Corey Weds Miss Sanborn

Corey went to Seabrook, N. H., in the summer of 1865 to claim his bride. Here he married Miss Fannie Sanborn. She had never had any contact with the Negro race. She knew that to go as a missionary among these Negroes meant social ostracism for her. With unfaltering loyalty to her Lord, however, and with sincere love for her husband she left the North with him to give herself to the Christianizing of the colored people.

Early Beginnings in the Service of the Home Mission Society

Before he had left Charleston, Corey had been visited by Doctor Lathrop and Dr. J. W. Hoyt. These men had been so impressed with the work that Corey was doing that they urged him to continue. They realized something of the stupendous task that now faced the United States in her responsibility to these millions of lately freed people. In the fall of 1865, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Corey sailed for Charleston, South Carolina, under the appointment of The American Baptist Home Mission Society.

The Executive Board of this Society had voted on June 25, 1862, to occupy such Southern fields as the providence of God might open to them. By 1865 there were twenty missionaries working for them in the South. The Home Mission Society had been instructed to prosecute, "in all wise and feasible ways, the evangelization of the freed men and to aid them in the erection and procurement of church and school edifices when requisite."

Corey and his wife labored in Charleston for about a year and a half among the Negroes. He not only held meetings in the city but went also into the surrounding country carrying the gospel of Jesus. On these trips he would seek to establish churches and ordain ministers whom he would leave in charge of new churches.

Traveling was difficult and dangerous because of the unsettled condition of the entire South. Night-riders and bands of marauders were everywhere. In his memoirs Corey tells of how they decided that a certain journey had to be made by night.

We started at nine o'clock and traveled twenty miles, some on horseback and some in wagons, in the wintry night. On Sunday morning around an open fire in the woods, we organized the Pilgrim Baptist Church, and ordained Rev. Sancho Sanders as its pastor. We returned to our starting-place, passing through Chester on Sunday night in the darkness. Trips were made on foot, on horseback, by steamers, and in row-boats.

In this itinerating ministry, Corey was signally blessed. He even went in a row-boat to some of the islands in the harbor where he established churches. By the spring of 1867, he had called together the first convention of colored Baptists ever held in the State. With tireless zeal and with unbounded enthusiasm Corey labored on, counting this pioneering one of the best works of his life.

After this Convention adjourned, Corey moved to Georgia. He had been given the position of president of the Augusta Institute. "The times politically were unsettled," wrote Corey. "Prejudices were strong, and with but few facilities, not very much was accomplished. A few came to me for instruction by day, and a larger class at night. Sermons were preached, and some churches were organized."

Richmond Institute With Corey as President

On July 13, 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Corey left Georgia for Richmond, Virginia. Corey had been transferred to a position in Richmond Institute to fill a place that had suddenly been left vacant. Here he began the work of his life. All else seems to have been but a preparation for this task that now faced him to help in the developing of Christian leaders from among the four millions of Negroes.

In November of 1865, under the auspices of the Home Mission Society, Dr. J. G. Binney had opened a school in

Richmond to instruct colored men for the ministry. This project failed, however, because a suitable building could not be secured. Doctor Binney also moved away. He had been a missionary in Burma; and he was glad of the opportunity to return to Rangoon.

The school to which Corey had been sent was the Richmond Institute. A group of Baptists had formed an organization known as "The National Theological Institute" in Washington, in December of 1864. The object of this institution was to select young men and to help them fit themselves to be ministers of the gospel. In order to prosecute their work most thoroughly, they decided to do two things as soon as possible: First, to seek to establish schools in strategic cities; secondly, to promote ministers' institutes so that even those who were now preaching might be benefited. It was to the school in Richmond, which was under this national organization, that Corey had been summoned.

Dr. Nathaniel Colver had come to Richmond on May 13, 1867, from the position of professor of Biblical Theology in Chicago. As pastor of the Baptist Church, Tremont Temple, in Boston, he had proved himself to be a valiant anti-slavery champion. Just as soon as the war was over, and there was an opportunity, he had hastened to cast in his lot to the bettering of the condition of the Negro. He realized that the all-important task was the raising and the training of leaders from among the Negroes themselves.

In the fall of 1867 he opened the Richmond Institute in the old Lumpkin Jail.

This establishment [said Corey] is often spoken of as the old slave-pen, consisting of four buildings which were brick. One

was used by the proprietor as his residence and office. Another was used as a boarding-house for the accommodation of those who came to sell their slaves or to buy. A third served as a bar-room and a kitchen. The "old jail" stood in a field a few rods from the other buildings. Here men and women were lodged for safe-keeping, until they were disposed of at private or public sale.

Doctor Colver had leased this jail for a period of three years at $1,000 a year.

Lumpkin's slave-pen consisted of about half an acre of land near the center of the older portion of Richmond [wrote Dr. J. B. Simmons]. The patch lay very low in a deep hollow, through which a small stream of water ran very slowly. Around the outer borders of the half-acre was a fence, in some places ten or twelve feet in height. In the center of the plot was a low, rough, brick building known as the "slave jail." The stout iron bars were still to be seen across one or two of the windows. In the rough floor, and at the center of it, was the stout iron staple and whipping-ring.

What a place for the beginning of a school to train Negroes to become Christian leaders of their people! Here Doctor Colver served for a year, resigning only because of ill health. Corey then took up the work that Doctor Colver had so reluctantly laid down. Here Corey carried on with unswerving loyalty to his Lord. Year after year he labored and loved and prayed with infinite patience among this down-trodden race that they might rise to grasp the new opportunities that were now theirs.

School opened on October 1, 1868, with Corey in charge, and Miss H. W. Goodman as chief assistant. Classes were held in the evening for those unable to attend in the daytime. A ministers' institute was held that winter attended by every colored pastor of the city, as well as many other men. Special lecturers came to help in the

teaching. Dr. J. W. Parker, who was secretary of the Northern Baptist Education Society, and Dr. Solomon Peck, who was the Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, were among the special instructors.

The type of teaching was unique.

> The field is new and peculiar, and peculiar treatment is demanded [wrote Doctor Colver]. We almost have to make the mind to instruct. Of course, our theological instructions must be dogmatic till we can teach them reason, and till they can read and gather to themselves the use of terms. Progress is very slow, and much patience is required. They have never been taught to think consecutively.

By the end of his first year, Corey had demonstrated that he was the man for the place. Doctor Parker reported:

> Brother Corey and his assistant are taking hold of the people. They have matters in excellent order. If the patrons of the Institute could look in upon the school each one would enlist recruits and gain contributions to the cause. To some of the ministers it seems an almost intolerable privation to lose a lesson.

These were days when to mingle with the colored people meant a certain amount of social ostracism. This superior attitude on the part of certain classes of the whites had no effect on Corey. He was too busy doing the task to which he had been summoned to be concerned with what his neighbor thought. Even though there were times when he was openly jeered on the streets, he was in no wise affected. He would answer it all with a smile.

It seemed to many that the time had now come to change the name of the Institute to "Colver Institute," in honor of the man who had done so much for the colored race.

On January 22, 1869, the executive committee of the National Theological Institute voted to have the name changed. The work of the Theological Institute was merged with that of the Home Mission Society at the May Meetings in Boston in 1869, so that as the president of Colver Institute, Corey was asked to file his reports with the Home Mission Society.

It was a great pleasure to Corey during these early days of pioneering among the Negroes to receive a letter from his former instructor, Dr. J. M. Cramp:

> You are engaged in a good and very useful and important work, requiring great energy and much prudence—just such wisdom as the Lord promised to give them that ask him. Past success encourages you. May the future be yet more blessed.

After three years in Lumpkin's jail the lease expired, and in 1870 it was necessary to secure larger quarters because of the growth of the school. To find a building that was adequate for the Institute seemed almost impossible. Doctor Simmons wrote:

> As late as 1870, I saw white property-owners in Southern cities almost turn pale with fear when I asked them to sell me a piece of land for one of the Home Mission Society's colored schools. They would exclaim: "No, no! Never, never! My neighbors would blame me." One man said to me, "Sir, the price of that land is one thousand dollars an acre, but as you want it for a Negro school, you cannot have it at any price."

On January 26, 1870, the United States Hotel, which had cost $110,000 to build, was bought for the Colver Institute for $10,000. With heartfelt gratitude to God, Corey and Simmons knelt, in one of the rooms of the fourth floor, to thank the heavenly Father for his love and to entreat his blessing in the work of Christian education.

It was a long step forward when these larger quarters were secured, and the work of the Institute could thus measure up more adequately with the need.

The building that had thus been purchased needed repairs; and it was necessary to raise several thousand dollars in the fitting of it for school purposes. Corey told the Negroes that he must have their financial assistance. So overjoyed were these men that they gladly promised to give all they possibly could for the renovation of the building. After school hours many of the students would hasten to the old hotel to labor in their new school building. Others went through the city, and from white and colored they collected over $1,000.

It was a proud day when the students and teachers of Lumpkin's jail, marched up out of that old slave-pen, and took possession of the old United States Hotel [wrote Doctor Simmons]. That noble property, once a fashionable hotel of Richmond, so ample and so admirable in all of its appointments, had now been thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and furnished with new school furniture, and was joyfully dedicated to its new and sacred uses with hymns of praise and songs of thanksgiving to God.

The financing of this Institute was a tremendous task. As early as 1870 plans were laid to try to raise an endowment fund of $25,000. Doctor Simmons worked day and night to accomplish this objective. He said that he secured money from at least one out of each forty persons that he asked. He kept urging Corey to continue in his own campaign for funds.

God will give the money, and it will pay large returns [wrote Doctor Simmons]. Let us have faith and so please Jesus. These colleges for colored preachers cannot be carried along with real power unless they can have the benefit of permanent endowment

funds. Let me say that I found one of God's hidden saints today. "My brother," he said, "I think the Lord sent you here. I have money and I want to give it."

Despite the poverty of the majority of the pupils Corey believed that they should as far as possible finance their own schooling. It was sometimes most difficult for these men to find work; but when helped in securing jobs those who really wanted to advance proved it by their willingness to labor and to sacrifice. In the summer some of the more advanced students did special deputation work under the missionary board. This aided them in their school attendance for the following winter.

All during the early part of his presidency in Richmond, Corey kept in touch with Doctor Colver. He eagerly sought the counsel and advice of this old veteran of the Cross. Though separated by space (Colver lived in Chicago) their souls were knit together in a common task. He felt it as a distinct loss, therefore, when Doctor Colver died on September 25, 1870.

Corey was not content in just fitting his students for work in America. He distinctly felt that some of the men should go to Africa, there to minister to their own race. It was a source of joy to his soul when W. W. Colley went to Africa. Mr. Colley was the first graduate of Richmond Institute to go to that great continent. The Home Mission Society also believed in this, and through its secretary wrote:

I would emphasize the matter of giving intelligence about Africa and praying for Africa and working for Africa. There is something about the cause of Home and Foreign Missions which enlarges the heart and broadens the sympathies and ennobles the whole being of man.

A little later, at the annual May Meetings, Dr. E. T. Winkler said:

> Africa, of whom the millions of colored people in America are only the representatives; Africa, the land that holds the sorrows of vanished ages in its shadowy deeps; Africa, that grave of missionaries lying yonder in ghastly despair beneath the pomp and glory of the tropics; has she not loaned us her children for a little season that we may send them back to her, redeemed and regenerated, and that thus, through their means and ours, Ethiopia may stretch forth her dusky hands to God?

Not all of the pupils in Richmond Institute, the name given in 1876, were studying for the ministry; some of them were planning to teach. Some of the graduates became physicians, some business men; and some rose to the top of their profession among their race. Into whatever line of activity they went, they all bore in their lives the stamp of the Institute. Its Christian influence was ever pervasive.

As the school grew in numbers, and in graduates, its influence spread, and some very influential people became its fast friends. Dr. J. W. Parker said, "I know there never was, since Christ hung on the Cross of Calvary, such an opportunity. There has never been such a day." Dr. S. F. Smith, who wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," spent two weeks at the Institution, and then he wrote to Corey: "And among the most cherished remembrances of our month of travel, will ever be the enjoyment we experienced in being with you, in sympathizing in your difficulties and rejoicing with you in your work. I find it a pleasure, whenever I have an opportunity, to speak in highest terms of the Richmond Institute and its most competent heads."

Dr. S. W. Field, who had been a chaplain of the army, and was a distinguished pastor in New England, was always glad to speak of the work of the Institute. He gave a great many books to the Library. His own experience in gaining an education had made him very sympathetic with the needy students of the school.

Perhaps the most unusual of all the Institute friends was Hon. Henry Bill of Norwich, Connecticut. He was a member of the Congregational Church; but he took an active interest in Corey's manifold tasks. He said, "I would rather see my son the president of such an Institution for colored people than to see him the president of the United States."

The Richmond Institute was the first one of the Southern Schools to put Negroes on its faculty. It was a big innovation to take this forward step. Corey believed most thoroughly, however, in not only teaching the colored race, but in putting them into positions of leadership and responsibility that they might thus develop all their talents and win their own people.

After ten years of consecutive service Corey had the privilege of an ocean voyage. He was sent to the meeting of the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A., which convened in Geneva, Switzerland, in August of 1878. The Y. M. C. A. of Richmond had sent him as their delegate. It was a very enjoyable experience for Corey; and he returned to his task more determined than ever to do his utmost.

The number of pupils was increasing, and the importance of the Institute was growing on all. Dr. H. L. Morehouse, secretary of the Home Mission Society, wrote to Corey on April 14, 1880:

The Board decided to purchase "A" of Mr. U. G. Hoyt's property. "A" will be a larger tract of land than either New York University or Columbia College own in this City. Certainly the location will be a vast change for the better over the present one.

Just four years later $50,000 was secured for the endowment of two professorships. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller had given $25,000 for a professorship of Theology in Richmond Institute. Mr. J. B. Hoyt, who had urged Corey to give himself for work among the Negroes, gave the other $25,000. This was for a chair in Church History. Thus after sixteen years of faithful seed-sowing Corey began to reap a harvest.

A far more pleasing fruitage of his labors, however, was to know that men who had graduated from Richmond had lived up to the ideals of that Institution, to hear that these men were becoming leaders of their people, and to read reports of the blessings that were following the labors of the graduates. These spiritual assets he counted more than any other.

Rev. Richard Spiller had left the Institute in 1874. After twenty years he reported that he had baptized over eighteen hundred people, had raised over $10,000 for a church building, was now serving as pastor in Hampton, Virginia, and also as principal of Spiller Academy, which he had founded. "I attribute my success largely to the training received at Richmond Institute," he wrote. "The training I received in school has guided me all through my ministerial life."

One of the most noted of the students of the Richmond Institute was Rev. James H. Holmes, who held his position as pastor of the First African Baptist Church of Richmond, Virginia, and attended school at the same time.

At one time his church was the largest Protestant church in the world. In twenty years he baptized almost six thousand people. He became one of the most respected leaders of his people.

By the year 1894, there had been 100,000 persons baptized by the 530 ministerial students of Richmond. A record of stupendous proportions! One after another of these graduates had written of the lasting impressions of the Institute on their lives. Rev. C. H. McDaniel, of Farmville, Virginia, had said, "The Seminary has made an everlasting impression on me, spiritually." Rev. G. L. Taliaferro wrote from Philadelphia: "My seminary course strengthened and fully developed my spiritual powers. My course of study has drawn me to my people."

The covenant-keeping God again fulfilled his promise. The Holy Bible had been taught and lived before the student body. Its matchless riches and its imperishable words had been brought to the attention of each one who entered the Institute: "My Word shall not return unto me void, it shall accomplish that which I please." "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

The Negroes of the South were increasing so rapidly in numbers, and so many of them were becoming Baptists that it became imperative that a Theological Seminary be started in the South for the colored ministers. To further this purpose a conference was called in New York of all the presidents of the schools of The American Baptist Home Mission Society in June, 1882. It was voted at this Conference to start a Seminary in Richmond. On November 21, 1883, the Board of Trustees of the Richmond Institute voted to concur with the decisions of the

presidents of the different schools; and passed a resolution favoring an action by the Home Mission Society.

In the *Home Mission Monthly* of January, 1884, appeared the record:

At the meeting of the Board of the Home Mission Society in December, 1883, renewed attention was given to the subject of the Seminary, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Board hereby reaffirm their belief that the increasing intelligence of the colored race in America, and the need of well-qualified missionaries for Africa, imperatively demand that immediate measures be taken for the establishment of a distinctly Theological Institution at Richmond, Virginia, and that the Education Committee be, and are hereby authorized to make the necessary arrangements for the opening of the Institution on this basis in the fall of 1884.

Resolved, That, inasmuch as this will require an increased number of instructors, and as this plan contemplates the permanent establishment of a Theological Institution that shall be for the colored Baptists what Theological Institutions in other sections are for their white brethren. . . . .

These plans were all finally brought to fruition to the great joy of Corey. By act of the General Assembly of Virginia the name of Richmond Institute was changed to Richmond Theological Seminary on March 1, 1886. Dr. C. H. Corey became the first president.

Interesting Facts Concerning Corey

Corey had received the complimentary title of Doctor of Divinity from four different colleges. One of these was Richmond College, in the very city where he had labored. Baylor University of Texas had also given him this degree in honor of his work among the Negroes.

He needed a rest. The burdens that he had borne had increased each year. In 1890 he was granted a leave of

absence by the Seminary Board and the Home Mission Society. He went on a long journey for several months, visiting the Holy Land and many of the historic sites in Asia Minor. He also traveled to many of the capitals of the European nations.

When Corey returned to America he started on the last epoch of his life. Never had he felt more humble and more willing to sacrifice for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. Never had he felt more thankful to his heavenly Father for being called into the lifework that had been his than he did now.

One day, Corey was walking along the street just by the State Capitol when he heard a young man say, "That fellow preaches to the Negroes." He pretended to be offended; and so he turned and asked the young man what he meant by insulting him. "I incidentally pointed up the street toward some men in the course of my conversation," said Corey. "They, suspecting that our talk was concerning them, sauntered down to where we were. One of them, with an offended air, asked me what I meant by speaking to them as I did. I replied: 'What did you mean by speaking to me as you did?' He replied: 'Oh! we had no reference at all to you!' 'What!' I replied, 'will you assure me, on your honor as gentlemen, that you had no reference whatever to me?' They solemnly asserted that they did not mean me at all. Then I replied: 'If that be so, I should not have spoken to you as I did.' The saloon-keeper said: 'Oh, that's all right; won't you come in and take a drink?'"

The years of Corey's service in Richmond had made their impression on Christian men in both North and South. His fidelity to Christ and his unswerving devo-

tion to the Negroes were becoming more and more recognized, Dr. H. L. Morehouse, in a speech at Nashville, Tennessee, said:

No lives of ease have been lived, no perfunctory service rendered by those who, with missionary spirit that in many cases matches that exhibited in any mission field of earth, have bent every energy of their being to the accomplishment of their tasks. What has been the cost? Tell who can—for she will not tell it—what it has cost Joanna P. Moore in her twenty-five years' continuous toil among the homes and the by-ways of the neglected and the needy. Tell us who can—for never from the lips of these brave, uncomplaining souls, do you hear a recital of it—what it has cost these veterans, whom we count it an honor to meet with us today, Doctors Phillips and Corey, and Doctors Tupper and King, who could not be here! The cost in those earlier years, when the condition of things was vastly different from the present, is not only beyond computation but beyond apprehension. Had some of these wrought in a foreign land with corresponding results, their name and fame would have gone around the world.

Among the Baptists of the South probably no other one man knew Corey and the Richmond Institute more intimately than did Dr. J. B. Simmons. In the early part of 1894, he wrote a letter, which appeared as an article in one of the Baptist periodicals:

The régime of the lash has gone. The régime of the spelling-book has come. But how to apply the spelling-book was the question. By the laws of the Slave States it had long been a crime to teach a black man letters. By the laws of Jesus Christ all men, black and white alike, were to "search the Scriptures." But how many white Christians were there in the South immediately after the war, when bad passions were still rampant, when hate prevailed and not love, who would have dared to sell a building or even lease a building in the face of their pro-slavery neighbors to be used as a school for Negroes? . . . Doctor Corey twenty-seven years ago was an unknown young man commencing a work

for Jesus Christ, in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and nothing could daunt him. If the roughs jeered him on the streets, he not only bore it patiently, but answered them back with a benevolent smile. And this habit of tossing back loving smiles to those unfriendly to his work on the New Testament plan, has left dimples in Doctor Corey's cheeks.

What qualities of soul, and what fidelity to Christ did these Negro leaders bring to the Kingdom of God on earth! From the bondage of slavery to the liberty of free men is a vast step for any one man; but for a company of four millions it is a tremendous stride. Yet, this race of men brought talents into the Kingdom and capacities to the Lord without which his Kingdom on earth today would be impoverished.

These colored men had fought in the War of Rebellion. The War Department records show that there were 178,975 who were soldiers. Many of these men made the supreme sacrifice. General S. C. Armstrong said of these colored troops:

> Their quick response to good treatment and to discipline was a constant surprise. Their tidiness, devotion to their duty and their leaders, their dash and daring in battle, and ambition to improve—often studying their spelling-books under fire—showed that they deserved as good a chance as any people.

The faithfulness of the Negroes constantly impressed Corey. Their absolute trust in the veracity and integrity of the Holy Scriptures was a source of unfailing inspiration to his soul. To see these men accept the Bible as God's inspired Word; and to hear them preach from it with the full faith, "My Word shall not pass away," was like unction to his soul.

How rapidly, after their emancipation, did the Negroes

make progress! Many have written and spoken of their improvement. Governor Brown of Georgia said, "The Negroes have shown a capacity to receive education, and a disposition to elevate themselves." Bishop A. G. Haygood of the Southern Methodists wrote, "The progress of the Negro race in the United States during the past twenty years is one of the marvels of history." A minister of the South said in a public address, "Since God's sun has moved across the heavens, no race had made such progress as the colored people have made since they were set free."

The genialness of Corey's disposition was of untold value to him in his labors at the Seminary. His unselfishness and his patience with these embryonic colored leaders were a source of joy to all who knew him. "His work in Richmond has been carried on with great skill and success," wrote Dr. W. Cathcart, "and is resulting in incalculable good both to the colored men and to the cause of Christ."

The Passing of Doctor Corey

For over thirty years Doctor Corey had given himself that this colored race might enjoy their heritage. He never spared himself. He had good health, and he had gladly served in the place of God's appointing. Richly had he been blessed with the presence and power of God. The school which he had taken over in 1868 in the old Lumpkin's jail now had commodious quarters and fine equipment.

When sickness overtook him, therefore, he quietly laid down his burden and moved to the place of his first pastorate, Seabrook, N. H. Here he lingered for several months, growing weaker all the time. Finally release

came, and on September 5, 1899, Corey died. His wife and his two sons were with him to the last.

A Champion of the Negro

He championed the cause of the Negro when but few would grant him a hearing. He believed in the colored race, and trusted them when most men were maligning them. He gave himself to the development of leaders in their own group when many were wondering whether the Negroes had so much as capacity for learning. Trusting in full confidence in the God who had laid on his heart the Negro race, Corey remained faithful to the end.

In the book *The Trend of the Races,* Dr. George E. Haynes, that eminent colored man, author, and statesman, has written a pregnant statement about relationship between the white and colored races:

> The relations of the two races finally rest, not upon wealth or poverty, not upon things or lack of them, but upon the mental, moral, and spiritual attitudes and habits of conduct of life that grow out of the experiences of the two races as they have contact in agriculture, industry, education, government, religion, and the like. The great hope of the future is that the ideals of Jesus may determine the conditions of these experiences and the conditions of these contacts.

For that purpose, Corey had labored. To that end he had served. He laid on the altar of God all his plans and purposes, and he had entered into the way of sacrifice. Not for duty's sake, but for the sake of the love of God, he sought out the people in America who most needed Christ, the Negroes. From among them today many rise up to call him blessed.

V

LOTTIE MOON

Lover of the Women and Children of China

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

1. Charlotte Moon—born in December, 1840, in Viewmont, Va.
2. Home and schooling:
   (1) Christian parents.
   (2) Reared on old plantation.
   (3) Sent to Virginia Seminary in 1854.
   (4) Attended Albemarle Institute in 1857.
   (5) Converted and baptized in 1859.
3. The years of the Civil War:
   (1) Graduated with M. A. degree in 1861.
   (2) Tutored sister.
   (3) Did some nursing.
4. To the time of her sailing, 1873:
   (1) Taught in Danville, Ky.
   (2) Charge of school in Cartersville, Ga.
   (3) Left San Francisco, September 1, 1873.
5. Her station, Tengchow, North China:
   (1) Her sister, Edmonia, so sick had to be taken back to America.
   (2) Famine, 1876-1878.
   (3) In charge of a girls' school.
   (4) Visited in the villages with Mrs. Holmes.
   (5) Moved into her home in 1881.
6. The mission field, Pingtu:
   (1) Began work there in 1885.
   (2) People eager for the gospel.
   (3) Letters home stirred the women.
7. Years of unsettled conditions, 1892-1895:
   (1) Division in workers due to organizing of Gospel Mission.
   (2) The Chino-Japanese War.
8. The harvest of the missionary:
   (1) In 1897, three churches with 83 members in Pingtu.
   (2) Conversions in many villages.
9. During the Boxer Rebellion she labored in Japan.
10. The first decade of the twentieth century:
   (1) In 1902 there were over 100 baptized.
   (2) Home on furlough in 1903.
   (3) Progress, and victory for Jesus.
11. Her last year:
   (1) The Chinese revolution of 1911.
   (2) The famine of 1912.
   (3) Indifference of Baptists in America.
   (4) Died December 24, 1912, at Kobe, Japan.
12. Pioneered for Christ in the villages of China.

LOTTIE MOON

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."
—*John 21: 17.*

Home and Schooling

Charlotte Moon was born in December, 1840, in Viewmont of Albemarle County, Virginia. It was a beautiful home situated in the heart of old Virginia where the third child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Moon began her life. The large plantation of Viewmont with its 5,000 acres and more than 800 slaves, was near the Blue Ridge Mountains. The home was located on a hill overlooking the valley; in the rear were sunken gardens.

Very early in her life Charlotte's name was shortened to Lottie Moon, the name by which she is known to all students of Southern Baptist missions. Like the rest of her six brothers and sisters she had been called after an ancestress. Lottie had been named after her grandmother, Charlotte Diggs.

When her father and mother were married they belonged to different churches. Mr. Moon was a Presbyterian, and Mrs. Anna Moon was a Baptist. There was no church near them so Mrs. Moon held services in her own parlors on Sunday mornings. By 1842 a Baptist church was organized in Scotsville, ten miles away. Mr. Moon, after much Bible study, accepted the tenets of the Baptist faith, and became a member of the newly organized church.

As a small child Lottie Moon was very mischievous.

She delighted in doing the unusual; and from earliest girlhood she was the leader of all the pranks of the neighborhood. Her spirit of fun and of frolic disturbed some of her more severe older relations. At times the colored servants wondered what new plans for mischief were forming behind her dancing eyes. Even her mother sometimes was worried over Lottie because she seemed to be always so carefree and merry.

All of the activities of the neighborhood centered in the Moon home. Mrs. Moon ran the affairs of her large household with queenly grace. Southern hospitality and courtesy were inherent in this Southern home. Governesses were provided for all of the children, that each child might observe the proper manners and be correct in deportment. Several times Lottie's governess knew not whether to cry in despair or to laugh at the child.

When she was twelve years old Lottie's father died. He had been stricken with apoplexy on his way home from New Orleans. He was buried in the family cemetery in Viewmont. To Mrs. Moon now fell the entire responsibility of the big plantation. With faith in God and with keen foresight she managed the affairs.

In 1854 Mrs. Moon sent Lottie to the Virginia Female Seminary. Here Lottie had opportunity to study Latin, French, arithmetic, algebra, English composition and natural science. She had a very keen mind. She particularly enjoyed the classics. Her marks were all of the very highest in everything except deportment. Rules of conduct meant little to this fun-loving girl. Whenever things were out of order or girls were giggling the teachers knew that Lottie Moon was the promoter of the merriment.

In the school, which had changed its name to Hollins Institute because of the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. John Hollins, was a deep religious influence. This religious atmosphere was having an effect on Lottie Moon. She had resisted the Spirit of God. At home she had read the book *The Lives of The Three Mrs. Judsons.* It made a deep impression on her life; and in after years she recalled with much feeling its truths.

Religious dissension was very pronounced due to the agitation of Alexander Campbell. "His followers, known popularly as Campbellites, called themselves Disciples, or simply Christians," wrote Mrs. Lawrence in her book *Lottie Moon.* "The schism had torn the Baptists of Virginia asunder, whole churches following Campbell, families being divided." This had its effect on Lottie Moon in making her critical and somewhat skeptical. Her reading of the works of Tom Paine had made her still more cynical. Her brilliant mind was constantly searching for truth; but her ability to answer every appeal to her soul and to ward off with keen thrust all Christian arguments made her the despair of her fellow students. They wanted to win her for Christ, but her very culture made her seem unapproachable.

In 1857 Lottie Moon entered the new Albemarle Female Institute at Charlottesville. She specialized in Greek and Latin. She had an unquenchable thirst for learning. She delved deep into the world's culture in search of the best. Her scholarship was of the highest. Still her soul remained unsaved. "When asked one Sunday afternoon by a girl who had missed her at church," wrote Mrs. Lawrence, "where she had been during the morning service, she replied, 'Under the haystack reading Shake-

speare, which was much better than listening to a dry sermon.' "

The girls of the school were determined that Lottie Moon should become a child of God. They held early morning prayer-meetings where they pled with God for the conversion of their fellow student. Dr. John A. Broadus, who was the pastor of the church at Charlottesville, took special interest in her. What a victory of grace to win this bright young woman for Christ!

In the spring of 1859 Doctor Broadus held a revival at the Institute. One night, during the campaign, Lottie Moon attended the meeting. After the meeting she went home, and the battle between herself and Christ continued through the night. Jesus won! The next morning Lottie Moon attended the sunrise prayer-meeting and announced her conversion.

She threw herself into the revival campaign with her whole soul. There was no known reserve to her surrender. She was a new creature in Christ Jesus. All her talents of mind, of heart, and of leadership were gladly laid on the altar of service. Her vivacity was now heightened to a passion for souls. Her natural joyous disposition was sweetened and deepened in her new-found joy in Christ.

Now that she had entered the Christian life she began in earnest the study of the Bible. Dr. A. B. Brown, her teacher in Bible in the Albemarle Institute, was especially pleased with her glowing enthusiasm over the Word of God. The promise of the Lord came true in her life, " Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Her Bible became her inseparable companion and her constant study.

The Years of the Civil War

In the spring of 1861 Lottie Moon graduated with the degree of Master of Arts. The last few weeks of her schooling had been filled with tempestuous feelings. The brave sons of Virginia were enrolling in the army of the Confederacy. Soldiers were marching in the thousands to the battle-front. The Civil War had started!

During the years of the war there were times of much excitement at the Moon plantation. Rumors of raids would come to Viewmont. Charlottesville often became the center of the conflict. Most of these troublous days Lottie Moon spent at home. She helped tutor her younger sister, Edmonia, who was denied school privileges because of the war. She taught her many of the languages; and Lottie herself studied Greek, Italian, French, German, and Spanish.

She went down to Charlottesville at times to help in the nursing. Here her sister, Dr. Orianna Moon, was giving to the limit of her ability. Doctor Moon's ability was recognized by the Confederacy, for she was the only woman in the army who was ever given the surgeon's commission as a captain in the Confederate Army. Lottie Moon would bring many things to her sister and the sick soldiers from the bounties of Viewmont.

Surging in her mind all these years was the question of life's vocation. Her natural tendencies were to keep on in the cultural profession, to teach, and to delve ever deeper into the realm of the world's learning. Her spiritual self, the new Lottie Moon, felt the call of the world's unsaved. Deep and abiding in her life was the impression of the story of Ann Judson. "Who follows in her

train?" She who had made such a complete and wholehearted surrender to Jesus was willing to go and obey whatever her life's leader Jesus commanded.

To the Time of Her Sailing in 1873

Now that the war was over chaos was everywhere. Everything lay torn and bleeding. What opening was there for Lottie Moon? She first went as a private tutor to a family in Alabama; and then in the fall of 1868 she went to Danville, Kentucky, to help teach in a school for girls and to act as assistant to Rev. H. Davis, who was pastor of the Baptist church. The clarity of her thinking, the sincerity of her purpose, and the magnetism of her personality impressed the students of her classes.

These years of teaching were not filled with the peace of God. Ever before her heart and mind Lottie Moon felt the call of God on her life for foreign service. It was not until 1873 that she announced publicly her willingness to go wherever the Lord would lead.

She was free to follow the wooings of the Spirit. In June of 1870 her mother had gone to the home prepared for the saved. Her younger sister Edmonia had responded to the appeal for a woman missionary and had reached North China in June, 1872. Now, in answer to the challenge of Dr. R. B. Headden, pastor of the church at Cartersville, Georgia, Miss A. C. Safford and Miss Lottie Moon went forward. They had been teaching in the same school, and now under the influence of the Holy Spirit they both dedicated their lives. "I have long known God wanted me in China," said Miss Moon to Doctor Headden. "I am now ready to go." Her search was over. Her task was made plain. She was prepared.

A few months later they left Baltimore for the Pacific Coast, and sailed from San Francisco for China on September 1, 1873. They landed first in Yokohama. After spending a short time in Japan they crossed the East China Sea and arrived in Shanghai on October 7. Here they were greeted by the veteran missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. M. T. Yates, and also by Rev. and Mrs. T. P. Crawford, whom they were to accompany to Tengchow.

Her Station at Tengchow

Five hundred miles north of Chefoo, and then fifty miles west to Tengchow, on the Pe-Chi-Li Gulf, they traveled to reach their destination. To this city of Tengchow Dr. J. B. Hartwell had gone in 1860. A little later Mrs. J. L. Holmes began working in this center of over 100,000 people. She found the inhabitants very unresponsive, so she spent most of her time among the villages near-by. In 1863 Doctor and Mrs. Crawford were transferred from Shanghai to Tengchow. These last three missionaries were all at work in this prefecture city when Lottie Moon reached Tengchow, which was to be her home for the next forty years.

The start of the mission in this city had been very much retarded by open opposition. Hostility of every conceivable kind had been marshaled against Doctor Hartwell. His life had even been threatened. Missionaries called of God for their tasks never permit the intimidations of men to thwart them from their purpose. Jesus, who commanded the Christians to go into all the world, said, "Lo, I am with you always." So that when Miss Moon arrived in Tengchow she discovered that there were already two centers of labor.

In the issue of *The Religious Herald* for April 16, 1874, appeared a letter that Lottie Moon wrote shortly after she had settled in Tengchow:

> We noticed last night a gratifying increase in attendance of the preaching service. Mr. Crawford says that the night service is the trap he has set to catch any Nicodemus who may fear ridicule attendant on coming by day. One in a Christian land cannot begin to understand the terrible, almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of the heathen. It is only the grace of God that can give a man courage to trample these underfoot and come out bravely as a Christian. The habits of a lifetime, the cherished customs handed down from their ancestors, customs so closely interwoven with their social life that neglect of these shuts a man almost out of the pale of society—all these must be relinquished. Add to this the odium attached to association with foreigners, and some faint idea may be formed of the difficulties a man must encounter. Yet, in the face of all these things, we believe a Christian society is growing up in China.

Her associates in the Mission Station appreciated very early in her service her ability and her consecration. "Miss Lottie Moon enters upon her new life with firm and sober delight," wrote Doctor Crawford. "She will make a true missionary." A few months later Mrs. Crawford reported, "Miss Moon is making remarkable progress with the language."

She had been in China a few months only before she realized that her sister Edmonia was not well. Edmonia had never been a rugged girl; but in the three years she had spent in China she had given of her all that the cause of Jesus might be advanced. Now she was having trouble with her eyes, so she and Lottie went to Shanghai in January, 1875. After they had consulted the doctors, they paid a visit to Miss Safford, who was stationed at

Soochow. Then they returned to Tengchow much heartened for the task ahead of them.

It was not for long. Edmonia's health was poor; now her throat was affected. She grew steadily worse, so the sisters went again to Shanghai. Dr. M. T. Yates wrote to the Board at this time, "It is necessary for Miss Edmonia to return home, and she must have company." Lottie Moon accompanied her sister back to Virginia. After seeing Edmonia well located where she would be near relatives, Lottie asked to return to China.

The Board was in financial distress. Dr. and Mrs. E. Z. Simmons of South China were held in America for lack of funds. How could they send out Miss Moon and not the Simmonses? A special fund was raised over and above the regular giving to pay the expenses of these missionaries to China. Just before leaving America Lottie Moon wrote a letter to Dr. H. H. Tupper, the Board Secretary: "I am delighted at the prospect of being in China so soon. I hope to reach Tengchow by December."

Her hopes were realized for on December 24, 1877, she reached the Crawford home in Tengchow. The missionary staff of the station was depleted. There were now just the Crawfords, Mrs. Holmes, and herself to carry on the work. With faith in God who had commissioned her for the task she dedicated herself anew to his service.

The entire territory around Tengchow was in the grip of one of the worst famines that had beset China for many years. The crops had failed for two years; and it was necessary to organize gigantic relief measures to minister to the needs of the millions. Dr. T. Richard of the English Baptists was appointed the administrator of relief-work. The refugees crowded into Tengchow, and

Lottie Moon saw people starving to death on every hand. It was a heart-breaking spectacle.

She helped the needy ones all she could. Yet with it all she felt much more keenly the soul need. The North China Mission was in the province of Shantung which had a population of over 6,000,000. When in 1878 Doctor Crawford went home to America on furlough, there wasn't a Baptist preacher left in the entire North China field. No wonder that Lottie Moon wrote home: "I wonder how these things look in heaven. They certainly look very queer in China."

Under her charge was a small boarding-school of fifteen girls. She planned on opening a similar school for girls of the higher class; and this she did in the spring of 1878. "But as another year went by with no appreciable increase in numbers," wrote Mrs. U. Lawrence in her book *Lottie Moon,* "despite the gradual wearing away of the distrust of the foreigners in her part of the city, she began to wonder if after all the time was ripe for such a project in this old, conservative, cold Chinese city."

Lottie Moon wasn't discouraged. She was fast coming to the parting of the ways. The distinctive work of her life was beginning to loom up ahead of her. It was not yet the paramount concern of her soul; but she was beginning to question some things. New vistas were opening to her. Ahead of her lay an inviting road. It was not the way of her choosing. Was it the road of God for her life?

She went into some villages with Mrs. Holmes in 1879. She found the people much more willing to listen to the gospel. It was very tiring work, going from village to village, and talking all day and part of the night about

Christ. The compensations, however, were much greater. There seemed to be a willingness to hear and a thirst for the gospel that she had never discovered in Tengchow.

The Bible in all of its beauty had been growing upon her. Day by day her love for its teaching and its truths had been increasing. Now, as she read its pages and pondered its commands, the unfulfilled task of the church stood out in all of its challenge. Had she done her utmost? Was she loyal to her Lord?

Shao Shi Tsi Ko, or "The Little Cross Roads," had become Lottie Moon's home in 1881. Mrs. Holmes had gone to America for rest, and Lottie Moon had moved into her home. Mrs. Holmes never returned, so this place became Miss Moon's home for the years to come.

In the quiet of this home, with the world shut out, she prayed much. The challenge of a great unmet need had come to her soul. What should she do with her girls' school? She had been trying to carry on her teaching and her itinerating in the villages. To try to do both would be folly. But which?

I wish to have a chat with you, unofficially, face to face, about the school here, present and prospective [she wrote to Doctor Tupper in 1883]. It seems to me the time has come when we must arrive at a definite decision about the school for girls. With forty present they are much crowded. It is my profound conviction that it does not pay a woman to give her life teaching forty girls. I wouldn't do it myself. If I am to devote myself to evangelistic work in the city and country, I must be free from the school. No woman, had she the strength of Hercules, could do justice to either if she had to carry on both. Please don't think I am not in sympathy with educational plans. I am most thoroughly. I want the best school for girls—if another lady will teach it and leave me free to go to the villages.

Lottie Moon had made her choice. She had cast her lot. She who had studied the classics with relish, had attained the highest honors of her class, had read with rare insight works of philosophy, now returned to the untaught myriads of women in the villages of China and with heroic consecration sought to win them to the Lord Jesus.

Meanwhile reenforcement had come from America. Rev. C. W. Pruitt and Rev. N. W. Halcomb joined the North China Mission in 1882. Pruitt soon afterward married Miss Ida Tiffany; and Halcomb married Miss M. M. Roberts. It seemed as though with these new workers a much more extensive campaign could be waged. These prospects were soon blighted. Mrs. Pruitt died in October, 1883; and a few months later Mrs. Halcomb also died. The pathway of true Christian progress is thus always bathed in sacrifice, sorrow, tears, and death. "Whosoever will lose his life shall find it."

The call of the women and children of China, who for centuries had lived in seclusion in Chinese villages, had met response from Lottie Moon. Always with her went a Chinese Christian woman companion.

As you wind your way from village to village you feel it is no idle fancy that the Master walks besides you [she wrote]. I returned yesterday from a short tour of four days. The third day we visited nine villages and had an enjoyable time talking with the women. That the men chose also to listen was no fault of mine. As we travel from village to village we went sometimes in the *toa chiao* (flat-bottomed mule-litter) which is intolerable until we try the cart; the latter atrocious, we take to the sedan-chair, and then we go back to the *toa chiao* as being after all not so bad!

As Lottie Moon went into the villages her first appeal was to the children. She would gather them around her

and teach them some hymns. Then she would give them instruction in the catechism, which Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Holmes had prepared after weeks of work. These children would return to their homes to sing the Christian songs and to read from the Christian tracts to their parents.

Often the men were hostile toward her. They called her "the devil-old-woman." The women, however, always rejoiced in her coming. This made it necessary for her to hold most of her meetings on the streets. When she was invited into the homes Miss Moon always took advantage of this closeness of contact by impressing the Chinese with the love of Jesus.

In these homes she usually saw a coffin. The Chinese try to buy a coffin before death, and thus to have it ready. They believe that this is a necessary precaution, and that in buying their coffins ahead of time they are thus assured of a proper burial.

In September, 1885, Lottie Moon moved her membership to the church at Shantswang where N. W. Halcomb was pastor. This delighted the little church and greatly strengthened it. She taught a class when she was home; and she rejoiced in trying to help in the building for the kingdom.

The Pingtu Mission Field

Lottie Moon was ever eager to push onward. With the spirit of the true pioneer missionary she desired to carry the evangel of Jesus to the millions of Chinese who had never heard the gospel. She had already made one visit to Pingtu, one hundred and fifteen miles from Tengchow. "I have seen nothing comparable to it in my whole mis-

sionary experience," she reported to Dr. H. H. Tupper. "Such eager drinking in of the truth, such teachableness, I have never seen before."

It was a delight to her missionary zeal to be permitted to start a definite work in Pingtu. She went to that city the second time in December, 1885; and there she spent the winter.

The women and children of the neighborhood at first dared not have anything to do with Miss Moon [wrote Mrs. Lawrence]. She kept on hand always a jar of delicious cookies, made by an old Virginia recipe, and gave them to the children, who at first dared not eat them for fear the strange woman would poison them. But one day a boy, too hungry to remember his fears, could not resist the tempting odor of a freshly baked cake and once it was tasted, it quickly disappeared. No harm came to him! Since it was impossible to get foreign articles of food that far in the interior, she accustomed herself to the Chinese food, and adopted Chinese dress both as a matter of economy and policy. Identifying herself in outward appearance with them, she was accepted by them and no wall was built between her and these women of Pingtu.

The capture of Pingtu for Christ seemed an easier task than the winning of Tengchow. For it began to respond to the ministry of this Southern Baptist missionary in a much more favorable way than the city of Tengchow. Opium-smoking, however, was very prevalent in this inland city. Whatever the difficulty, and whatever the obstacle, Lottie Moon prayed in faith believing that the way would open and God would give the victory.

Soon after she had returned to Tengchow in the spring of 1886 a conference was held of the North China missionaries. These men and women of God looking upon the fields white unto harvest prayed for more laborers;

and they sent a letter of earnest entreaty to the Southern Baptists for new recruits. Then with faithful consecration they planned for their own part in Kingdom-building. Miss Moon was to settle in Pingtu temporarily, and then go to the villages round about. "For myself, I am not to settle in Pingtu permanently," she wrote, "but when once the mission is established there to push on to some new fields and break the ground for others to come later."

For ten years Miss Moon had worked in China without a furlough. Ever since she had returned after taking her sister back to America, she had labored steadily on. She needed a rest. She felt the necessity of a change and of recuperation. Talking day after day, and sometimes far into the night, had developed a throat affection that required attention. So she wrote to the Board asking for a furlough. In her request, however, she made it plain that she would not go to America unless she was assured that the work at Pingtu would be carried on. Whatever sacrifice was necessary she was willing to make, that the advance that had already been attained might be held.

The furlough did not come, for there was no missionary to relieve her at Pingtu! No wonder that Lottie Moon wrote home, in March, 1887:

> Where are the hundred missionaries that we ought to have today in Shangtung, if we would begin to reach the people? Where is the silver and gold that should be in the Lord's treasury to send out those men and women who are asking to be sent to the heathen? Alas, alas, some are adding more fields to their broad lands, some are laying it up in banks, some are spending it in selfish indulgences! So these heathen souls go down to death without ever having heard the name of Jesus. At the day of Judgment at whose door will lie the sin?

Back to Pingtu went Lottie Moon. Everything about that field was encouraging. It was such a contrast to the cold reception of Tengchow to go to the warmth of Pingtu. This city was only the headquarters of this ever-active missionary. She was constantly on the go. Village after village felt the impact of her virile personality and heard the story of Jesus and his love.

"If she had not had faith she could not have gone ten thousand miles from the United States to get to Tengchow," said Pastor Li. "If she had not had zeal, she, a lone woman, wouldn't have gone the one hundred and fifteen miles from Tengchow to the black heathenism of Pingtu. Believing the Master surely would protect her, she discounted the discouraging arguments of other missionaries, considered her own life as of no importance, hearing only the Master's command. Thus God's grace came upon Sah Ling Village."

In the summer of 1888 Lottie Moon felt the need of a change. She went down to Chinkiang to visit Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Bryan. The loneliness and the isolation of the Pingtu field made her feel that she must seek fellowship. It was comforting to share with these new, eager missionaries the lessons she had learned during her stay in China. Opposition could be overcome. Hardships could be gladly endured. Sickness could be ministered unto. Oh, for human fellowship!

Pioneers for God! Blazing a new trail for the messengers of the love of Christ! A burning and a shining light to lead others to the light of the world! It is the most glorious task given to the sons of men; but the cost in loneliness is beyond computation!

The women of the Southern Baptist churches were or-

ganizing. They were planning a love-offering for Christmas of 1888. It was the first Christmas offering for China! Enough and more was given to send two missionaries to the Pingtu field. "Hold the fort, for we are coming" was the answer of the Baptist women to Lottie Moon's plea.

By 1890 two women missionaries had arrived and a third one was on the way. The rejoicing among the missionaries of the North China Mission was thanksgiving and praise to God. Their prayer had been answered. It was just before these new recruits reached the field that this report had been sent to the Foreign Board: "Miss Moon is the best 'man' among us, for she is doing the work that several men have been doing."

I should like to say a word as to the character of these Pingtu Christians [wrote Lottie Moon]. In no country have I seen Christian women of sweeter or lovelier spirit, nowhere have I seen men more heartily consecrated to God's service. I have yet to see or hear of the first Chinese Christian who refuses to lead in prayer when called upon. Another good point in these Pingtu Christians and inquirers is their diligence in studying the New Testament. Still another good point is their readiness to conduct public worship. The need is for more workers.

The way was now open for the long-delayed furlough. Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Pruitt embarked with Miss Moon for America. They reached Virginia in October, 1891. Many calls came to her in the little home where she stayed with her sister, Edmonia. All wanted to hear and see her. She was so exhausted, however, that she rested during the winter. The incipient physical trouble that had been sapping her vitality needed careful attention. "I have been so unmerciful to myself," she wrote, "in China

that I thought it time to call a halt now and take needed rest."

Years of Unsettled Conditions, 1892–1895

During 1892 she made a great many pleas for her beloved work in China. She spoke to the women at the Southern Baptist Convention in Atlanta, Georgia, that year. She held many conferences with the Board over the future of the North China Mission. She made an especial plea for a physician and a hospital for that immense territory.

In the fall of 1893 Lottie Moon started back to China rejoicing that she could return. "China is my home," she said. There was an ache in her heart, however. There had come a division in the workers of the Mission. Doctor Crawford had been at variance with the Board and its policies for some time. A gospel mission had been organized. "The views entertained by them demanded that missionaries should live in Chinese style, should constantly itinerate and preach the gospel far and wide," wrote Mary E. Wright in her book *The Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention,* "that no chapels should be erected nor schools established, and no native helpers of any kind employed." Not only had the Crawfords started this new movement; but now Rev. and Mrs. League, Rev. and Mrs. Bostick, Miss Knight, and Rev. King—all missionaries of the North China Mission—had joined. Lottie Moon held the confidence of both sides; and she prayed most earnestly that out of it all the Kingdom of God might be advanced.

When she took up her task again in Tengchow it was January 7, 1894. There were only six missionaries left

under the Board in the whole Province of Shantung. She made a brief visit to Pingtu; and then settled in Tengchow. The work in this city needed her. Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Sears were now located at Pingtu; so Lottie Moon began laboring again in Tengchow.

She was the secretary of the North China Mission during these years; and she bore on her heart and to the throne of grace the millions of Chinese in this territory. How she longed to reach the women! If only more missionaries could be secured so that reapers could be sent into the fields that were white unto harvest!

Tengchow felt the effect of the Chino-Japanese War. Japanese vessels of war as well as Chinese were in the Pe-chih-li gulf, and sometimes the shells of the big guns would land in Tengchow. The people feared the looting and the outrages of the disorganized bands of soldiers more than anything else. With intrepid faith Lottie Moon continued on with her work until all the missionaries of the province were taken to Chefoo except those at Hwanghsien.

The Harvest of the Missionary

The war did not last long and by April, 1895, Miss Anna Hartwell and Miss Moon returned to Tengchow. Encouraging reports kept coming of the work at Pingtu. By 1897 three churches had been organized with eighty-three members. The Christianizing of Tengchow had also become more hopeful. Lottie Moon was spending five days in village work. There were thirty different stations around Tengchow that she visited. She gladly went everywhere scattering the seed, trusting in the Lord of the harvest.

In writing to Doctor Willingham of the Foreign Board in 1899 she said:

> In all the twenty-six years I have been in China, the force has never been so low as it has this year. I keep at the country work and find much to comfort me in its prosecution. I shall rejoice when there are others younger and more energetic to share and push the work. I trust it will not be much longer that I must wait for coworkers.

A little later that same year Miss Hartwell had to leave for a rest, thus Miss Moon was the only single woman missionary in all of North China.

Her capacity for service was tremendous. She continued to do her itinerating work; and she also carried on the school. Everything about this school work had taken on new life and new activity. The school had more pupils than it could take care of; and the children were much more willing to listen to stories of Jesus. It was a great delight to her therefore to learn on January 1, 1900, that Miss Mattie Dutton was on her way to the Tengchow field.

In Japan During the Boxer Rebellion

The anti-foreign movement, the Boxer Rebellion, broke out in China in the first year of the twentieth century. Despite the tales of massacre and martyrdom that came from the interior of China, these brave missionaries of North China thought they would be able to stay at their posts. In July, 1900, an order was issued that sent all missionaries to the seacoast, where they would be under the protection of the United States gunboats.

Lottie Moon and Miss Dutton went to Chefoo. Discovering conditions there so crowded, they crossed over to

Japan. They made their home in Fukuoka for several months. It was a pleasant change for this missionary who was now sixty years old. After incessant labor for over six years, she needed rest and recuperation.

The Japanese missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McCullum, were glad to have Lottie Moon near them. They made use of her abilities, giving her a class of boys to teach; and then a little later she taught English to a group of young men, using the Bible as her text-book. This class became so interested in the Holy Scriptures that she formed a class for Bible study on Sunday. Before leaving Japan she had the joy of seeing three of these young men openly accept Christ as Saviour.

The First Decade of the New Century

After ten months in Japan the two single women missionaries went back to Tengchow. Soon afterward Miss Moon began to visit all the villages where there were Christians. The havoc left by the Boxers was terrific. The stories of persecution to which she listened were horrifying. There was a ray of sunshine in the midst of it all; and that was the fidelity and loyalty of the Chinese Christians—even unto death.

The city of Pingtu and the district around there had suffered most. Fearful had been the results of the aroused passions of men. These Chinese Christians had been the objects of unbelievable atrocities inspired by a fanatical hatred and religious animosity. Now, Pingtu needed help! "At the mission meeting Mr. Sears said that in Pingtu there are one hundred Christian heads of families whose wives are heathen," wrote Miss Moon. "Single women are needed to teach the wives and children of these Chris-

tian men. Tengchow has three single women, Pingtu none."

Martyrs' blood produces a bounteous harvest. A real spirit of revival broke out all over the district in 1902. Over one hundred were received by baptism. The old spirit of hatred had given way to the spirit of friendliness. No more was Miss Moon called "Devil-old-woman." Now, she was greeted as "The Heavenly Book Visitor" or *Law Moo Guniang,* meaning "The Revered Miss Moon."

The time had come and gone for another furlough. After nine years' absence from the States she reached Virginia in January, 1903. It was while she was in America this time that she attended a banquet at Charlottesville given in honor of the visit of President Theodore Roosevelt to the University of Virginia. "With quiet dignity," wrote Mrs. U. Lawrence, "but a sparkle of her eyes that belied her sober demeanor, she sat in the carriage with the President on the ride to Monticello, thrilled with the contact of the great man and storing up against lonely days in China all the experiences of a day so full of happy incidents."

Her heart and her whole life were now wrapped up in China. Though she was feeling the effects of approaching age she wanted nothing so much as to return to China. Lottie Moon said to Mrs. H. H. Hatcher: "O Jennie, do not sympathize with me, rather congratulate me. I would count it a great privation if I could not return to my work." Back to China she went in February, 1904, on her last ocean voyage.

The Japanese-Russian War was in progress. The physical battles of men deter not the ministers of God. Coura-

geously Miss Moon took up her many tasks, determined to complete them all before the call came to higher service. More and more she read the Bible and sought to impress its teachings on her students. "Words fail to express my love for the Holy Book, my gratitude for its Author, for his love and goodness; how shall I thank him for it," she wrote in her own Bible.

Everywhere changes were taking place in the mission field. Hearts that had seemed stubborn and hard had become soft and mellow. Villages and towns that had resisted the missionary of the cross were now eager for her to come. The Chinese were stretching out their hands to God! There were no new workers to respond.

Her own heart had been deeply saddened by the death of her sister Edmonia, in January, 1909. Edmonia had preceded Lottie a little while into the great nation of China. Now answering the call of the Great Shepherd of the Sheep she preceded her just a short time to the home of the soul.

Jane Lide came out in 1909 to be her associate. Together they now planned and purposed for God. Lottie Moon was enjoying her school work in Tengchow; but she liked village work better. She was a true pioneer. She delighted in invading new villages, and in telling the story of Jesus for the first time. "I can give but three afternoons a week to visiting," she wrote in 1910. "Those whose hands are tied by school duties cannot give a great deal of time to city visiting or country trips. My two schools for girls are a great delight to me."

War again broke out in China in 1911. This time it was the Revolution. The old dynasty was doomed. The soldiers of the old political order and the new order engaged

in deadly combat. They swarmed around Shantung. Miss Moon continued in her place unmolested. After these long years of service she had won the respect of all the Chinese who knew her. She was safe from danger, for she sought to serve both armies alike.

Her Last Year

The shadows were lengthening and deepening in her own life. The sorrows of the dying thousands of China gripped her heart. The famine had become worse and worse until by 1912 hundreds of thousands of people were starving to death. In the wake of the famine came the plague of smallpox, which caused the suspension of all the schools in Tengchow. An abscess had formed behind Miss Moon's ear, giving her much pain. That which cut the deepest in her heart and had broken her spirit was the lack of funds. She felt that behind the Board's debt, behind the lassitude of the Baptist churches of the South toward the financial condition of the Board, behind it all were the neglectful, thoughtless, and unmoved Baptist hosts. China was dying for food! Millions seemed doomed to starvation! The Board was heavily in debt! She was receiving borrowed money to carry on! It was too much!

Her Chinese Christian brothers and sisters were starving. The Board at home had no money to send except as it borrowed the money. Then she would go without money so they need not borrow for her! She would go without food so that she would not have what the Baptists of Pingtu could not secure! Still the shadows grew darker!

Loving hearts watched over her. Loving hands min-

MISS LOTTIE MOON
Lover of the Women and Children of China

istered unto her. Tenderly they sent her to Shanghai in charge of Miss Cynthia Miller, who was a missionary nurse. Then they carried her on board a vessel bound for San Francisco. Still the shadows darkened!

The vessel stopped at Kobe, Japan, on the way to the States. On the night of December 24, 1912, Miss Miller was watching her closely seeking to minister to her every need. The mind of Lottie Moon was on her beloved Chinese. She talked of those who had gone on before to the land of no night. Then quietly she died. The shadows were no more! The land to which she has gone needs no lamps nor lights, for the Lord God is the light thereof.

They buried the ashes of Lottie Moon at Crewe, Virginia, by the side of her brother Isaac. The body had been cremated in Japan according to the law of that country. Miss Miller had brought the urn with the ashes to America. Dr. R. T. Bryan had been deputized by the Foreign Board to meet the vessel at San Francisco and bring the urn to Richmond, where a memorial and funeral service was held in her memory in the Second Baptist Church.

At the head of the grave they placed a beautiful block of everlasting marble, with plain lines but exquisite in its simplicity. [wrote Mrs. Lawrence]. On it they carved deeply just her name, then the two significant dates, 1840-1912, and underneath, these all-descriptive words, "Forty years a missionary of Southern Baptist Convention in China." Then as if there was just one more thing to tell, they added three words—"Faithful Unto Death."

Pioneered for Christ in the Villages of China

When word reached the Baptists of Tengchow that she whom they loved had gone on to the city of God they

decided to erect a memorial for her. They placed a tall marble stone in the churchyard of the Monument Street Church. On the monument, called "The Bequeath Love Monument," they had engraved in Chinese characters "A monument to bequeath the love of Miss Lottie Moon, an American missionary. The Tengchow church remembers forever."

In the Baptist church at Crewe, Virginia, is a memorial window in her memory.

I saw it at eveningtime when the sun in the West was pouring through it a flood of blazing light [wrote Mrs. Lawrence in her book *Lottie Moon*]. Down through a field of ripened grain in sheaves, ready for the reapers, there walks the figure of a woman, with graceful flowing white garments and a sheaf of white lilies in her arms. Her face is uplifted, she is looking out beyond me into a distance that I cannot see. She is beautiful. Underneath the window are two lines. One very brief, just the simple name "Lottie Moon," but across the full width of the window runs the second line of golden letters, a great base upon which the whole window stands: "Go ye, therefore, into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

VI

JAMES SKIFFINGTON GRANT

He Lived Christ in China

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

1. James S. Grant—born June 21, 1861, at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada.
2. Early life before going to China:
   (1) Moved to Calais, Maine.
   (2) Attended medical college at Ann Arbor, Michigan.
   (3) Married Miss Fanny Shand of Ontario, Canada.
   (4) Refused appointment by Foreign Board due to his health.
   (5) Sent to China by the Student Christian Association of Ann Arbor in 1889.
3. Beginnings in China:
   (1) Settled at Ningpo.
   (2) Supported for three years by the students.
   (3) Son born, August 31, 1890.
   (4) A doctor, but an evangelist first.
4. Activities in Ningpo:
   (1) Hospital and dispensary work.
   (2) Itinerating among the near-by villages.
   (3) Visiting sick in their homes.
5. Hindrances to Christian missions in China:
   (1) The war of 1894 with Japan.
   (2) Catholic persecutions.
   (3) Prejudice and opposition; overcome by medical skill.
6. Appointed port and customs doctor in 1898:
   (1) Served for fourteen years.
   (2) Salary so received given to enlarge hospital.
7. Lived through the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 unharmed.
8. A decade of his life, 1901-1911:
   (1) More itinerating than ever.
   (2) New hospital opened in 1905.
   (3) Furlough in 1907.
   (4) Many conversions.
9. His increasing influence:
   (1) Testimonies of friends.
   (2) Intensity of his consecration.
10. Mrs. Grant died in January, 1919.
11. He lived unharmed through all the antiforeign riots of 1925.
12. Married Miss Evelyn L. Wadman in June, 1924.
13. Last years:
   (1) Many honors given him by the Chinese.
   (2) Best-loved missionary of East China.
   (3) Corner-stone of new hospital laid December 29, 1926.
   (4) Died January 29, 1927.
14. Doctor Grant lived Christ in China.

JAMES SKIFFINGTON GRANT

"For to me to live is Christ."—Philippians 1: 21.

The apostle Paul wrote to the Christians at Philippi, "For to me to live is Christ." A Chinese Christian was asked one day regarding his God, "Whom do you worship, and what is your God like?" "I worship the only true God," responded the Chinaman; and then he said, "Do you know Doctor Grant?" "Yes, I know him." "Well," said the Christian, "God is like Doctor Grant." What a tribute to a missionary!

For years Doctor Grant made his home in Ningpo. For years he went in and out among the citizens of that great city as a messenger of the Cross. He believed with all his heart, and practised with all his devotion the belief, that a Christlike life was the most impressive message that he could give to these people. How well he was able to measure up to his ideal is shown by this testimony of one of his converts.

Never did Doctor Grant permit his labors as a physician to supersede those of telling the gospel story. He was first a missionary, and next a physician. He had gone to China that he might witness for his Saviour. Nothing delighted him so much as to see the light of the Lord Jesus dawn in the life of one of his patients.

It is a wonder that Doctor Grant ever reached the Orient! When he applied for service under the Foreign Board he was rejected because of the delicate condition of his health. The decision of the Board was a spur to his

purpose rather than a deterrent. God had called him to this service. God does not call without providing the means; and he was sure that if he was faithful the way would be opened. "He is faithful who promised."

Trust in the Lord and confidence in his Word had been instilled into Grant from earliest childhood. His parents, who were of Scottish extraction, had carefully reared him. James Skiffington Grant was born on June 21, 1861, at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, in Canada.

Early Life Before Going to China

After the Civil War was over his parents moved to the States. James began working for Doctor Black of Calais, Maine. He had graduated from high school and was now wondering and debating as to just what to do with his life. Doctor Black urged on his attention and interest the medical profession. At the suggestion of his employer Grant went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, in order that he might attend the medical school of the University of Michigan. It was during his college years in this University that he made his decision to dedicate his life to Christian missions.

It was while he was working for his degree of doctor of medicine that he met Miss Annie Shand. She was living then in Cold Water, Michigan; but she had come up to Ann Arbor with a friend. This woman needed an operation; and desired some one to accompany her. During this visit Doctor Grant first met Miss Shand. They were both Canadians; for she was born in Fergus, Ontario.

This friendship thus formed ripened into love, and they were married. What a couple they were for the Lord! How beautifully they seemed to complement each other! Together they worked in the spirit of Christ.

There was a need for a doctor in Ningpo, China. The Baptist Board was looking for a man to go out to the Orient for them. Doctor Grant volunteered, hoping he would have the joy of this service. His health was in such precarious condition, however, that the Board did not want to take the responsibility of sending him to China.

The students at Ann Arbor had been very much impressed with the Christlikeness of Grant's life. He had made a significant contribution to the student life of the University. They admired him for his sincerity, for his high ideals, and for his adherence to the gospel of Christ. He maintained his love for Michigan and the Baptists of Ann Arbor throughout his life.

There was a Student Christian Association among the students at the University which fostered some Christian activities on the campus. This Association had started to support a foreign missionary. When the word came to this group of young people that the Baptist Board had refused Grant an appointment, they decided to pay his way themselves. During his senior year Grant had been president of the Association: and now this award came to him. The real reason, however, was the tribute of his fellow students to his Christian character.

Beginnings in China

In the year 1889 Doctor and Mrs. Grant reached China. For the rest of his life his home was in Ningpo, a port city of over 250,000. Baptists had begun work in this important city in 1843, a year after it had become an open port. Dr. J. McGowan had started the mission by means of practising medicine. He had opened a hospital, which

has always proved a tremendous leverage on human hearts in foreign lands. Dr. S. P. Burchet came out in 1875; and now Doctor Grant was the third doctor.

For three years the Michigan students supported him in his mission; and then the Baptist Board took over the task. Doctor Grant never became a rugged man. He had to struggle against poor health all of his life. With unflagging zeal and with ardent love of his Lord he clung tenaciously to his purpose; and for almost thirty-eight years he continued to serve.

The Baptist Mission at Ningpo had branched out ever since its beginning. Doctor McGowan had gone into the island of Chusan, a few miles east of Ningpo, very early in the work. In 1852 he began an outstation in Suchau. Two other stations, Hangchow and Shaohsing, were also started by Ningpo missionaries before the arrival of Doctor Grant.

John B. Grant, his first son, was born August 31, 1890, in Ningpo. How complete the household seemed now to these two missionaries of the Cross! How rejoiced they were, and how carefully they nursed this little life in their new home! They dedicated him to God in infancy, and reared him to love Jesus and to serve him.

When they reached China, Rev. J. R. Goddard wrote to the Board, "Doctor and Mrs. Grant have arrived and promise to make useful missionaries and pleasant associates." In the annual report of the mission two years later Doctor Grant wrote:

> Last year I attended more than four thousand outdoor patients at the hospital and about seven hundred during my trips into the country. It is my firm conviction that considering the time that the patients are with us, considering the spirit they are in while

with us, and the quiet they are in while separated from their heathen friends, there is no opportunity compared to the opportunity possessed by medical missionaries of seeking to bring home spiritual truths to the hearts of heathen Chinese. It is intensely gratifying to relieve physical suffering; but if souls are not saved, I consider the work a failure.

Activities in Ningpo

As a decided contrast to Doctor Grant was the old-fashioned Chinese practitioner. Any one who so desired could announce himself as a physician, and could practise as he pleased. The Chinese had no legal requirement for a doctor. Yet in some families of China this profession becomes hereditary. Some of these men used drugs, as Doctor Grant discovered that quinine was known and commonly used.

How inadequate were all the facilities placed at his disposal in Ningpo! What a difference between the mission hospital in this port city, and the well-equipped hospitals of America! Yet, despite all the handicaps he was able to serve over five thousand patients in 1893. "My great aim is to reach the heart and soul," he wrote to the Foreign Board, "by my desire to relieve suffering, and heal the sick. I consider the medical work as nothing, save as it helps to show the Chinese the divine Christ as the center, and the soul, and the life of Christianity." Doctor Grant considered healing of the body as an opening to the soul.

The most important work of the hospital in such a city is its dispensary, which is a feeder of the hospital proper. "The missionary doctor is invariably overworked," wrote one missionary historian. "Not only due to the constant demands of his profession, but to the many other duties that fall to his lot. He must teach his native assistants, he

must do evangelistic work, he must be a good architect, and be able to plan remodeling or building."

To such a multiplicity of duties, and to such an all-embracing program of activities Doctor Grant was introduced. This missionary, who had been considered too frail for foreign service, was at once loaded down with innumerable tasks. Yet with fortitude that was unbounding, with capacity that seemed to be unequalled, and with zeal that was saturated with love, Doctor Grant carried on among the multitude of Chinese.

He loved his itinerating work. He enjoyed going from village to village administering medicine, healing the sick, and always telling the matchless story of the Saviour. In the year 1893, with all his other labors in Ningpo he made thirteen trips into the country. These trips gave the doctor a relief from the daily toil and a change; and though they were tiring he usually returned to Ningpo with added zest for the tasks ahead.

There were so many diseases in this Oriental city with which he was unacquainted that Doctor Grant was immediately faced with new studies and new diagnosis.

China has cholera, beriberi, and amœbic dysentery [writes W. R. Lambuth in his book *Medical Missions*]. Another doctor claims that tuberculosis, syphilis, and intestinal parasites affect three-fourths of the population. The leper, however, is the most appealing figure in the non-Christian world. China has 200,000. The Chinese also suffer much from indigestion, partly because they bolt their food, and partly because they mix their tea and rice which causes fermentation.

Doctor Grant's second and only other child was born in Ningpo in 1892. This boy died before he was a year old, in Shimonoseki, Japan. Separated from their parents

JAMES S. GRANT, M. D.
He Lived Christ in China

by thousands of miles, called to an unknown land, but serving with a deep consecration of life these missionaries said as one, "Thy will be done."

Mr. Chang sent for Doctor Grant one day to come to his home. Grant had only been in China a few months, but he gladly went. "I consider the visiting done the sick in their homes," he wrote, "a very important part of my work." He found that Mr. Chang's child was sick with pneumonia. Realizing the impossibility of securing proper nursing in the Chinese home Grant suggested that the baby be taken to his home.

To this the parents consented and there in one of Doctor Grant's bedrooms the struggle for life went on [is the record]. Doctor and Mrs. Grant watched over the little one night and day, and although for a while apparently hopeless, the crisis at last came, and the child recovered. The devotion of Doctor Grant to their child—and to a heavenly Father who loves and cares for all—impressed them greatly and they became the warmest friends of the hospital.

When in 1921 Mr. Chang's grandson came down with cholera he was brought at once to the hospital, and he was cured. Old Mr. Chang had become the leading scholar of Ningpo, a man highly honored. He sent a letter to Doctor Grant saying:

I was filled with gratitude to have seen my grandson returned in such fine condition from your Hospital. It is you who are the saver of our family. How should we thank you for your great deeds? I cannot express in words of thankfulness for your work you have done to us, but wish God will bless you and your fellow doctors. My grandson Wei Lung is now deciding to repent of his sins which he had committed and pray God will protect him anywhere. He also said, "He is a man leaps from the bottom of the coffin," as our Chinese proverb runs.

Hindrances to Mission Work

There were many hindrances to the advancement of the Kingdom to God in Ningpo. One was the scourge of war. Japan and China fought in 1894 over Korea. After a year of struggle China was forced to cede Formosa and certain disconnected parts of the Liaotung Peninsula to the victorious Japanese.

Other obstacles, which impeded the progress of the Mission even more, had to be overcome. Sometimes the opposition to the missionaries became very turbulent.

> A problem universal in China is the relation between Protestant Christians and Roman Catholic adherents [says a Baptist historian in the pamphlet *Missions in China*]. Supported by the French priests, the Roman Catholics have persecuted the Protestants, attacking their villages, destroying their chapels, and assaulting the members. Charges brought against the Roman Catholics have generally resulted in counter-charges against the Protestants, and the utmost skill and ingenuity on the part of the missionaries have been necessary to obtain satisfaction for the Christians and immunity from further attack.

In the midst of these difficulties Doctor Grant continued working for his Lord. Unfrightened by the forces of evil within or without the city, he remained faithful. He did not permit these enemies of the cause of Christ to dissuade him from his God-given mission. He had come to China to tell of the unsearchable riches of God; and to that end he lived and served.

Grant was able to break down many a wall of prejudice, and to break through many a barrier of pride by his medical skill. Those who would not choose voluntarily to listen to the gospel of the white foreigner came under

the influence of it in their searching for relief from physical pain. "The daily work," wrote Doctor Grant, "includes, besides the reading and explaining of the Scripture, the teaching of some to read and the learning of Bible verses." He firmly believed in the reading and memorizing of the Word of God. The things he said to his patients might be forgotten, but as for the Bible, "The grass withers, and its flower falls off; but the Word of the Lord abides forever."

There were times when his body would give way under the strain, and he would be compelled to rest. Such a season came in the latter part of 1896. In a period of a little over twenty months he had ministered to 13,000 patients. As he gave out medicine for the body he sought to reach the souls of these people. For two months he was sick in bed.

He had already gained the name of "a veritable son of consolation." He was respected by all his colleagues, and loved by all missionaries who knew him. The Chinese had come to look upon him as a friend. As they saw him go with equal eagerness into the homes of the rich and the hovels of the poor their regard for him increased.

Now he was sick! They had watched him as he worked tirelessly for them all. As he lay resting they visited him. They sent choice dishes to him. They greeted him and assured him of their love and their loyalty. It was a rich experience for Doctor Grant. He had given of himself without any thought of recompense; and now the good deeds of his life were returning to him in the manifold kindness of his friends. These Chinese Christians, feeling deeply their debt to him, now sought in every way possible to prove their love to him.

Port and Customs Doctor

In 1898 Doctor Grant was appointed port and customs doctor. He held this position for fourteen years, only relinquishing it because he felt he wanted to give his undivided attention to the hospital and dispensary work. He was able to clear $100 in gold a month in this position of customs surgeon. This income he used for the enlargement and equipment of the hospital. No doubt this position, as well as the sincerity of his life, had much to do with his acquaintanceship with the prominent men of the city.

Unharmed in the Boxer Rebellion

A storm had been gathering in China for many years. The invasion of the white man with his new ways, new ideas, and new religion had disturbed the giant of the world. For centuries upon centuries things had always been the same. The answer to all inquiries as to why things were done that way was always, " It is the custom." No law of government was ever more strictly adhered to than the law of custom in China. It settled all questions and quelled all insurrections.

It was the custom of the Chinese to venerate their ancestors. It had been done from time immemorial, therefore it would continue to be done. There was a family shrine in every home of China where religious rites of veneration were performed.

Change, and still more change, had come with the foreigner! They were guilty of desecration of the past! They were guilty of seeking to persuade the Chinese to break with precedent and tradition! So the Boxer Rebel-

lion broke out in 1900, with all of its fury and hatred. The Chinese leaders were determined to stay the wheels of progress; and so they sought to drive the "white devils" from their shores.

Blood was shed. Missionaries lost their lives. The brute forces of men were unleashed in the carnage. China had to pay a tremendous price for the outrages committed; $300,000,000 was the indemnity demanded by the European nations. With feverish haste and with ferocious appetites these nations of Europe set out to dismember China.

A Decade of Doctor Grant's Life, 1901–1911

Through all this warfare the Baptist missionaries of the East China Mission came out unscathed. As soon as things had quieted down somewhat Doctor Grant began his regular itinerating into near-by villages. In the years of 1901 and 1902 he made thirty-six trips. "We usually proceed to a certain place, an outstation," he reported to the Board, "where we leave our medicine, and our other equipment. Then in company with two or three natives we work the country roundabout. We hold meetings in the evenings. We also give away gospel tracts and Bibles, sometimes selling some."

His son, John, he had sent to Chefoo, China, for his primary and secondary education. Then when he was ready for college he sent him to Canada to Acadia College, from which he graduated in 1912. It was a great pleasure to Doctor Grant to have his boy go to the Medical School of the University of Michigan twenty-five years after he had graduated from it.

In all his duties Mrs. Grant was a trusted and efficient

helper. She seemed to be able to win quickly and easily the hearts of all with whom she came in contact.

The sick, young and old, soon learned to know that her handbag contained delicacies other than picture cards and tracts [her husband wrote]. Occasionally I was tempted to remonstrate with her for overdoing, but a glance at her face, expressive of such joy and satisfaction, kept me silent—lest I interfere with Divine guidance. She has an unusual attraction for children of all ages. When a strange child was brought into the hospital it wasn't long before she had the child on her lap or standing confidingly beside her. Our hospital helpers and many of the men and women patients make a real confidant of her. Frequently they call her "mother" and solicitously inquire for her if she misses a day. It all helps in winning them to Christ.

The need of a new hospital had been urgent for a long time. Where was the money to come from to pay for it? Month after month the fund for the building was growing through the money Doctor Grant earned as port doctor. In 1905 it was determined that the hospital would be built with thirty-two beds. By the next April the hospital was opened amidst much rejoicing.

In the following year Doctor Grant was threatened with a serious illness. His furlough was overdue; so he and his wife embarked for America. Here they sought to recuperate their strength and their energy. They believed that God still had a big task for them in China, and they wanted nothing more than to be found faithful on the road of obedience to his Divine Will.

When their furlough was over, and it was time for them to return to China, they were glad. They loved the Chinese; and it was with hearts full of praise to God that they embarked again. Doctor and Mrs. Grant found their joy in loving service to the Lord Jesus.

They entered on this new period of service with added zest. In the first annual report in 1910 he wrote: "I have had a very gratifying year. I have ministered to over 8,000 patients"—a stupendous number of people who found in this Baptist missionary a personal friend, a wise counselor, and an ardent exponent of the gospel of Christ.

The following year his letter to the Board is still more cheerful: "I have had the best year in the history of the hospital. More Scripture has been learned and understood by my patients; more public professions of Christ have been made." The seed-sowing of the years, the earnest prayers of real Christians, and the silent but indestructible witness of consecrated lives were bearing fruit.

China had not been quiet since the Boxer Rebellion. This gigantic nation had been aroused, and misunderstanding and threats were in the air. The reactionaries were still in power, and they were determined to retain control. Their sway was broken in the bloodless and literary revolution in 1911. The scholar who was considered supreme in China lost his position. "The Peacock Throne and the Dragon Flag," says one historian, "had been banished forever."

China became a republic. On December 29, 1911, the provisional convention elected Dr. Sun Yat Sen the president. The change had come much more quickly than even the most visionary expected. China had accepted the new day. She had started on the highway of self-determination. The Manchu dynasty was abolished forever.

Increasing Influence of Doctor Grant

These national uncertainties and difficulties were felt by all mission stations. Dr. C. E. Tompkins of Suifu, West

China, who was on his way back to the field, found it impossible to go farther than Shanghai. He, therefore, spent several months assisting Doctor Grant in caring for the large medical work in Ningpo. He was delighted to be in such intimate contact with Doctor Grant, and in noticing the regard in which he was held by every one.

His fellow missionaries and friends often wondered that Doctor Grant was able to do so much when his own health was poor.

I believe the reason he has been able to keep up such constant service for such a long period of years [wrote L. C. Hylbert] was the fact that he seemed always conscious of God's presence with him. At all times Doctor Grant is a man of prayer and rejoices in the relationship that he has with the Father and the service that he is able to do for the Chinese people. He lives a consecrated Christian life of faith and sacrifice and abundance in service, never complaining but always grateful for the privilege he had of testifying for Jesus Christ.

Year after year the work continued to prosper. With the income he had as port doctor in 1912 he built a wing on the hospital. Even with this added space he was always crowded for room. Patients came to him from all walks of life. No other white man was so well known and so well loved in this Chinese city as Doctor Grant.

Rev. C. T. Wu, who is now the General Secretary of the Chinese Mission to Lepers, wrote of the influence of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Grant on his conversion:

I was taken ill in the year 1912 and entered Wha-Mei Hospital in Ningpo for treatment. There for the first time I came in contact with Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Grant. Though I had been a student in missionary schools for almost ten years and I was then a Junior in Shanghai Baptist College, I had no idea at all to become a Christian. Many teachers and friends of mine had re-

peatedly persuaded me to confess Jesus Christ as my Saviour, but I was too proud to do it. As a mattter of fact, I considered myself as good as any Christian, and very often I joined the chorus of those anti-Christian students in attacking Christianity and the Christian students who were usually the sons of Chinese preachers holding scholarships on account of their poverty. I never gambled, nor cheated anybody, nor had I acquired any particularly vicious habits. So I raised the question, "What is the use of becoming a Christian?"

My conception of Christianity seems to have undergone a complete change after I had known Doctor and Mrs. Grant. During my stay in the hospital their daily visits to my sick-bed, their fatherly and motherly love shown to me, and their tender care of and kind treatment to every other patient in the hospital had made such a profound impression on me that I said to myself: "I have never seen quite so good people as Doctor and Mrs. Grant. They are so sincere and kind-hearted. If the secret of their beautiful life lies in their following of Christ I am quite willing to become a Christian, no matter what it costs." My resolution was final and I was baptized almost as soon as I returned to the Shanghai College.

Whatever the prospect, and whatever the difficulties Doctor Grant remained stedfast. In the annual letter in 1914 he says, "The religious work that was done among the in-patients is thriving." A year later he said, "The year has been notable in that individual needs, bodily, mental, and spiritual, have been studied as never before." Then in 1916: "I cannot remember a year when patients have shown so much interest in the Bible. We have had 11,363 out-patients, and our receipts have been $9,809.55 for medical work."

In 1914 the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society held its centennial celebration in Boston. The record of the pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, was reviewed and people were stirred. When the Society met in 1915,

however, they discovered that the finances were low, and fields were depleted of workers. The World War was engrossing the time and the money of men. It was necessary to cut $90,000 off the budget for the oncoming year. Every field of the Society had to suffer in this shortage of funds.

What should be cut? People in America might report to missionaries on the field that they must change their expenditures to suit the new budget. These men and women of God were on the firing-line. They had taken many a walled city, and many a hostile town after much heartache and suffering. Must some of these be surrendered? Never! If it took every ounce of blood and every sacrifice these servants of God were determined to go forward. Better to pay the supreme price than to retreat.

Only He who counts the heart-throbs, who measures the days of anxiety, who knows the tremendous price of the advance, he who understands men—only the Lord Jesus knows what it means to a missionary to be told to retrench! "Bring the troops up to the colors." "Whosoever loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Death of Mrs. Grant

Doctor Grant had held on as long as possible; but now the serious illness of his wife made it imperative for him to go to America. The Grants left Ningpo in 1917 for the United States. When they reached the homeland they went to Battle Creek Sanitarium where Mrs. Grant might profit by rest and careful nursing.

While she was there Doctor Grant did a great deal of deputation work. He journeyed everywhere speaking to

all sorts of groups of Baptists about his beloved Chinese people. It was difficult to secure the sort of a hearing that he deserved, so engrossed were his countrymen in the affairs of war. It was without any regret, therefore, that Doctor and Mrs. Grant went back to China.

They reached Ningpo in October, 1918. Before leaving America Doctor Grant had been told that his wife had a sickness from which she could not recover, and that to take her with him back to China meant burial there. Mrs. Grant said that she preferred to return to China to die rather than stay in America. Her wish was gratified. She had the joy of again mingling with her Chinese friends. Only for a short time, however, for she died in January, 1919. "If I were asked to name her outstanding characteristic I would say—faithfulness," wrote her husband. "She was a faithful coworker with God, a faithful wife, mother, and friend. Thank God she still works on through the Chinese." Her son John wrote of his mother:

> She was a devoted mother, and she took a great interest in the management of the Mission Hospital, especially on the spiritual side. She won a warm place in the hearts of the Chinese. Several of the Chinese doctors now in the hospital owe their early start and education to her teachings at the time while educational facilities in China were practically nil.

After almost thirty years of companionship it was very lonely for Doctor Grant to carry on. With true fidelity to his mission and with a never-wavering purpose, he continued.

> As I take up my work again [he said], I am more and more convinced of the unparalleled opportunities one has in the hospital

for teaching the minds and hearts of the in-patients. Recently an educated Buddhist priest was admitted as an in-patient. The first morning he refused to take his turn, but afterward he fell into line and is now interested in the Bible. Imagine this situation: A priest, a merchant, one of the gentry, a farmer, a tailor, a fisherman, taking turns in daily reading verses out of the New Testament! Where else but in a hospital could this occur in China? Surely, the angels rejoice at such a sight! At the first meeting I led in our chapel after my return to Ningpo I gave an invitation for all who wished to follow Christ to stand up. Nine men and one woman did so.

Conditions in China were undergoing very rapid changes. The medical situation was improving. In 1915 the Nurses Association of China was organized. The China Medical Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation had been conducting some investigations since 1914; and soon the Foundation started its work. Dr. John B. Grant, the son, attached himself to the Rockefeller Foundation. He has worked in the United States, the West Indies, and during these last years in China.

It is not surprising that the many changes of this time should lead to some acts of indiscretion. Human life has never been of great value to China. When in one year, 1921, 15,000,000 people probably starved to death, it is not surprising that there were depredations and murders. Through it all Doctor Grant went unscathed. Beloved by all, no one would see him harmed. In the record of the Wha Mei Hospital for 1922 is the notation:

For many years now Doctor Grant has had access to every home in this great city. He is everywhere loved and trusted. As one passes along the street enclosed in his hospital chair one may hear his name repeated on every side with an exclamation of reverence as the chair and the bearers are recognized.

When the anti-foreign riots broke out in Ningpo in 1925 he was divinely protected.

The house next to Doctor Grant's was completely wrecked [wrote W. B. Lipphard after his visit to China]. Everything removable had been pried off and carried away. The Chinese mob next came to the home of Doctor Grant and began beating the gates, pounding on the shutters, while two men climbed the glass roof of the conservatory, only to break through, horribly cutting themselves and thereby intensifying the rage of the mob. During this terrifying night Doctor and Mrs. Grant with superb composure stood in a room up-stairs wondering what fate lay in store for them. Suddenly above the surrounding din they heard a voice cry out: "That is Doctor Grant's house. He saves lives. We must spare his life." To that unknown voice, doubtless of some hospital patient whose life Doctor Grant had saved at the mission hospital, he and Mrs. Grant owe the protection of their property as well as the preservation of their lives.

It is no wonder that Dr. C. H. Barlow has written:

The name of Doctor Grant was one to conjure with. He gave the Chinese part in his work in every way he could and had even entered into partnership on a financial fifty-fifty basis in the medical work. It was due to his far-sighted policy of participation that there was no direct outrage committed on the hospital in the stormy times of the late Civil War. His policy had lived on after he had gone, and I used his name to quell inter-hospital insubordinations which arose.

Marriage to Miss Wadman

Doctor Grant had married the second time in June, 1924, Miss Evelyn Laura Wadman. The new Mrs. Grant had been in missionary service in East China; and now she became his helpmeet. During the last years of his life she aided him very much; and was an angel of mercy at his bedside when the end came.

Last Years

During the last years of his life very signal honors came to Doctor Grant. When he was sixty years old, 1921, a grand celebration was arranged in his honor. He received more than five hundred gifts, all of them—at his request—becoming gifts to the hospital. An X-ray equipment was bought with the $5,000 which was given by Ningpo's leading citizens. An additional $2,000 was placed in the bank, being later used in the securing of land for the new hospital.

The President of China conferred on Doctor Grant a gold medal in 1923 in recognition of his service to the Chinese people. He was made a member of *Kyuao Ho Tsong,* "Good Harvester." The mayor of the city of Ningpo fastened the medal on the doctor with appropriate ceremony.

When the secretary of the East China Mission sent the yearly statement to the Board in 1922 he made this observation:

> There is no opportunity presented to your Mission in the Far East which can surpass this in its possibilities for the evangelization of a large educated group. It is the soil that Doctor Grant has been working for thirty-four years, the seeds have already been planted, it is only necessary that there be cultivation to bring forth much fruit.

Doctor Grant never performed an operation without first asking the guidance and blessing of God on his efforts. Dr. John Jones of the Shansi Province of China wrote in *The China Medical Journal* of March, 1927:

> Doctor Grant was such a thoroughly sincere Christian, that his life and spirit were just the natural outcome of his being, as fruit-

bearing is to a good tree. I remember on one occasion, he invited me to give the anæsthetic for an operation on one of the customs' staff, who was a notorious young drunkard. Before beginning the operation, as naturally as though he were in the operating-room of his own hospital, he said to the patient: "Now, before I operate on my Chinese patients, I usually have a word of prayer. We'll do the same here." He thereupon poured out his soul to God, including in the petition that he would make his patient a good man.

Every time a missionary child was born he would send a dollar with which to open a bank-account. He was ever showing his Scotch characteristic of thrift in the affairs of the Mission, and in his home. He gave himself without stint to every one.

He was an intensely spiritual man [said Dr. C. H. Barlow], keen and capable professionally far above the common opinion of him in the Mission, and decidedly altruistic. He was surely a man without guile if ever there was such. Never too busy to pray with anybody in perplexity or need, and this whether he knew them or not. Always cheerful, always a welcome caller, he fitted himself into the affairs of others with his helpful spirit and his Christian interest always for their good. Chinese everywhere knew and loved him, gave to the cause he espoused, respected his opinions, and listened to his ever-constant preaching of the Word of God to men. The last time I saw him alive, I was sick with pleurisy and he had called to see me. As he was hastening away he said, "Well, I'll just run along and see you later." In a week he was gone from us all. I missed him as I would a father, and his loss is always present while I am at work in Ningpo, for he seemed such a substantial part of the whole city.

The paramount desire of the last few years of Doctor Grant's life was to have a new and an adequate hospital. One Chinaman said as he looked at the old hospital building, "Surely there is the blood of Doctor Grant." His

whole life was centered in the hospital; and that was the reason why he prayed and worked for a new building. He felt sure that he would be able to do a much bigger service, and would have a wider ministry with a new plant.

The time arrived when it seemed as though the new hospital would be built. A hospital that would be modern in every respect, and an honor to the Baptist denomination in China. Civil warfare retarded the fruition of these plans.

For sheer magnitude no change in any country in all the history of the race has equaled that which is now in progress in China [said Dr. K. S. Latourette in the *Yale Divinity News*]. Here in the process of rapid transition are four hundred millions of people, the largest fairly homogeneous group of mankind. Intellectually the mind of the nation is being made over. New systems of education have been introduced, Western science has in part supplanted the old classical studies, and a written form of the vernacular is being substituted for the older erudite classical language as the vehicle of literary expression. The family, the fundamental social institution of China, is undergoing modification, and other basic changes in social custom are in progress. Christianity and other systems of thought and belief new to China are altering her religiously and ethically. Western industrialism and systems of transportation are reshaping her economic life. Observers have repeatedly pointed out that changes as profound as those experienced by Europe in the Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, the Industrial Revolution, and the French Revolution are occurring in China, and are being condensed into one generation.

When the missionaries of the East China Field were holding their conferences in 1924 each one was giving a testimony. Mrs. P. R. Bakeman rose and said, "I've experienced a blessing just from looking at the back of Doctor Grant's head." The witness was typical of the

regard and the esteem in which Doctor Grant was held by his fellow missionaries.

In the same year, L. C. Hylbert wrote:

Doctor Grant is the best loved missionary of East China. His consecrated Christian life and helpful service have endeared him to Chinese and missionaries alike. In addition to his faithful work in the hospital, Doctor Grant is constantly visiting in Chinese homes as a doctor and friend. When he finds sick people in homes where they cannot have proper care, he takes them into the hospital and even into his own home. Instead of going to the mountains in the summer to spend well-earned vacations he has stayed through the hot season year after year and laid himself out in sacrifice for the sick. During the hot summer season when the cholera scourge is on, Doctor Grant has opened and maintained a number of emergency stations in the city where he and his staff of Chinese doctors are able to give quick service to men, women, and children stricken with that dread disease.

Doctor Grant enjoyed the beauties of the heavenly Father's creation. He loved flowers, and he had a fine garden. The fragrance of flowers was like balm to his soul. In these days of cataclysmic changes he found peace for his mind, and rest for his body in the times of quiet in his garden.

Reports of victory all along the extensive battle-front of the foreign fields of Northern Baptists were very cheering to him. The annual report of the Foreign Mission Society of 1925 showed 19,287 baptisms, which was the largest total ever reported in a single year by the Society. After over one hundred years of sunshine and shadows, of patient seed-sowing and praying, the harvest was being gathered. The first convert had been baptized at Ningpo in 1849, but since that time hundreds had followed their Lord in his own appointed way.

The Central Epidemic Prevention Bureau of China was organized in Peking in 1923. Doctor Grant wrote of their work:

The immediate lines upon which efforts in hygiene have developed are: (1) The establishment of medical schools of separate departments to train medical practitioners in hygiene and in the undertaking of experimental demonstrations of community public health. (2) The provisions for the beginnings of a specific program in mission education to train the future adult in maintenance of health, the avoidance of disease and the development of a community health and consciousness. (3) The beginnings of a more systematic method of health conservation of Christian workers.

In the fall of 1926 a special deputation was sent to the Orient by the Northern Baptist Convention to investigate conditions, and recommend advance policies. Dr. D. B. MacQueen, Dr. J. F. Watson, Mr. G. B. Huntington, Miss Mabelle R. McVeigh, and Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Beaven were all present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Baptist hospital, which took place in Ningpo on December 29, 1926.

No one among those present was more moved than Doctor Grant.

Under a glorious autumn sun on the site of the ancient wall of Ningpo the first stones were laid for the new Wha Mei hospital [wrote Dr. C. H. Barlow]. On a mixing platform the cement was mixed by the hospital staff, doctors, nurses, and coolies. After a brief service ending with the singing of a hymn Doctor Grant turned the first shovelful of cement for the first stones to be set in place. During the singing of the hymn I was struck by the attitude of Doctor Grant. Standing next to his old friend Sung Yiu-seng, who is the contractor on the job, he did not join in the hymn, being overcome by his emotions. There before him was a mere pile of sand, stone, and cement, but it typified the beginnings

from which have grown up the present medical work of the Baptist Mission at Ningpo. As these simple ingredients go to make the new hospital, so his steady faith in God, and in his many Chinese friends have contributed to the consummation of his desire.

Death of Doctor Grant

This was the last public act of his life. On January 29, 1927, he suddenly died of pneumonia. Mr. L. C. Hylbert, who was then acting secretary of the East China Mission was asked by Mrs. Grant to take charge of the funeral.

As I spent the day of the funeral in the Grant home all classes of men came in [wrote Mr. Hylbert]. Many of them showed great emotion as they looked into the face of Doctor Grant. I remember in particular one of the great merchants of Shanghai as he stood there weeping as if Doctor Grant might have been his own father. There was a constant expression on the lips of the different ones coming in of the appreciation of the work that Doctor Grant had done and of his friendship for them.

When the news of his death became known there were many who said that they had always looked to him as sort of father-counselor. Dr. John Jones of North China said:

I do not think we can overestimate the good that can be done by a doctor of Doctor Grant's type, who brings a gracious Christlike influence to bear on the patients with whom he comes in contact. It has been my privilege to have enjoyed his friendship, and his memory remains a fragrant and uplifting one.

In the paragraph entitled "The End of Life's Journey," of the one hundred and thirteenth annual report of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, is the record of Doctor Grant:

His loving, sacrificial work opened every home in the city to him and made his name reverenced. His influence went out in a district where two or three million people live and extended to distant cities, from which old friends came back to consult him. In spite of the conditions of China at the time the funeral of Doctor Grant was attended by Chinese of every class who gathered to show their love and sorrow.

The new hospital for which he worked so hard was turned into a memorial for him. The Chinese gave over $50,000 gold for this fund.

Enclosed find my check for $250 gold [wrote Dr. C. T. Wang]. It is a contribution to the hospital where Doctor Grant has given so many years of his service. It is particularly regretful that Doctor Grant was not spared to see the completion of the hospital building for which he has worked so hard during his life. His life will be an inspiration to his associates in service and to his friends in the support of the work. Doctor Grant has been very helpful to me in his constant testimony for Jesus Christ.

Looking back I would say that my father's outstanding characteristic was his sincerity [wrote his son John], which was especially apparent on the religious side. It was this sincerity that I believe was present to an unusual degree even among missionaries, that won for him the high regard of the Chinese in the community who, at times, would ask him to intervene in settling disputes with foreigners, preferring his word to official written statements.

Doctor Grant loved the Chinese people, and they loved him. He lives on not by the tremendousness of his accomplishments, nor because of the multitudes that he influenced Godward; but because he was the embodiment of that text, "For me to live is Christ." He believed that his mission in life was not to be accounted successful by his Lord because of the numbers in his statistical report.

His mission was so to live "That men may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven," so to be in harmony with God that he might see God. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He was pure in heart and so he is now, according to the promise, "with the Lord."

I believe [said L. C. Hylbert] that we can truthfully say that he has made the largest contribution to mission work of any man I have ever known here. In looking over Doctor Grant's diary it was significant to me that day after day he had written down "For this or for that I praise God." This expression appears in three-fourths of his writings in his diary and indicates the spirit in which he lived. We have decided the hospital should be called "Doctor Grant Memorial Hospital." I think it should be so named because it was by the personal efforts of Doctor Grant and his influence among the Chinese people that the hospital was made possible.

For fifteen years Doctor Grant and Rev. E. E. Jones were associated together in the same Mission station. Doctor Grant was the doctor of the Jones family; so they came into intimate contact during that period. After his death Mr. Jones wrote:

Doctor Grant was a saint, if ever there lived a saint on earth. This statement is not extravagant. Doctor Grant was preeminently a man of simple, profound faith in God. He was the "best-known missionary" in all that vast district of Ningpo with a tremendous population. He knew the official people, the scholarly class, the merchant group, and he loved the poor, and they were ever present. Nothing that can be written about the life and work of Doctor Grant can adequately present to the public the value and influence for good, which that life radiated constantly through those many years of consecrated service to the Kingdom of God in Ningpo, China.

The tired and pain-wrecked body of Doctor Grant was at rest. In full reliance on God he passed into the land of no pain, the home of the untroubled heart. The Baptist saint of Ningpo had been promoted by his Saviour. Of him could the words of Isaac Watts' hymn be said:

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

VII

MILES BRONSON

Pioneer Evangelist to Assam

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VII

1. Miles Bronson—born July 20, 1812, at Norway, New York.
2. Years of study:
   (1) A lover of books.
   (2) Attended Madison University.
3. Life at Hamilton, New York.
   (1) Converted and baptized.
   (2) Entered the ministry, and volunteered for foreign service.
   (3) Married Miss Ruth Lucas.
4. The beginnings of his missionary career:
   (1) Farewell service at Whitesboro, New York.
   (2) Set sail in October, 1836, for India.
   (3) Reached Sadiya, Assam, in July, 1837.
5. Work among the Nagas:
   (1) Started missionary work among them.
   (2) His sister, Rhoda Bronson, joined him.
6. New headquarters at Nowgong:
   (1) Moved there in 1841.
   (2) Traveled much among the villages on the elephant's back.
   (3) Helped to organize First Baptist Church of Assam in 1845.
   (4) Home to America in 1848.
7. Second term of service:
   (1) Started river evangelization.
   (2) In danger of wild beasts.
   (3) Harriette, the only daughter with him.
   (4) The Sepoy Rebellion of 1857.
   (5) To the United States in 1857.
8. Served as pastor at Springfield, New York, for the year 1859.
9. A mission among the Garos:
   (1) Baptized the first converts in 1863.
   (2) Sought to evangelize the villages.
10. Years of sorrow:
    (1) Mrs. Ruth Bronson died September 30, 1869.
    (2) His second wife died February 3, 1874.
    (3) Daughter, Maria, died March 20, 1874.
11. Last years.
    (1) Married Miss Mary Rankin.
    (2) Opened new station at Dibrugarh in 1879.
    (3) Invalided to America.
    (4) Died on November 9, 1883.
12. A pioneer for God.

MILES BRONSON

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—*2 Timothy 4: 5.*

Birth of Bronson

There were some in the United States who believed that war should be declared against England. Negotiations had failed between the two governments. England insisted on the impressment of seamen and on the right of search. The war party in Congress finally gained the ascendancy. On June 8, 1812, President Madison declared war. Six weeks later, Miles Bronson was born, July 20, 1812.

A few years previous his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Osee Bronson, had moved from Connecticut to Norway, New York. They settled on a farm near the village where they lived the rest of their lives. On this farm Miles was born, the youngest of a family of children.

The war with Great Britain continued for over two years and kept the United States in constant turmoil. Osee Bronson remained at his task of tiller of the ground and provider for his family. His children were reared with prayer, and with careful guidance. He wanted them to become real helpers in the building on earth of the Kingdom of God.

Years of Study

Very early in life Miles showed that he had a love of books. He would stay in the house and study while

the other children were out playing. He was always studious. He sought to know the why of things. Books were difficult to secure, and he read with avidity whatever he could find.

When his parents realized that Miles preferred the life of the student to that of the farmer they sent him to stay with his brother in town so that he could go on in school. After he graduated he obtained a position as a country school-teacher. He wanted to save enough money so that he could go still farther with his schooling. In order to continue his studies he guarded carefully every expenditure and he stinted himself in many things that he should have had.

After much self-denial and exertion, Miles Bronson entered Madison University. It had been impossible for him to save enough money to put himself through the university, so he found it necessary to work during his college years. It was during these years that he made two decisions that determined not only his life's vocation, but also his eternal destiny.

Life at Hamilton, New York

When Miles entered Madison University he was not a Christian. He had been taught from the Word of God as a child. With his parents he had attended church. But he had never prayed, " Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." In the university, however, he was thrown into intimate contact with professors who were Christians, and with a student body which was permeated with Christian ideals.

Madison University was a Baptist college. It had been started in 1820. When Miles began his studies there, Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick was president. He was a man of

rare genius, and was deeply interested in the welfare of his students. Through his influence, and that of Rev. Daniel Hascall, who was pastor of the Baptist Church at Hamilton, Bronson was led to Christ.

After his conversion these same men, Doctor Kendrick and Doctor Hascall, persuaded Bronson to enter the Christian ministry. A little later, therefore, he entered the Seminary at Hamilton. It was while he was studying for the ministry that he made the second important decision. He would go across the waters as a foreign missionary! Few men had left the United States to become missionaries of the Cross in the Eastern hemisphere. Missions were not a popular topic of conversation even among church people. In this warm spiritual atmosphere the plant of human obedience to divine leadership had been carefully nourished. Gladly he promised his Lord that he "would not be disobedient to the heavenly vision."

When Miles told his mother of his decision, it almost broke her heart. He must not go! He was still her darling! The journey to the Far East was so fraught with peril! The dangers loomed very large in his mother's mind. His call had come from above. Whatever the sacrifice, he must go. He believed in his Christ, and in his Divine call to service. He knew that from the Master's own lips had fallen the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

Tenderly and prayerfully Miles read passages from the Bible to his mother. Oh, the long days of separation ahead! Mrs. Bronson wept much even as they talked together. The day finally came, however, when she offered her boy to the Lord. Her eyes were wet with tears; but her life was submissive to his most Holy Will.

During his Seminary days Miles had gone out to nearby villages to preach. One Sunday, he was sent to Madison, New York. After the morning service he was invited to dinner in the Lucas home. Rather reluctantly he refused because he must hasten to an afternoon appointment. His reluctance was due to the fact that Ruth Lucas was so attractive. He had never met her before, but as soon as he was introduced he wanted to know better this fine young woman. He was delighted, therefore, when she offered him the contents of her lunch-basket.

Ruth Lucas was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. They had reared her with much care; and now that she had reached young womanhood, they thought that a happy future was ahead of her. When Miles Bronson desired to marry Ruth they were bitterly opposed to the union. They admired this young theological student, but they thought they never could permit their daughter to go to the foreign field. Think what had happened to Mrs. Ann Judson! Their daughter should never be allowed to go where such dangers lurked. "Never, Mr. Bronson, never!" said Mr. Lucas. "I would rather bury my Ruth than permit her to go with you as a foreign missionary."

This time it was not the pleading of Bronson that gained the father's consent, but the severe illness of his daughter. During Ruth's sickness, her father asked fervently for forgiveness for his stubbornness; and he promised his Lord that if his daughter should regain her health he would permit the marriage.

Beginnings of His Missionary Career

When Ruth regained her health, she and Miles were quietly married. A short time afterward a farewell service

was held for them in the Baptist church at Whitesboro, New York. Here Miles held his membership. Here he had sung in the choir. The people knew and loved this young man. When they sang the missionary hymn with the words, " Native land, farewell, farewell," all eyes were wet, and many were openly sobbing.

A still more difficult farewell remained to be said. When they left their home Miles' mother clung to him with tears streaming down her face. Ruth and her father were locked in a tight embrace as he cried out, " Ruth, my child, my darling, how can I give you up? " Not until Miles tenderly picked up his wife and placed her in the carriage were they able to start on their long, tedious journey.

Bronson had received his appointment as a missionary on April 29, 1836. It was not until October that he and his wife set sail for India. With them on the ship were Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Thomas, also designated for Assam, Northeastern India. Surely, these Baptist missionaries could repeat the words of Augustus M. Toplady's hymn:

If through unruffled seas,
Toward heav'n we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

But though the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

When these volunteers for Jesus reached India, they still had a long trip ahead of them. After many experiences with storm and tide, they disembarked from the vessel that had brought them half around the world.

They wanted to reach their mission station, Sadiya, as soon as possible, so they started up the Brahmaputra River.

Rude native boats were the only means of transportation to reach this point of Sadiya, in the province of Assam. The mighty Brahmaputra River must be ascended for over a thousand miles [wrote Mrs. H. B. Gunn in her book *In a Far Country*]. As it was against the current these boats were often difficult to propel up-stream; but, undaunted, the brave voyagers started on this final stage of their journey. It was well they were ignorant of the dire perils before them. Ascending the Brahmaputra at that season of the year was attended with a thousand obstacles; for when the winds were contrary, and the sails could not be used, the boat had to be pushed forward by rowing, or poling, or towing it along by men walking on the shore. Then again, the only way to proceed was to send ahead a small canoe, with a rope, one end of which was attached to the boat and the other end fastened to a bush or tree on the bank and then the boat was pulled with a hand-over-hand movement, which was laborious and slow in the extreme.

They had gone almost 900 miles up the river when Bronson suddenly became very sick with fever. There was no doctor anywhere near, and his companions thought it would be fatal to wait until they reached Sadiya, so uncertain was their progress. Mr. Thomas offered to go on ahead in a canoe and bring back an English doctor. It

seemed the only thing that could be done to save Bronson's life.

Off Thomas started with some boatmen to summon medical aid. He almost reached the station when a large tree fell across the canoe, which sunk immediately taking Thomas with it to a watery grave. It was a terrible tragedy. Within sight of the very place where he had been appointed to labor, and then killed instantly!

The boatmen saved themselves. They went on to Sadiya and brought medical aid to the sick Bronson. He had been nursed tenderly by his wife and Mrs. Thomas. Medical attention was given to him; and now the doctor, who had training in the dread diseases of the country, ministered unto him. It was several weeks after reaching Sadiya before Bronson regained his health.

Rev. Nathan Brown and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Cutter had landed in Sadiya a year previous, and they greeted these new arrivals from America with exceeding joy. They could now plan for the evangelization of Assam. They would not all stay together, but each family would settle in a community from which they could create spheres of influence.

Mrs. Bronson had held up bravely during her husband's illness. When he was well on the road to convalescence she was prostrated with sickness. Shortly afterward her first daughter was born as Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. Brown nursed the sick mother. Nine years later Miles Bronson had the happiness of baptizing this daughter Mary.

Work Among the Nagas

The Bronsons had reached Assam in July, 1837. The following March, they were sent to Jaipur, down the river

from Sadiya, to open a station there. The plan was to start work among the Nagas. The Nagas were a large tribe, very warlike and fierce. At times they would sweep down to the plains where they used their poisoned spears with deadly effect.

Ahead of the Bronsons stretched years of toil, hardship, loneliness, and despair. To these servants of God it seemed as though all their lives up to this time had been as nothing compared to the prospect that they now faced. A race of people to whom for the first time they could bring the eternal story of Jesus and his love. It was with much rejoicing, therefore, that Bronson started to visit in the Naga hills taking with him an interpreter.

Assam is the most northeastern province of British India [wrote Miss E. M. Holmes in her book *Sowing Seed in Assam*]. It is a huge tea-garden of rare beauty in the front yard of Tibet and Bhutan. It is one of the wettest places in the world. More rain falls upon the soil of Assam than is recorded for any other section of the earth's surface. The average annual rainfall is from 93 to 124 inches. This abundant rainfall and melting snows from the Himalayan Mountains feed a network of rivers spread out like a spider's web over the country, with the result that Assam had more riverbed per square mile than any other part of the earth's surface. In religion nearly half of Assam's millions are Hindus; about one-fifth are Mohammedans, and a sixth are animists.

No sooner had he started preaching to the Nagas than it became apparent to Bronson that he ought to live right among the hills so that he could do a better work with the people. So he moved to one of the chief villages of the Nagas, determined through the grace of God to win these people to his Lord. He fully realized that it was not by the force of his works that they would be converted; but

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that they could only be changed in heart by the Holy Spirit. He was willing to be a channel for the Spirit's power.

After settling in their new quarters one of the first things that these missionaries did was to open a school for the sons of the chiefs. Mrs. Bronson took charge of the school.

> Her schoolroom was a rude hut, with holes cut in the sides of the walls for windows, and the pupils sat on the floor cross-legged [wrote Mrs. Gunn]. Curiosity prompted a good attendance, and sometimes the room would be full, and then again only a few would be present. She toiled on patiently however, and at length an impress was made upon the minds of these wild but really bright and interesting youths. It was hard for her to preserve order, as whenever a chase went by after deer or other wild animals, without permission from their teacher, the dusky pupils would jump out of the windows to join the hunters.

While his wife was busy teaching Bronson was seeking to establish contacts in the Naga villages. He distributed tracts in the language of the people. He labored at the translation of more literature for them. He had the promise of one of the head chiefs that he would guarantee that Mrs. Bronson and Mary were kept from all harm.

Rhoda Bronson, a sister of Miles, had been greatly stirred when he had left America for the East. She finally offered herself for service in Assam, and was accepted. When Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus Barker left the United States to reenforce the work in Assam, Miss Bronson accompanied them. It was a source of much joy to Miles to welcome his sister to his home in the hills. After seven months' study of the language in preparation for her task, Rhoda Bronson was seized with fever and died.

Sorrowfully, they carried her remains to Jaipur for burial. She had been " faithful unto death."

New Headquarters at Nowgong

It was with deep regret that Bronson soon afterward left the Nagas, and settled a new station at Nowgong in 1841. One of the reasons for the change was that the first convert of the Assam Mission came from the Assamese. Nidhi Levi had been helping in the printing-office of the Mission. Here he was under the influence of Dr. Nathan Brown. Though only fourteen years of age, Nidhi was thoroughly converted; and Bronson had the joy of baptizing him.

The country of Assam is inhabited by a bewildering conglomeration of tribes [wrote W. F. Bainbridge in his book *Along the Lines at the Front*]. We are familiar with the Assamese, Khamtis, Singphos, Nagas, Kucharis, Garos, Kosaris, and the Kohls; but there are many other ethnological and linguistic divisions among the population of the upper valley of the Brahmaputra and the surrounding hill regions. There are fifty-four branches of the Tibeto-Burman family lying between the Sutlej and the Irrawaddy, chiefly among the southern spurs of the great Himalaya range in the neighborhood of Assam. The Assamese belong to a different group, and drifted into the country from the opposite direction. And so it appears that in Assam we are in the bed of the first stream of immigration that far back, in prehistoric times, came pouring over the Eastern Himalayas into India. All these difficulties but magnify the importance of the work we are endeavoring to do.

Nowgong is situated in one of the verdant valleys of Assam on the Kullung River. Sadiya is at the extreme northeastern boundary of Assam. The Naga hills are south and somewhat west of that station. Nowgong is

still further south, but mostly west. It is nearer the center of Assam. When Bronson moved to Nowgong in 1841 it was an important military center for the British.

"Captain Gordon, in command of the soldiers garrisoned there, was most kind to the newly arrived missionaries, and lent them every assistance in his power," wrote Mrs. Gunn. "A lifelong friendship sprang up between Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Bronson. Mr. Bronson began at once to preach and distribute tracts in Assamese."

In 1843, Bronson started an Orphan Institution in Nowgong. To this place he brought destitute children for care and for religious instruction. Many of the children were converted, and in later years some of them became very active in the cause of Christ. This institution proved to be a very potent factor in the work of the new mission station.

Miles Bronson was first of all a missionary. He was never so happy as when he was telling the people of Assam of a Saviour who died that they might be saved. He was continually seeking new villages where missionaries had never been that he might be the first to tell of the redeeming love of God. Leaving the day-school in charge of his wife, Bronson went about with Doctor Brown on an elephant in his evangelizing task.

On January 25, 1845, Bronson, Brown, and Barker organized the First Baptist Church of Assam in Gauhati. The church had three branches, Gauhati, Sibsagor, and Nowgong. Before the year came to a close twenty had joined the church on a profession of their faith in Christ, and on obedience to the command of baptism.

Mrs. Bronson wrote to America at this time of the orphan school:

Day and night whichever way I turn, I could hear the voice of prayer or the song of praise. The wondrous love of God in dying for sinful men seemed to be the theme which filled every heart. Almost every member of the most advanced class has been received into the church, and a number express their desire to preach the gospel to their countrymen.

The doctor had advised both Mr. and Mrs. Bronson to go away for a rest and a change. They had labored for over a decade in Assam without a furlough. Now their health was in such a condition that if they hoped to continue as missionaries to Assam they must seek a change. The opportunity came with the arrival of the Stoddards. Rev. and Mrs. I. J. Stoddard had been sent out by the Foreign Board to strengthen the work in Assam. They located in Nowgong so that the Bronsons could go home on furlough.

What would the Bronsons do with their children? That was the all-engrossing question. God had blessed their home with six lovely daughters, and they wanted them to grow up to be strong, useful Christian women. If they took their children to America, it would be necessary to leave them there. Were they sufficient for this sacrifice? "He that loveth son or daughter more than me" is the command of Jesus. They fell on their knees and prayed: "Dear Lord, we will do this for thee, and give up all to help win this lost world for thee; only grant us strength to endure the trial."

In October, 1848, the Bronsons left for America. With them went five of their daughters and two native Assamese boys from the Orphan Institution. The doctor had told them that it would not be wise to take little eighteen-months-old Frances; so they had left her in the care of

Mrs. Stoddard. Soon after the Bronsons had left Assam their baby, Frances, was taken sick; and though Mrs. Stoddard lavished on her every affection, she died. When the mother heard of the death of her child, she said, with tears running down her cheeks, " Still, I can be nothing but a missionary."

When they reached the United States after thirteen-years' absence three tasks faced them. First was that of recuperation. This was made easy by the thoughtfulness of friends. Second, and more difficult, was the discovering of homes in which to place their daughters. Mrs. Stokes, of Philadelphia, adopted Mary, the oldest of the girls. Mrs. Davis Cotes of Springfield, New York, promised to mother two of the daughters. Sophia was placed with her uncle, Mr. Wesley Bronson. Harriette was adopted by a wealthy family in Philadelphia. Thus they finished this heartrending task. The third and most arduous of all, was for Mr. Bronson to go with the two lads he had brought to America to the Baptist churches to seek to enlist interest in the foreign mission enterprise. So many were indifferent to the cause of missions, and some were even violent in their opposition. It was a novel sight to American Baptists to see these two lads, first-fruits of the gospel harvest that has been so prayerfully garnered in Assam.

When the time came to return to the mission field it became evident to the Bronsons that they could not leave Harriette in the home where she had been placed. The family was too worldly. The parents feared that to be reared in such a home in the formative years of her life would militate against her spiritual growth. Plans having already been made to start for Assam, they decided there

was nothing else to be done than to take their daughter back with them. "Perhaps," wrote Bronson, "God saw that the poor mother's heart would be crushed to go back with none to prattle away her grief, and therefore leads in this way."

There were thirty missionaries and their families setting sail for distant ports; and the Bronsons were among the number. It was a marvelous tonic to faith and zeal to be among this group. With the joy of the Lord in their hearts, but tears of parting in their eyes, they said good-by. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for sowing, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

The journey back to Assam was fraught with danger. Their vessel was caught in a terrible hurricane in the Bay of Bengal; and they were only saved by the bravery of the captain and the prayers of the missionaries. After a month in Calcutta they embarked for their tedious voyage up the great river. Here they encountered another storm that thoroughly exhausted them before it spent itself. These trials were all forgotten, however, in the joy of reaching Nowgong again and receiving such a hearty welcome from the native Christians.

Second Term of Service

The evangelizing of the villages was now the aim of Bronson's activity. Realizing that many places could be reached only by water he had a mission boat made for this purpose. Sometimes he went alone, and at other times his wife and daughter accompanied him.

There were snug sleeping accommodations on this boat, but no room for culinary uses, so a cook-boat followed, where the native

cook prepared the meals [wrote Harriette Bronson]. At nightfall the native captain bade his boatmen fasten the boat to the shore, as it was not safe to travel after dark on these waters. In places where the jungles had been cleared away, native settlements extended for miles in the midst of as beautiful scenery as ever met the eye. Mr. Bronson visited them in succession, stopping long enough to preach and distribute tracts and Testaments. The shrine of some hideous idol was always in a conspicuous part of the village street, and there its worshipers would bow down and present offerings of fruits and flowers. The missionary stood near and told these ignorant idolaters of the only true God and the way of salvation.

Wild animals were in abundance at this time. Once their boat was menaced by a mad elephant. It seemed as if nothing could save them and the boat from utter destruction, when suddenly the infuriated beast turned and went in the opposite direction. At another time it seemed as though Bronson would be slain by a tiger, but his dog warned him in time so that he could escape. Pioneering for God! Seeking to win Assam for Jesus! He had the assurance "He shall protect thee from all evil."

More to be dreaded than enraged animals were the diseases of Assam. Cholera had already slain three missionaries and there was the still more deadly jungle fever to which Bronson was subject every year since his first attack in 1837. As he grew older he attributed his deafness to the taking of so much quinine to ward off the fever.

That which caused their hearts to ache the most was the dense heathenism and fearful superstition of the people. How pitiful to see men and women who could be heirs to the Kingdom of heaven bowing down to idols of wood and stone. Of all the idols that stirred these missionaries to their depths, the worst was the goddess Kali. This

repulsive idol was the symbol of all that was wrong in the Hindu religion. Oh, that these people knew God! Surely, they would worship Jesus if they only knew that he and he alone "is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

It was delightful for the Bronsons to have their daughter, Harriette, with them, but they realized each succeeding year that she should be in America. It finally became imperative for the mother to take her away from Assam. Mrs. Bronson and her daughter, therefore journeyed to the States. Here, to the joy of her mother, Harriette was adopted by Mrs. Cotes, who had already taken Maria and Eliza to her home. After resting a few months, Mrs. Bronson returned to Assam with her oldest daughter Mary. Mr. Bronson was delighted to welcome them to Nowgong on May 10, 1856.

Soon after their return from America it was apparent to the Bronsons that the unrest that had been increasing would break out in war. The Sepoys, who were Indian soldiers serving under Great Britain, were dissatisfied with conditions. All of the Sepoys of the Bengal army mutinied, and the entire valley of the Ganges from Patna to Delhi rose in open rebellion. Actual bloodshed took place on May 10, 1857, when the Sepoys at Mirath broke into the jail, ran through the cantonments, and cut down every European they met. The purpose of the insurrection was the overthrow of England's rule, and the regaining of power by the dethroned princes of India. With daring audacity did these Sepoys behead their English officers and take all the plunder they could seize.

The Sepoy Rebellion stretched its tenacles into the province of Assam so that every white person was en-

dangered. Right across the street from the mission compound in Nowgong where the Bronsons were living, was a company of Sepoys. The Indian soldiers became very surly and insolent, so that the missionaries thought that each day would be their last. By very careful planning the missionaries were able to reach Gauhati where there was a force of thirty white men. A little later all the missionaries, who had congregated at Gauhati, embarked on an armed Government steamer which carried them to Calcutta unharmed.

The strain of the days of anxiety had told on these men and women of God, so in the fall of 1857 they sailed for the homeland. Here they were welcomed with tears of joy, all the people feeling that they had been miraculously delivered from the dead. While in America the Bronsons received the good news of the quelling of the rebellion by the spring of 1859; but as long as they lived the terror of those days and of the sights they had seen haunted them.

Pastor at Springfield, New York

It was necessary for Mr. Bronson to stay an extra year in America on account of his depleted strength. He had been visiting churches; but during this second year in America he served as pastor of the Baptist Church of Springfield, New York. One of the delights of this year was the association with the three children, who had been under the care of Mrs. Cotes for many years.

Before the Civil War started the Bronsons were on their way back to Assam. Their daughter, Mary, was there to greet them with her husband, Rev. Cyrus F. Tolman. They looked forward to the days ahead with great expec-

tations. These were soon blasted by the illness of Tolman, who steadily became worse so that only a trip to America could help him.

A Mission Among the Garos

With the eye of the missionary Bronson was studying Assam, meditating and praying for another pioneering task. He had been first to the Nagas. To what other tribe could he be the first missionary? The answer came in the visit of a boy from the Garo hills. The lad had traveled a long distance to ask his question, "Can you tell me if there is a beautiful heaven?" Though but sixteen years of age the Garo youth was seeking God. The Bronsons kept him at their home, taught him the way of life, baptized him, and sent him back to his own people as a messenger of good news.

> The Garos, speaking Tibeto-Burman, are of fiercer fame and a more romantic story than any other tribe [wrote William Carey in his *Garo Jungle Book*]. Nor could any wish for a wilder retreat. For more than a hundred years after the surrounding country had been peaceably settled under British rule, this patch of jungle-covered crags stood out obstinate and defiant, the secret lair and inaccessible fortress of ruthless and dreaded foes. The Garo Hills occupy a commanding position at the entrance to Assam. The position is that of a natural fortress with the great river as its moat. As a den of wild beasts and of still wilder men, the lair was long left alone. Within, the fiercest passions held sway, and gruesome superstitions, such as made the blood of the Bengalis run cold to think of, wrapped them in an atmosphere of ghostly fear.

These fierce and untamed people, known as "head-hunters," now became the objects of Bronson's prayers and of his activities. Dangers and threats meant nothing

to him. It was the appointment of God, and with an undaunted spirit he bravely entered this new mission field trusting in Jesus for victory.

On February 8, 1863, Doctor Bronson baptized two Garo young men, Omed and Rhamkhe. They had been living in the plains; but now that they had given their lives to Christ, they went back to their people, to witness for their Lord. After four years of consistent preaching and teaching these two men had the spiritual joy of seeing forty-seven baptized by Doctor Bronson, who then organized the first Garo church.

On April 17, 1867, Bronson wrote:

> During my whole missionary life, I have never seen anything so wonderful as the work now going on among the tribe of Garos. I set out on the back of the elephant for a new village established by Omed. A crowd was waiting to receive us. There are about forty houses in the village, all clean and orderly. The largest and best house is used for Christian worship. As soon as possible I went to the chapel, which I found crowded with people anxious to hear from me the Word of God. I spoke to them, and it was deeply affecting to me to see their fixed attention and deep interest. It is easy to preach Christ under such circumstances!

The Garos number about one hundred and sixty-four thousand people. Feared by men, they were conquered by the Holy Spirit of God. The fortitude of Bronson has born an abundant harvest Soon after the organization of the Garo church the Foreign Board approved of the opening of this new work; and Rev. I. D. Stoddard was transferred to Goalpara to cultivate the new field. When Sir William Grey, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, heard that Stoddard was going to work among the Garos, he said: "Allow me to advise and warn you. They are

a bloodthirsty set of savages, and deserve extermination. The Government is now considering that question. Be advised, Mr. Stoddard, and go not into the independent Garo territory to lose your head and cause the Government trouble. But success to your mission elsewhere and let me know if at any time I can assist you in any way." Doctor Stoddard thanked Sir William for his kindly interest, but on October 3, 1867, he settled in Goalpara in the Garo country. Doctor Bronson had raised the funds for a bungalow, and he had this home ready for occupancy by the Stoddards when they arrived.

For over four years Bronson had labored during his spare time on an Assamese and English dictionary. In 1867 he reviewed his manuscript for the last time. This work has been a veritable monument to his memory. In reporting his mission for the year 1867, Doctor Bronson said: "I am very glad to have been able to finish my four-years' task on the dictionary. The normal school in Nowgong has flourished under my supervision, and pupils have been in attendance from many parts of the country—Nagas, Mikirs, and Garos, all studying together."

Doctor Bronson was always working on the outposts, always bearing the full shock of the first invasion of the gospel into new territory. "He had a great heart, ready to take in all Assam," wrote Rev. W. Carey, "a strategic mind, quick to see points of vantage, and a will that takes tenacious hold." Year after year he had been faithful at his post of duty, but now the doctor ordered rest.

Years of Sorrow

It had been nine years since the Bronsons had been in America, so they looked forward with eagerness to their

visit as they went on shipboard. On the voyage home Mrs. Bronson had her hip-bone broken when she was thrown to the floor by a sudden lurch of the ship. As soon as they reached New York City the best medical aid was provided, and all seemed well, but only for a short time. Her oldest daughter, Mrs. Tolman, who was now living in Chicago, thought she could help her mother; so Mrs. Bronson went out to stay in Chicago that winter. The injury had shattered her nerves, and her system was filled with fever.

In the spring Doctor and Mrs. Bronson moved back to Madison, New York, her old home. Nothing the family could do stayed the gradual weakening of the sufferer. Finally, blessed relief from pain came, for on September 30, 1869, Mrs. Bronson passed from earth to her home in heaven.

When Doctor Bronson started on his long, lonely journey back to Assam, he took with him his only unmarried daughter Maria. They sailed on December 15, 1869, for Europe. They reached Assam in safety where Bronson again took up his missionary work at Nowgong. Maria sought to help her father in every way possible, and especially watched his physical health.

A few months after his return to Assam Doctor Bronson married Mrs. A. H. Danforth. Rev. and Mrs. Danforth had labored in Assam for several years; but because of sickness they had gone back to America. While they were in the homeland, Mr. Danforth had died; and a few years later his widow had returned to Assam to teach, and labor for the Lord. Now together, Doctor and Mrs. Bronson felt that they could do mighty things for God.

This union of two veteran missionaries seemed to be

full of promise for the Assam field. But Mrs. Bronson's health began to fail slowly, surely. Miss Maria Bronson accompanied her step-mother to Calcutta where she might secure special medical care. Doctor Bronson was going with his wife, but she prevented him, saying, "I came to India to help, not to hinder." Mrs. Bronson stayed in a sanitarium for a while, then the doctors ordered an ocean voyage. Permanent relief from her pain did not come, so she was brought to the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens in Rangoon, where she quietly passed away on February 3, 1874. Only thirty-eight days later, Maria Bronson, his second daughter, suddenly died. Asiatic cholera in its most malignant form had smitten her! When Miss E. W. Brown, Dr. Nathan Brown's daughter, heard of Maria's death, she wrote:

Closed are those eyes of liquid light
In silent unawakening night;
Not e'en a father's anguish now
Can call back life to lips or brow:
Nor the high work her spirit chose
Awake her from this long repose.

Her work is done, on distant shore,
Dear dying eyes seek hers no more;
From home, from kindred far, she kept
Love's vigil till her sufferer slept;
In its last clash the cold hand pressed,
Then laid the sainted to her rest.

* * * *

And let the sound of Sabbath bell
O'er all thy mountain barriers swell,
Till eastward meets the westward wave,
And in far isle and desert cave
That faith be held, that Name be sung
Which knows no bounds of clime or tongue.

Doctor Bronson was now in his sixty-third year. He had gone through the valley of the shadow of death with his loved ones, and with the Psalmist he could testify, "For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Bravely he followed on knowing that "All things work together for good to them who love God."

Last Years

Shortly after his daughter's death he left his bungalow in Nowgong, and began working in Gauhati. Here he married Miss Mary Rankin, who was a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Board. "Like the third wife of Doctor Judson, Mrs. Mary Bronson was much younger than her husband," wrote Mrs. H. B. Gunn. "Still she made a devoted wife, and cared for him so tenderly in his declining years, that his children felt they owed a debt of gratitude to this noble woman."

The English Government was conscious of the fact that missionaries of the Cross through their faithful witnessing for Christ had accomplished in a few years a marvelous transformation among the Garos. Not by the prowess of physical power could these Garos be changed; but they were changed by the gospel of Jesus. That order and education might take the place of superstition and strife, therefore, the Government made a wonderful offer to the Baptist missionaries in the Garo Hills. Through the lieutenant-governor of the province, Sir William Campbell, 5,000 rupees were offered on condition that Tura be made the headquarters, and also that the American missionaries assume the entire educational task of the district. Doctor Bronson and Doctor Stoddard journeyed to Tura to select the ground for a mission compound, and to pre-

pare for the coming of Rev. Nathan G. Phillips to this new field of activity. "Think of the contrast," wrote William Carey, "the officials with the mighty forces of the Empire behind them, yet baffled; and the missionaries armed with nothing but their Christian purpose and the gospel, yet greeted by the Empire as the possible conquerors!" "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

The Garos had a very warm spot in Bronson's heart. He was always glad of an opportunity to visit among them and to preach to them. In his diary he recorded some of his experiences on a trip in March, 1875:

I left Gauhati and my little family to visit the Garo villages and schools. Captain Campbell had placed an elephant at my disposal and another friend furnished a tent and pony, so I started well equipped. I went to Komulpur and Rungiah where I found good schools and many in attendance. The first Sabbath of my tour I spent at a place called Bojali Gam. The native assistants took charge—I had fever again and could not go—and that evening the little church received nineteen persons for baptism. The joy of the new converts cheered me. It is most interesting to see how the work of grace is spreading through these Garo hills, and what a contrast to the time when I first visited them. Then not a ray of gospel pierced the dense darkness, but now the name of Jesus had been proclaimed until the once gloomy hills are basking in the rays of the glorious Sun of righteousness.

In the providence of God this pioneer missionary opened one more new mission station before he was invalided home to America. The English Commissioner was very anxious that a mission be established among the coolies of the tea-gardens of Upper Assam. The Commissioner especially desired that Doctor Bronson inaugurate the new work. In October, 1879, Bronson moved to Di-

brugarh, only sixty miles from Sadiya, and started the mission.

Before Doctor Bronson was able to establish the mission permanently in this new community, he was injured. He had started preaching to the coolies, and visited them in both the tea-gardens and their homes. "While dismounting too hastily from an elephant, he received what proved to be a serious injury," wrote Mrs. Gunn. "He was compelled to seek medical assistance, and at length was advised to hasten to America if he hoped for recovery from the distressing ailment which resulted."

Believing that he would be able to return very soon to Assam, Doctor Bronson embarked with his wife and children for America. After receiving the attention of a specialist he went to Chicago to visit his daughter. Then he determined to settle for awhile in Eaton Rapids, Michigan. Here Sophia, his youngest daughter, lived with her husband who was pastor of the Baptist church.

When the Bronson girls realized the physical condition of their father, and yet his indomitable desire to return to Assam, they knew something must be done. His daughters and their foster-mother bought him a home in Eaton Rapids. Here he spent the last three years of his life.

The May Meetings of 1880 were held in Saratoga Springs, New York. The church at Eaton Rapids sent the old veteran missionary and his wife as their delegates, and paid all their expenses One day, during the meetings, an appeal was made for young men to volunteer for the foreign field. Recruits were needed in the harvest-fields of God! Though there were many young people in the audience no one responded. Silence reigned! Suddenly the missionary veteran sixty-eight years of age, who had

given forty-four years of his life, arose. All eyes turned toward him as with burning enthusiasm he cried: "I am ready; send me, brethren! I am good for ten years more! Do let me go!" Never will those who were present forget that scene. Youth reluctant, hesitating, old age willing, daring!

His strength was too far gone for the Board to send him out again. He returned to his home feeling that his life's work was ended. If there was no more pioneering which he could do then his mission on earth was finished. The tide of his life began to run out!

Ever to the end of his days his mind, his heart, and his soul were filled with Assam. In his delirium his talk was always about Assam. When the last hours of his earthly pilgrimage came his spirit seemed to be wafted to the home in Nowgong.

He was in the familiar chapel holding a farewell service with the little flock of native disciples, of whom he had so long been guide and leader [wrote his daughter, Mrs. Harriette Gunn]. He exhorted them to be stedfast in the faith, and endeavor to bring as many as possible around them to believe in the only true religion. He then extended his hands as if in benediction, and in a short but earnest prayer commended them to the care and keeping of a gracious God. This was his last utterance and act on earth.

A Pioneer for God

Dr. Miles Bronson passed away on November 9, 1883. A missionary in life for forty-four years, he was a missionary in death, as he prayed for these his children in the faith with his dying breath. They buried his earthly tabernacle in the cemetery at Eaton Rapids, after Doctor Stimson had preached the funeral sermon.

When Mr. Neighbor, who had been his associate in Nowgong, heard of Bronson's death, he wrote to his daughter Harriette:

Your honored father did the pioneer work in the Brahmaputra Valley through its whole extent, from Sadiya to Goalpara, among both the Assamese proper and the various hill-tribes. His Assamese dictionary and hymn-book, which, with Dr. Nathan Brown, he compiled, will remain as his monument, and prolong his influence among the churches of the province for many years to come. He gave his long life to Assam, and well deserves to be counted among the best of our missionary pioneers.

To be a prospector for God! To spy out the country, and establish mission stations in new, untouched centers! That was Bronson's great passion. He baptized the first Assamese, the first Mikir, and the first Garo! To claim a new territory for Jesus, to win Assam to the Saviour, was his life's supreme purpose.

VIII

LUKE W. BICKEL

Shepherd of the Inland Sea

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VIII

1. Wonders of the Inland Sea of Japan.
2. Luke W. Bickel—born September 21, 1866, in Cincinnati, Ohio.
3. Early years:
   (1) Moved to Cleveland in 1870.
   (2) Moved to Hamburg, Germany, in 1878.
   (3) Attended Academy in Hamburg.
4. Years as a sailor:
   (1) Was apprenticed in 1884.
   (2) Shipmates admired his Christian character.
   (3) Married Miss Annie Burgess, of Norwich, in 1893.
5. Years in London:
   (1) Worked for the London Baptist Publication Society.
   (2) Offered position of captain of mission ship in Japan.
6. Beginnings in Japan:
   (1) Reached Kobe in May, 1898.
   (2) Funds for the new ship had been given by Mr. R. Allan, of Scotland.
   (3) "Fukuin Maru" was dedicated on September 13, 1899.
   (4) A plan of campaign.
   (5) First stop at Tonosho, on Shozu Island.
7. First term of service:
   (1) A survey of the field.
   (2) First baptisms on April 18, 1903.
   (3) Motor-launch given in 1902.
   (4) Five undershepherds.
   (5) The embodiment of the message.
8. The years, 1913-1917:
   (1) A new and larger Mission Ship built in 1913.
   (2) A ten-months' cruise.
   (3) Ship tied up due to World War from December, 1914, to April, 1916.
   (4) Victory for Christ with 300 church-members and 4,000 Sunday-school scholars.
   (5) Reduction of mission funds due to war.
9. The end of his voyage:
   (1) Died on May 11, 1917.
   (2) Memorial services held in many islands.
10. Captain Bickel, the Shepherd of the Isles of the Inland Sea.

LUKE W. BICKEL

"I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me."—*Galatians 2: 20.*

Captain Luke Bickel was determined to work for ten years without looking for visible results. He had entered upon his missionary task with implicit faith in God. Christianity had been proclaimed for many years in Japan. In all of the large cities there were flourishing missions. His was a virgin territory. He was to go where the missionaries of the cross had never been. His field of service was the Inland Sea of Japan.

Wonders of the Inland Sea of Japan

This large body of water has always beckoned the painter, and the poet. Says Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo in *God's Dynamite:*

On every side rise the shores of verdure-clad islands, their wooded summits crowned with temple or monastery. Terraced gardens cover the hillsides often to the water's edge. The panorama changes moment by moment, new channels appear, island blends into island as contours dissolve and skylines alter. Fishing villages dot the shores, and the smoke of larger settlements is seen. "The honorable Fuji" rises glorious above all, for it is a clear day, and the symmetrical cone of snow shines calm and peaceful in the cloud-flecked sky. The four largest islands of the Japanese Archipelago are Honshu, Kimshu, Shikoku, and Yegu, but it includes about 3,850 islands, large and small, stretching northward and eastward over twenty degrees of latitude.

In his book *Japan on the Upward Trail,* Dr. W. Axling has written of this mission field:

> These islets and islands are scattered in great profusion over a sea sometimes in a rage, more often in repose. Its fame has gone forth to the ends of the earth. Many of the islands rise sheer out of the sea for a thousand feet. Their steep sides, terraced and tiled to the very top, riot in colors that vary with the brown of early spring, the rich green of summer, the gold of autumn, and the dead hues of winter. Here and there an extinct volcano lifts high its head, or a granite peak climbs three thousand feet toward the sky. Everywhere stand the picturesque pines with a charm and beauty all their own.

To this land of beauty, and charm, to this field of romance and story was Captain Bickel commissioned by the Northern Baptists of America. Though surrounded by the wonders of the heavenly Father these islanders knew not God. Though living close to nature, and though being constant recipients of Jehovah's natural gifts, the people to whom Bickel was sent to minister were ignorant of the Lord Jesus.

It was a task big enough to challenge all the hardihood of man. Here were perils of nature! Perils of a dissolute crew! Perils of an impassioned audience! Perils within and perils without! God had chosen Luke Bickel for this work, and with a true humility of surrender, but a courageous trust in his Lord, he answered the Divine call. He never turned back. He never wavered. He remained faithful to the end.

Birth of Luke W. Bickel

He owed much to his Christian parents. Dr. Philip Bickel, his father, was a Baptist minister. When Luke Washington Bickel was born, September 21, 1866, in Cin-

cinnati, Ohio, his father was city missionary of the Ninth Street Baptist Church. Dr. Bickel had labored for many years in Cincinnati; and he had organized the First German Baptist Church of that city. Luke's mother, Mrs. Katherine Clarke Bickel, was a thoughtful, praying woman. She had met Philip Bickel during his student days in Rochester. They were married on February 16, 1857. "Thus began a home life of an ideal beauty in its perfect mutual love and trust and helpfulness," wrote C. K. Harrington.

There were nine children in the Bickel home, and Luke was the fifth one. During his early childhood he had a great deal of sickness. In his second and third years he was so seriously sick that the family physician said to the mother, "Would you be willing, Mrs. Bickel, to return the babe to the keeping of Him who has lent him to you?" Twice the doctor asked the mother that question. The first time she said, "Oh, if he might but be spared to me yet another year." The second time she said: "Last year God heard my petition and has permitted me to keep the child until now. He will again hear me, and still leave the child in my arms."

Early Years

When Luke was four years old the family moved to Cleveland. His father had contracted a throat infection during the Civil War that made it necessary for him to turn his ability to literary pursuits. He moved his family to Cleveland because that was the headquarters of the Publication Society. He secured the establishment of the German Baptist Publication Society. Philip Bickel was made the first president and editor.

In the year of 1878 Dr. P. Bickel and his family crossed the Atlantic and settled in Hamburg, Germany. The call for help had come to America from the Baptist Apostle of Europe, J. G. Oncken. With the assistance of The American Baptist Publication Society Doctor Bickel was able to make the move. Thus, at the age of twelve, Luke, with his brothers and sisters, had the experience of an ocean voyage.

The Bickel home in Germany was an American home. The father had become an American citizen through naturalization. The American flag was always visible in the home; and in many other respects were the customs of American citizens followed.

As Luke grew into young manhood his early physical weaknesses were overcome. He became a rugged and healthy young man. He had enjoyed his studies in America, but when he tried to continue in Germany he found the method of teaching very different. He had been taught from childhood to speak both English and German. As he went on in his schooling he gained a knowledge of French, Spanish, and Dutch.

He attended the Reformed Church Academy in Hamburg. While he was in this Academy he came under the influence of a teacher who was an atheist. This man greatly unsettled Luke. He also began to feel the force of German nationalism and materialism that was becoming so pervasive. This doubting and questioning on the part of their son disturbed the Bickels. They had carefully and prayerfully reared him.

All of his life Luke had been of a religious nature. He had liked to read the Bible and pray. He had enjoyed hearing his father tell his experiences. He believed in his

mother's faith in God. Luke had not surrendered himself to God. He had not been born anew. Old things had not passed away and all things had not become new.

Mrs. Bickel, therefore, wrote a letter to the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society asking the women, when they held their annual assembly, to pray for the conversion of her son. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven," said Jesus. The agreement was made! The promise of Christ was fulfilled! When the women met and prayed in conjunction with the mother, at that very hour Luke was converted. With joy in his heart Luke Bickel was baptized and became a member of the Hamburg Baptist Church.

This virile young man felt the impulse of every newborn soul. He wanted others to know his Lord. He desired to tell his fellow men of the gladness that was in his heart. He sought Christian activity in the mission work for seamen and in the sailor's home.

The city of Hamburg is Germany's great port. Here Luke saw the great ocean liners from the countries of the world. He had always had a love for the sea, and this intercourse with seamen served to whet his appetite. He wanted to ship as a sailor on one of the vessels that he saw daily. His parents were prejudiced against their boy becoming a sailor. Not so much because of the physical dangers, but more because of the moral dangers.

Years as a Sailor

Doctor Bickel tried by various means to persuade his boy to seek other lines of employment. Always would Luke return to his life bent, to be a sailor. Like a re-

leased homing pigeon seeking its home, so Luke would seek the sea. In the year 1884 he began his sailor's life.

Luke was apprenticed for four years on an English merchant sailing-ship. His father had withdrawn all opposition, and with fervent prayer he had helped his son secure this position on the ship. Would his boy be mired by his associates in sin, or would he lift them toward God by his Christian conduct?

It was a real test of the faith that Luke had in God to be thrown into constant contact with men whose mouths were foul and whose lives were coarse. To live daily in the midst of open sin and subtle temptation was a difficult task. Some men sink. Some become Pharisees, and so are ousted from the ship's roster. Still others let their light "so shine before men that they may see their good works, and glorify the Father who is in heaven."

The shipmates of Luke Bickel admired him for the stalwartness of his Christianity. "On one occasion a number of the sailors were gathered on deck talking together, and spicing their conversation with lewd jokes and vile language," wrote C. K. Harrington in his book *Captain Bickel*. "When they saw Bickel coming down they checked each other, saying, 'Hush! Don't use such talk now. Here comes Bickel, and he's a Christian.'"

For ten years Luke Bickel sailed before the mast. In storm and in calm he journeyed, on both the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. He served faithfully and well his entire apprenticeship, and then began to be promoted. When he was twenty-eight years old he had attained to the rank of captain, holding a British Board of Trade certificate as master mariner.

In 1892 Bickel was sailing between London and Mon-

treal. He met in England, on one of his stop-overs, Miss Annie Burgess who had been born in Norwich. The next year they were married and made their home in England's most populous city.

It was a lonely life for the new bride. Her husband was gone most of the time. For her sake Luke Bickel gave up his long voyages across the Atlantic, and sailed only on vessels that traveled around the British Isles. It was a great delight to both of them, however, when the way was open, and Luke could stay home all the time with his wife and his baby Philip.

Years in London

The London Baptist Publication Society was in very great need. The directors of the Society knew of the marvelous work of Dr. Philip Bickel in Germany. Feeling that his son Luke would have some of the father's qualifications they asked him to take charge. It was a new venture to Luke; but it meant staying at home; so he gladly accepted the task and began working at it with much zest and earnestness.

The next four years this seafaring captain lived in London. With rare executive and administrative skill he built up a large and prosperous business for the Publication Society. Every year the extent of the work grew until the Society was serving in an ever-increasing ratio the Baptist churches of Great Britain.

One day, while he was working in his office, he received callers. These people had been to Europe to see his father; and now at Doctor Bickel's suggestion they stopped to interview Luke Bickel. They had come all the way from America. They represented the American

Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. This committee asked Bickel to become a missionary on a floating mission station on the Inland Sea of Japan. He was astonished! He had no seminary training. He never had taken a course in theology.

The call was insistent. The call was of God! The call was eminently fitting to a man of his training and experience. With questioning in his heart Luke Bickel took it all to Him who is all wisdom. What should be his reply? That depended not on his own desire and purpose, but on Divine guidance. His prayer was answered! He was obedient!

Beginnings in Japan

He resigned his secretaryship immediately; and in May, 1898, Luke Bickel, his wife, and his little son reached Kobe, Japan.

The lumber for his ship still stood in the forests or lay water-soaked along the shore at Yokohama [wrote Dr. W. Axling]. His first task was to assemble the timbers, see them through the man-power sawmill, and oversee the construction of his vessel. He also had to battle with the Japanese language. To supervise carpenters and coolies in so important a piece of construction when most of your talking has to be done with hands and feet and facial expression is no easy task, but he saw the material, under his direction, transformed from logs to a spick-and-span schooner. He also acquired a fluency in the use of the baffling Japanese language such as few foreigners attain.

Before going to Japan he had taken a brief course in Spurgeon's college.

Into the making of Captain Bickel there entered the courage, energy, determination, fire, and strength of his German father

[wrote Mr. Harrington], the refinement, delicacy, purity, gentleness and self-forgetful love of his American mother, and the companionship, sympathy, and loving help of his English wife. There went into it the wholesome atmosphere of an ideal Christian home, the bracing discipline of life at sea, the broadening influence of almost world-wide travel, and an experience in lines of Christian work for which the Inland Sea Mission would call. There entered into it, also, silent influences of the Divine Spirit, deep heart experiences of the presence of God.

The task of evangelizing the people who were living on the Inland Sea seemed an unsurmountable one to the Foreign Mission Society. The sea was uncharted. The Society owned no ship. No funds were available for such a large enterprise. Still Dr. R. A. Thomson continued to plead with the Society for these island folks. Though he met with slim encouragement, Doctor Thomson was determined to keep the matter before American Baptists until an attempt was made, at least, to win the islanders to Christ.

In his mission home in Japan Doctor Thomson entertained one day Mrs. Allan, and her son Robert, from Glasgow, Scotland. To these people of means he poured out the desire of his heart concerning the Inland Sea. The seed thus sown brought forth a bounteous harvest. Two years later, through Doctor Thomson, Mr. Robert Allan, the Scottish philanthropist, notified the Foreign Society that he would give the funds to build a Gospel Ship for service in the Inland Sea. The prayers and the hopes of Doctor Thomson were being answered and his plans were being worked out. The money had been given! The vessel was in the process of construction. The man of God's choosing, Luke Bickel, was in Japan ready to be captain of the ship, a missionary in this virgin parish.

In July, 1899, the ship was ready to launch. Every precaution was taken to make it seaworthy. It had a length over all of eighty-five feet; and it had been fitted out with a very cozy cabin for the captain and his family. On September thirteenth the dedicatory service was held, and the ship was called *Fukuin Maru,* the "Ship of the Good News." Mr. Robert Allan said, "The credit for the opening of the work in the Inland Sea belongs absolutely to Doctor Thomson."

Barriers without number seemed to be in the way of the success of this Gospel Ship. In the territory to be traversed was a field of one hundred thousand square miles! Here were 1,500,000 people totally ignorant of the Christian religion! Captain Bickel was not an ordained man! The crew of seven men, who were necessary for the manning of this craft, were a set of ungodly and wicked men! The skipper, Captain Bickel, was not yet familiar enough with the Japanese language to always make himself understood! There were no charts, no lighthouses; and the vessel had to depend entirely upon her sails!

Now that the ship was launched would the Japanese Government permit her to travel on its Inland Sea? The Fukuin Maru lay in the harbor of Hiogo Bay for ten weeks waiting a government permit. Who knew but what this strange white man and his ship were spies of the immense empire of Russia. Finally, permission was granted; and on December 2, 1899, the little white ship flying the Stars and Stripes began her pilgrimage.

Captain Bickel had adopted a plan of campaign, which he immediately sought to put into effect. He said:

(1) We will never go to *any* place in which *any one* of *any* denomination has *any* work. The work shall all be advanced work.

CAPTAIN LUKE W. BICKEL
Shepherd of the Inland Sea

(2) We will go to *every* place on *every* island, and persist in Christian effort until by general consent of the people the vessel and its message are welcome. (3) While giving honor to whom honor is due we will bear in mind at all times that the gospel is for all men alike, irrespective of class distinctions. (4) After insuring a welcome, to divide the islands into groups. Stationing an evangelist in each group, make him responsible for all work carried on in his group. (5) To insist that the number of paid workers in a given district be limited, and upon the duty of every believer to bear a share in the work of spreading the gospel by personal activity of some kind.

The island of Shozu was the first stop of the Mission Ship. Tonosho was the chief community on the island, and here the captain began his active labors. These islanders welcomed the coming of this white skipper. They listened with interest to his strange story. Tonosho later became one of the five centers of work.

First Term of Service

At first Captain Bickel wanted to survey his field. In three months, therefore, he visited thirteen islands and spoke in over fifty places. He encountered obstacles everywhere. The task of guiding the vessel safely against the tide and the winds was a big one in itself. Then, when he did land, sometimes there was a high hill to climb and long journeys to be made on foot. Once the destination was reached rebuff and sullen suspicion would greet him. Bravely he carried on. He said, when he drew up anchor for this maiden voyage of the ship. "Ten years without visible results, if God wills."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Captain Bickel and his wife never doubted God. They had sacrificed their quiet home in England for

this life on the sea. He who had summoned them to the task had promised protection, guidance, and support. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

The impossible things in man's plans become the possible in God's purposes. All the overwhelming difficulties were overcome. All the baffling problems were mastered. Mountains were scaled! Islanders were converted! Through the channel of the consecrated lives of the skipper and his wife the grace of God flowed to the benighted people of the Inland Sea!

In the captain's log is the story of the conversion of one of his sailors, Kida Etaro:

> He joined the ship at the beginning, and with the rest led an evil life; gambled, squandered, thieved, lied and what! The skipper prayed, and waited, and prayed again. A change came. Kida Etaro changed. Others seemed to change too, but this man certainly *did*. He first, then the others, asked for baptism.

Then, four months later, on April 18, 1903, in his log the captain wrote:

> The Mission Ship is snug in a wee, landlocked harbor on a sunny, laughing day. Friends come down, and all hearts are glad. A hymn of praise is sung, a prayer ascends. A moment's solemn hush, in which we feel that God is near, and then—"In the name of the Father, the Son"—comes the voice of the officiating missionary on the still air, and the first converts from the Mission Ship are buried in the baptismal waters of the very sea on which they lived their evil lives.

The skill of Captain Bickel's seamanship was tested many times. On his very first trip he was caught in a storm so severe that it was impossible for him to leave the helm, and for an entire week he did not take off his clothes. There were nights that were wild, and the

typhoon gales would strike the ship; but through it all Bickel trusted in Him who in times past had said, " Peace, be still." Other nights and days the Gospel Ship would be caught in dangerous channels; and only by constant alertness and rare courage did the vessel reach its desired haven.

The prowess of this Christian skipper was tested not only in the storms of nature, but also in the storms of men. In the village of Setoda on the island of Ikuchi every man signed a pledge not to lend his house for a Christian meeting. In other places children would cry out at him, " foreign fool," " child thief," and " Christian pig." Sometimes these outcries were incited by the heathen priests who were afraid this Christian missionary would secure their followers. " The real fight was with the silent suspicion," wrote Harrington, " the deep-rooted prejudices, the love of the old heathen customs; with long-standing habits of thought, and with human ignorance and depravity and inertia."

The endurance and the capacity for work displayed by Bickel was enormous. In his first year he visited over sixty islands, preaching in 400 towns and villages, and touching at least 40,000 people with the everlasting message of redemption. He had responded to the call with his life; and he was determined to reach every islander possible with the story of the love of God.

In 1902 Mr. Robert Allan gave a twenty-five foot motor-launch to go with the Ship. This saved Bickel thousands of steps. It made it possible to go in the launch to many places that were beyond his reach except by weary marches. Still the desire of Bickel's heart was not met.

When the Fukuin Maru was built Bickel had wanted it

equipped with engines. Now, after six years of labor, of depending on the wind, and the tide, auxiliary engines were placed in the vessel. Mr. Allan made this very necessary improvement possible by his liberal gift in 1905. Now, the mission ship could be taken to a desired port irrespective of the wind.

With faith undaunted, and with irresistible purpose Bickel labored on. Was he refused admission? Then would he return again and again that he might sow the gospel seed. Did he meet with open hostility, or bristling enmity? Then did he pray the more that the Holy Spirit might convict of sin and lead all into newness of life.

Such stupendous activities always bring results! Such trust in the saving grace of the Lord Jesus always brings surrender! Such unfaltering courage in the midst of obstacles always produces victory! "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree: and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree," is the promise of the Lord that was fulfilled in the ministry of Bickel.

Always was he planning for the future. Always was he alert. The evangelizing of the islanders must ultimately be accomplished by Christianized islanders. Like every true leader of men Bickel perceived that he must deputize and train the men who would become leaders. In his plan of having five districts in his territory and a man over each district, he realized that he must select these undershepherds and teach them their tasks.

Mr. K. Toda was put in charge of the Southwestern Division of the far end of the Inland Sea. Several times he had been behind bars as a political prisoner. One day, however, in bodily need, he went to a home of a former friend who led him to Christ. Ito Menosuke was

made pastor of the Fukuin Maru Baptist Church. He could truly say with the Psalmist, " He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; and he set my feet upon the rock, and established my goings." Ito San became one of the most loved of all the Japanese evangelists under the tutelage of Captain Bickel.

In like manner were the other leaders redeemed by the blood of Jesus and trained for their task by the Mission skipper. Broad and deep was he laying the foundation of his work. Thoughtfully he planned, and prayerfully he purposed his entire program of activity. With it all he was tireless. " Instant in season and out of season, always abounding in the work of the Lord." In the *Japanese Evangelist* Rev. F. C. Briggs wrote:

> The evangelists gradually noticed that the captain worked three hours to their one; that he always carried the heavy stereopticon and gas tank on his back, and gave them a little bundle of tracts or the lantern; that he was always planning for their comfort and never for his own; and it came to be realized that instead of a hard taskmaster he was a splendid leader, and earnest workers became proud to follow him.

No other one thing made such a deep impression on these island folks as did the captain himself. He was the embodiment of his message. His loving tenderness with little children impressed them all. His courtesy toward all women was a revelation. His gracious dealings with all men left an abiding impression. He believed in the words that he spoke! Day by day, month following month, and year after year his life was the truth that most of all broke down prejudice and overcame suspicion. He became known everywhere as the " Jesus-man! "

" The Japanese are knit together by a few underlying

principles of far-reaching worth, among which are loyalty, the capacity for self-sacrifice, and the enthronement of knightly honor as the supreme rule of life," said Viscount K. Ishii. These qualities were evidenced daily in the life of the Mission Ship skipper. Due to the fact that he was admired and loved by all who really knew him, they looked to him as their friend. They confided in him. With all the ruggedness of his life he was very tender.

As a true missionary he sought and won the affections of children. He established Sunday schools everywhere possible. In Tonosho, where he had begun his first work, he started his first Sunday school in 1901. By the end of a decade there were 50 Sunday schools and over 3,000 pupils on the various islands.

Just as the Captain had a plan for his extensive campaign; so he had outlined a system for the actual presentation of the gospel in each village. Just as soon as the Fukuin Maru anchored, Captain Bickel and the Japanese evangelist landed.

They first went to the village office, to pay a visit of courtesy, and perhaps make enquiry as to whose house may be suitable for the proposed evening meeting [wrote C. K. Harrington]. For as a rule the meetings must be held in private houses. To find a house spacious enough to accommodate a large part of the local population, and convenient of access, and then to persuade the head of the family to lend his rooms to the Jesus teachers for a meeting was not always easy, but was occasionally impossible. In such cases a meeting might be held by daylight in the open air, some tracts distributed, the work of the vessel explained, some simple truths of Christianity proclaimed. If a house was secured, the next step was to advertise the meeting, which was done when possible by going in person from door to door through the entire village. The meeting would be without singing, Scripture reading or prayer, as these would be unintelligible to the audience,

a waste of time, and a hindrance rather than a help. This being the first meeting its purpose is to introduce the Mission Vessel, remove prejudices against Christianity, and present certain elementary truths of the Gospel. A roll of maps, charts, and pictures is hung up in the best-lighted part of the room, among which is a map of the world showing the areas where the several chief religions prevail; a chart showing the number of adherents of these religions, the number of languages into which the Christian Scriptures have been translated and the yearly output of Bibles, and facts of that nature; some pictures from Sunday-school rolls illustrating the truths presented. The audience is seated on the floor, on the mats, as close together as they can sit for comfort. All listen seriously and respectfully. After the address the audience is invited to visit the vessel. A number of the older people will remain for conversation, and it is nearing midnight when the workers pick their way back to the beach.

Thus village after village was visited. In this way the seed of truth was sown. The captain continued to lead, accepting every hardship and meeting it with whole-hearted consecration. Whatever rebuff he encountered it never soured him. He seemed to be immune to everything. After a year of such tremendous activity his health began to show signs of the strain. He had to spend some weeks in the Sanitarium at Kobe to regain his vigor.

Time and time again the strain would tell on the Christian skipper, and he would have to seek restoration. He had brought to his mission a body that had developed marvelously due to his years before the mast. These positions of missionary, organizer, executive, and skipper told on him, in mental exhaustion, bodily weakness, and spiritual anxiety.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Captain Bickel's remarkable story, and certainly the most touching feature thereof, was the sustained triumph of the ardour of his spirit over the

weakness of his body [said Mr. Harrington]. Believing that God had chosen him to bring the gospel to the Islands, he brushed aside the oft-repeated medical advice to lay down the work, preferring rather to die at his task than to abandon it. And with shaking body and clenched teeth he kept at it, the indomitable spirit driving the nerve-racked and suffering body to constant exertion, even when for months his sleep did not average two hours in the twenty-four.

In 1911 Captain Bickel sailed for America. He took with him his wife, his son, and his daughter. Eagerly and gladly the Baptists thronged to hear from his own lips the story of his adventures. His was a colorful task and it attracted attention everywhere. When people offered him money for his special work he said: "Mine is a spectacular work, and it is blessed, while men in our own mission toil on unnoticed. I cannot accept money to extend my work while the other work stands still for lack of funds. There is one way to support me, and that is to support the entire mission work throughout the world of the Board I represent."

The Years 1913–1917

When Captain Bickel returned to Japan he became his own contractor and overseer for a new mission ship. By June, 1913, it was launched. In every way the new vessel was more according to his original ideas. It was about twice the size of the earlier ship. An assembly-room was arranged which could accommodate one hundred people. Extra cabins were also provided for the evangelists.

No sooner had the second Fukuin Maru been dedicated than the captain started on a ten-months' cruise. The endurance of this skipper missionary was more than ever evident with this speedier ship. On this journey he covered

3,500 miles in actual sailing. Even that was not enough for this man of grit and determination. He guided the ship out into the Pacific Ocean in order that he might carry the gospel of the Son of God to these Deep Sea Isles.

With this new ship, which had double the speed of the old one, much more could be accomplished. Longer journeys could be made. Closer touch could be kept with each district. More direct contact could be had with each mission field. Then came the war!

Before the opening of the World War a very wonderful tribute was given to Captain Bickel. In Doctor Lerrigo's book *God's Dynamite* the story is related:

> Captain Bickel lived Christ. Read the conversation between the captain and one of his crew, a recent convert: "My lad, there is a man ashore to whom I want you to take this Bible. You know him. Will you take it," "No, no, captain. He does not need that." "But why not, lad?" "It is too soon, captain. That is your Bible, and thank God it is mine too now, but it is not his Bible." "What do you mean by that?" "Why just this. He has another Bible. You are his Bible. He is watching you. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live Christ, so Christ is revealed to him." But Captain Bickel did not fail. Christ lived and walked in him as he took that long, rapid, tireless stride over the hills on many an itinerating tour. Fifty thousand people were preached to regularly. Three thousand five hundred were enrolled in 52 Sunday schools. Church-members in more than 400 settlements.

Soon after the outbreak of the World War, in December, 1914, the Mission Ship was tied up. The German name of the captain militated for several months against the ship's sailing. Even though he did fly an American flag that might be a camouflage. He might be a German spy! For sixteen months the Jesus ship lay in the haven of Muya-no-Ura with the captain under constant surveil-

lance. It was a glorious day when in April, 1916, the white-winged messenger of peace on earth and good-will among men was permitted to again traverse the Inland Sea.

Everything seemed favorable now for a large advance in every way. The captain's health was improved, due to the rest he had had from itinerating work. People everywhere were eager to listen to the message of redeeming love. The sailors on the mission ship were all Christians. On island after island there were many homes eager to entertain the skipper. Not only were the Japanese evangelists proving their worth, but in many places competent workers had been developed who could do the necessary tasks. Out of the denseness of heathenism and superstition God had called from these people of Liu Chiu Islands a group to be his own.

What a change had been wrought by the gospel of Jesus! There were three hundred baptized believers, all of whom were members of the Fukuin Maru Church although they lived on the various islands of this Sea. Over four thousand were enrolled in the different Sunday schools. In all the islands which the gospel ship visited there were many people who were friendly to the work, and who were almost persuaded to be Christians.

There was a Japanese evangelist whom the captain called "Old Pilgrim's Progress." He had been converted in the city of Osaka when he was sixty-seven years old. Just as soon as he became a child of God he had a desire to go back to his old island home and tell his neighbors and friends of his new-found joy. He was an ignorant coolie, but with the love of Jesus in his heart he was determined to witness for his Lord. This man, Ode was his name,

could not write, he could read but little, and he could not speak very distinctly. Through the grace of God this old man became a marvelous winner of souls.

Sacrificial service was the dominant note in his life [wrote Captain Bickel]. He sought opportunity to serve the sick, the aged, and the poor, though he had nothing to offer except the love of his heart and the labor of his empty wrinkled hands. His only explanation was, "It is just to prove my love." Though the unfortunate man might be a stranger, Ode always insisted, "But he is my brother."

As the Fukuin Maru sailed from island to island her visits became more and more of an event to these lonely, isolated people. One of the things that was a constant wonder to these simple people was the cabin of the ship, and also the mistress, Mrs. Bickel. Except in the wild and stormy winter months she and the children accompanied the captain on all his voyages. When, by the invitation of the captain, the islanders would come on board the ship, Mrs. Bickel would always open all the rooms and with true Christian courtesy and hospitality would welcome them to her home.

The years of war are always years of hardship on the world's mission fields. People become so engrossed in the battles of bloodshed that little time is left to think and pray for the coming of the Spirit of God to the millions of unsaved. As the World War grew in scope and in horror, the missionary treasury of the Northern Baptists became impoverished. Work could not be continued in the same way during 1915-1916 as it had been. There must be a cut! The Foreign Mission Society had no right to plan an expenditure greater than its prospective income. All along the far-flung battle-line of the Kingdom came

the message that the budget for each mission station would be reduced. The expenditures on the Inland Sea empire must be curtailed. No sooner had the captain adjusted his work to this request, than a year later there came again the same thing. Another cut! Where?

Captain Bickel had already saved in every way possible. He was now putting into the Mission his income except his own bare expenses. With prospects of a bounteous harvest, with invitations coming in to preach in many heretofore closed villages, he must retrench! His soul was in travail these days! To see the promised land of glorious victory for the cause of his Lord just ahead; and then to receive word that there was another shortage in funds! It was too much! American Baptists surely would rise in the strength of the Lord and in the name of Jesus, and claim the land that was theirs for the sake of the blessed Master and Head of the Church!

The End of the Voyage

In February of 1917 the captain was laid prostrate by sickness. Before he had thoroughly recovered he arose and went about his work, driving his body by the force of his indomitable will. The annual meetings of the Fukuin Maru Church were to be held in April, and he was very desirous of making the attendance as large as possible. He went from island to island picking up the church people here and there, and bringing them all in the gospel ship to Tonosho where the meetings were to be held. In the holy fellowship of believers in Christ they gathered to honor their Lord and Saviour, and to plan for the future.

After the meetings were over Captain Bickel went to Kobe to receive medical attention. " His was the pace that

kills," wrote Doctor Axling of the skipper. "The long night watches, the wearing walks across fields and mountains, the unstinted pouring out of life in selfless service, the passionate struggles for the souls of men, all began to tell on even the captain's strong frame. At length only his will and unflinching spirit kept him at his post."

A slight operation was performed. All seemed to promise quick recovery. The captain, however, did not rally as the doctors had hoped. His strong constitution had been weakened by recurring attacks of sickness from which the captain had never taken sufficient time for recovery. "A subtle poison was in his blood that baffled the doctor's skill," says Mr. Harrington. "Septic peritonitis and septic pneumonia they called it, for which the *materia medica* contained no remedy."

The pilot of his soul was calling the pilot of the mission ship to his eternal home. The voyage to the home prepared was made on May 11, 1917, under the guidance of Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. The schooling of earth was over, and the freedom of heaven was his. The day of promotion had come.

Two days later the funeral service of this beloved man was held in Kobe. Doctor Thomson spoke in behalf of the American Baptists; and Pastor Yoshikawa for the Japanese. "The captain's death will be the seed of the *Fukuin Maru* Church," said the Japanese pastor. "Ah! let us keep in memory his toil and pain of nineteen years, storm-beaten and rain-drenched, enduring in his body the buffeting of winds and waves, in the navigation of his vessel and in his spirit the buffeting of stormy passions of human hearts, as he sought to bring to men the gospel of Love."

Memorial services were held in many places in Japan

soon after this; but chief of them all was the one held in Setoda where the island people gathered.

Over six hundred Japanese had gathered to honor the one who had once been, to their prejudiced eyes, a man to be despised and hated because of his religion; but whose intense earnestness to help them in every way in things both small and great, in matters of both body and spirit, had through the years melted the blind prejudices, till they had come to see and respect the Christ spirit revealed in his quiet, persistent, self-sacrificing service [wrote Rev. Mr. Briggs in reporting the service]. This very town of Setoda, which eighteen years ago agreed in council to refuse to let the captain a house, today has its streets cleaned in preparation for the memorial service, and sends its mayor, its chief of police, and its principal of schools, with carefully written messages of sympathy and respect. The one thing I am eager to write about is *the spirit of the funeral.* Of course a funeral is a place of mourning, but though at Captain Bickel's death I lost my closest and dearest personal friend, I came away from the services not mourning and despondent, but enthused, strengthened, inspired. It was the triumph of his spirit over the incident of his death that made his funeral a call for volunteers for the firing-line; that put new enthusiasm for a life of self-sacrifice into every heart. Said one island Christian, "The captain's death is to be the seed of a mighty revival in the Inland Sea."

Dr. J. F. Franklin, of the Foreign Mission Society, has written:

In him were found the gifts and graces that make truly great missionaries, and which won for him the high place he held in the affection of missionaries of every denomination and in the confidence of Japanese of every class. He lived in closest fellowship to those to whom he ministered. "To minister and not to be ministered unto" was a passion of his life.

What a tribute to a man that he had so shown his religion in daily life that his death should be counted a vic-

tory! "His passing in 1917 after twenty years of service was that of a victor," said Dr. W. Axling. "Men sang as they wept. Through tears, they raised their voices in praise."

When Rev. C. K. Harrington wrote the last few lines in his biography of Captain Bickel he summed up the character of the skipper:

Captain Bickel was a man of marked natural ability. Swift and sure was he in thought and movement, sound in judgment, tireless in effort, a man to bring things to pass. When problems of mission policy were to be solved none surpassed him in keenness of analysis and in practical wisdom. He was master of the art of speech. His style is quite inimitable; fresh, breezy, with a tang like that of a wind from the salt sea. Captain Bickel was a man of deep piety, and the fountains of his strength were in the Almighty. One could not be in his company without realizing he was a man of God. He walked with God, and to him God was an inseparable Friend and Helper. Captain Bickel was genuinely humble, as is the way with the spiritually strong. He lived close to him who was meek and lowly in heart. Above all, Captain Bickel's work was done with a heart of love. He was conspicuous for his kindly spirit and thoughtfulness for others. His life radiated kindness as a lamp radiates light. It is the love of Christ, glowing through the heart of the captain, and showing in all the work of the vessel, that has won the love of the Islanders, and with that the Islanders themselves.

In the cemetery in Kobe, Japan, are buried some missionaries awaiting the first resurrection.

Doctor Rhees, Mrs. Mary Hawley Briggs, Captain Bickel, and Mrs. Scott lie buried overlooking the sea which separated them from their own land [wrote H. Watanabe in an article entitled "The Tombs of the Saints," in the issue of July, 1921, of *Gleanings*]; the sea which carried the captain on his mission of service to the islands where no man before him had ever told of the

neighborly love of Jesus Christ; the sea whose restless rolling waves remind one of the unceasing, restless activity of the captain in his endeavor to accomplish the work that had been given him to do on the islands of the Inland Sea.

Over the skipper's grave is a stone slab brought in its natural state from Shozoshima where the captain had opened work years before. Carved in the stone are these words:

In Loving Memory

Luke Washington Bickel

Sailor-Missionary Fukuin Maru

Died at Kobe, May 11, 1917
Safe in Port

Erected by his friends Japanese and Foreign

He planted the seed of the undying, imperishable Word of God. With fidelity he preached Christ, taught Christ, and lived Christ. He earned his title, " Shepherd of the Isles of the Inland Sea."

IX

ANDREW YOUNG

Missionary to Africa and to China

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IX

1. Andrew Young—born 1869, at Crossdykes, Scotland.
2. His home and school:
   (1) Parents were active Christians.
   (2) Graduated from Langholm Academy.
3. Missionary preparation:
   (1) Felt the urge to go to Congoland.
   (2) Spent two years in an office in Glasgow, Scotland.
4. Went to Africa in 1890 under the Congo-Balolo Mission.
5. At work in Congo with headquarters at Matadi:
   (1) A transport missionary.
   (2) Tireless in his activities.
   (3) Attacked by tropical fever.
   (4) Growing desire to become a medical missionary.
6. Years in Great Britain:
   (1) To medical college in Glasgow.
   (2) In three different hospitals.
7. To China under the Baptist Missionary Society in 1905.
8. First term of service in Shensi:
   (1) Began work in the hospital at Sianfu.
   (2) Married Dr. Charlotte Murdoch, in 1907.
   (3) Attended the Centenary Mission Conference in Shanghai, in 1907.
   (4) Traveled much, healing and preaching.
   (5) Started the hospital at San Yuan, in 1910.
   (6) The Chinese Revolution of 1911-1912.
9. In England in 1913:
   (1) Deputation work.
   (2) Back to China, without rest, because of sudden death of two missionaries.
10. Last years:
   (1) Growth of the work.
   (2) Visit to America in 1916.
   (3) New hospital at Sianfu.
   (4) Back to San Yuan.
11. Died in China on April 29, 1922.
12. Known to his colleagues as "Saint Andrew."

ANDREW YOUNG

"I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound: in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."—*Philippians 4: 12, 13.*

When those around him suffered Andrew Young suffered with them. He felt intensely the sorrows, and the heartaches of his fellow men. He made the ills of others his own. He wanted to relieve the pain. He desired to stop the disease. He sought in every way possible to ease the burden. He pointed men to his Saviour who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Birth

Andrew had been taught from earliest childhood to obey the Golden Rule. Every day, as a boy, he had heard the Bible read and prayer offered. His father, Mr. George Young, was a member of the North United Free Church. When his son was but thirteen, George Young, was ordained as an elder in the church.

It was to his mother, Mrs. Hannah Young, that Andrew owed the most. It was from her that he received his sympathetic nature and his love for folks. The sincerity of her character and the Christlikeness of her daily life made an indelible impression on her thoughtful, sensitive son.

Home and School

Of these Christian parents Andrew Young was born in 1869 on a farm at Crossdykes, in Hutton and Carrie, Scotland. When he was only three years old the family moved to Langholm. In this village of Scotland Andrew grew into young manhood. "The parish church, the school, the library, and the famous mills gave the town a full and varied life," wrote J. C. Keyte. "And it was extremely Scotch."

As Andrew grew into young manhood some of the characteristics for which he was known later began to manifest themselves. He was a boy of strong physique. He guarded well his body, and built into his daily life habits of health that were of inestimable value on the foreign field. As a lad he displayed an unusual sense of humor. This he cultivated; and when a problem of large proportions had to be solved in Africa or China, he could always see the humorous side. Many a weighty and tremendous task was lightened with this ability. He was a boy of rare tenacity. Once he entered the list to accomplish something he never quit until the work was finished. With it all, he was very studious and thoughtful. He was the head of his class in the Langholm Academy. He constantly sought books for reading and study. Sometimes he would be dreamy as he tried to imagine and visualize all the things of which he had read.

Missionary Preparation

In the atmosphere of such a Christian home, and with his marked tendencies of mind and heart it was most natural that Andrew's thoughts should turn more and

more to the life of a missionary. He wanted to go to the Congo! He felt that his call was very definite for service on the Continent of Africa. With unflinching determination he began to prepare himself for his life's mission.

The extent of Andrew Young's experience had been his home, the school, the church, and the small community of Langholm. He had lived an isolated and sheltered life. During all his formative years his Christian father and mother had been his constant guides and counselors. He felt that if he intended to equip himself to be an industrial missionary he needed to know the world of business. At the age of eighteen he went to the city of Glasgow.

This city was his home for the next two years. He secured a position as a stenographer and an accountant with a large shipping concern. The lessons learned during these years were priceless to Andrew Young in later life. Always unusually observant by nature, he stored in his memory many lessons in business administration.

To Africa Under the Congo-Balolo Mission

When he was twenty-one the opportunity came for which he had prayed and hoped. The Congo-Balolo Mission wanted a layman to go to Tunduwa. This Mission was desirous of securing a man of considerable organizing and executive ability, one who would really superintend all their transportation to the interior of Africa. Young volunteered to go. He was accepted; and after a week at Cliff College he embarked for Africa.

Before him were six years of service on Africa's West Coast. Only the dread fever was able to drive him back to England. He went out alone. He went to Congo without any professional training. With the virility of his

young manhood he started to give himself for the unsaved of Africa.

From the very first he impressed his colleagues with his love for the Word of God.

> By his thirty-fifth year he must have so absorbed the actual text of the English Bible that for a comparison of passages any system of transcribing and parallelism was superfluous [wrote J. C. Keyte, in his book *Andrew Young*]. Nor was it only the text. The main outlines of religious development in the Scriptures were clear in his mind. That he himself owed much to such teachers as A. T. Pierson, Campbell Morgan, D. L. Moody, and others, he would gladly acknowledge, but it was always because he saw in them fellow delvers into the rich fields of Scripture.

Jesus Christ, his personal Saviour, fascinated, enthralled, and controlled Andrew Young. He believed in him with all his whole being. He was fully persuaded that if the heathen world could really see Jesus in all of his ineffable glory, if mankind could really know Jesus as the Friend of Sinners, if he could so incarnate in his own life the truths of the gospel of Jesus, then the unsaved would turn to the Saviour! "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

At Work with Headquarters at Matadi

The headquarters of the Congo-Balolo Mission had been located in Tunduwa; but with the coming of Young to be transport missionary, the plan was to move the headquarters to Matadi. As there was no house ready for him at Matadi, Young made his home in Tunduwa for a while. Every day he walked the distance of four miles between the two towns. Sometimes this tramping was done when the thermometer registered 110 degrees. He must not only

supervise constantly the house construction at Matadi, but he must also keep the carriers busy. Young wrote home at this time: "Under these circumstances, I think, in transport work one needs a double share of grace to keep up one's spiritual life. May he enable me so to deal with these men as to impress them favorably by the religion I profess."

Baptist missions outnumber all other missions on the Congo. In Tunduwa, Young came into intimate contact with the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society of England. The American Baptists had a representative in Matadi. With the spirit of men engaged in a similiar undertaking these missionaries worked together to build God's Kingdom in Africa.

Two great purposes began to dominate Young's life: He wanted to know the language of these people of the Congo well enough so that he could teach them, without the assistance of an interpreter, the way of eternal life. He desired to minister to the physical needs of the many sufferers of the Congo. Everywhere he journeyed he saw the havoc of disease. Wherever he went he was impressed with the necessity of the missionary's knowing how to prescribe medicine for the sick. Surely, the heart of Africa would open, and the way would be unobstructed to that man who could heal her physical ills!

The heat of the tropical sun did not deter Andrew Young from his manifold activities. Nor did he need any spur to arouse him to do his best. He entered every avenue of service. He neglected no opportunities of telling the story of Jesus. He soon realized the danger that besets the life of every missionary. He is called on so much, to do so many things, that he is apt to neglect the

holy place in his own life. Being aware of that menace to his own soul's welfare, Andrew Young arose earlier than usual that he might spend more time in his own devotions. This habit he continued during the rest of his life.

One of the problems of the Congo country was drink. The European traders had brought with them into Africa their liquor. The wholesale use of this liquor by the natives in exchange for their own products caused a blight to come on every community where it was sold. It pained Andrew Young very much that the Belgian Government permitted this traffic to continue. Only sorrow and ruin could be the harvest of such seed-sowing.

Never did he permit the material side of his ministry to turn him from the spiritual message which he had come to Africa to deliver. Whatever the particular task was that needed to be done he always presented the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of men. When the railroad came to Matadi, he was busier than ever with his various duties. He sought out the employees of the railroad company to preach to them. When they moved the shops four miles up the Mposo River, it was Young that followed them that he might continue to preach to these railroad builders.

The inertia of the churches at home was appalling to this missionary. With the mission fields of the world open and waiting a glorious advance, the missionaries were finding it well-nigh impossible even to hold the frontiers already taken. "When the members of the church think that the sum total of their duty is not to get under an able and eloquent minister," wrote Andrew Young in a letter to a friend at home, "but that they are bought with the precious blood of Christ in order that their whole life may be devoted to the furthering of his cause, then when such

ANDREW YOUNG, M. D.
Missionary to Africa and China

is the attitude of the church, will the Kingdom of Jesus be rapidly extended."

Dr. H. Guinness, who was the director of the Congo-Balolo Mission, came to Tunduwa in May, 1891, to hold a conference of all the missionaries. He visited each station of the Mission; and made a survey of the Congo territory with a view to planning the line of advance. It was during his visit that Young made one of his "forced marches" for which he afterwards became so noted, both in Africa and in China. He covered one hundred and ten miles in two days, a feat seemingly impossible then! Only a person of tireless energy and of grim determination would even attempt such a walking expedition.

After living a few months on the Congo Young understood why Congoland was known as "the White Man's Grave." This fever-infested country was deadly to the Europeans. In December, 1891, Mr. McKittrick, who was the head of the Congo-Balolo Mission, died of the hæmaturic fever. On the nineteenth of the same month Mr. Luff died at Stanley Pool. In the spring of the following year Young was attacked with the same disease, and it almost proved fatal to him. He had thought himself immune; but he was so sick that three missionaries watched over him expecting every minute he would die. "Their prayers and their work made it possible for me to get through," testified Young when he was convalescing.

It was several weeks before Young was able to do his mission tasks. He spent part of the time at Mukimvika seeking health. He made full use of these days in familiarizing himself with the books on medicine that Doctor Guinness had left him. He had already received a medicine chest from home. He had resolved that in so far as

he was able he would minister to the needs of the native Africans. Healing in his name! Teaching for his sake! Preaching his gospel! Living for Jesus! All these things Young did that the Kingdom of God might come in Africa.

When Young returned to his station at Matadi he was able to talk fluently in the Fioto language. He was now preaching every day. Transportation tasks were put secondary to his evangelistic work. He had a passion for souls. He desired these black men saved. His ardent devotion to Jesus caused him always to seek the lost.

It was necessary for Young to do a great deal of traveling. He had to visit the various stations of the Mission. Sometimes he would go on The Pioneer, the small vessel that the Mission owned on the Upper Congo. Most of the time he walked from station to station. His daily tramps were so long that no African could keep up with him.

New stations were started at various times, and it was necessary for Young, as transport missionary, to establish connections. Dangers lurked in the African bush. Wild animals abounded, and at times these would attack with dire ferocity. Hostile tribes must be met. With valor and courage did Young continue on until he was again attacked by the hæmaturic fever. This time his constitution found it harder to throw off the weakening influence of the disease. He had labored so abundantly that his strength was sapped. "Nothing but an ocean voyage and rest at home will restore him," the doctor said.

Young embarked for England and home as soon as he was able to travel. While he was in England he discussed the problems of the Mission with Doctor Guinness. He told Guinness of his desire to go to a medical college that

he might become a medical missionary. Doctor Guinness urged Young to return to the Congo as transport missionary. He brought to his attention the value of this service. Somewhat reluctantly Young returned to Matadi without the training in medicine that he so much coveted.

It was July, 1894, when Young reached Banana, at the mouth of the Congo. He went into the interior of Africa, to Lukunga, which is one hundred and eighty miles beyond Matadi. This had been a station of the Congo-Balolo Mission; and now in the desire of the Mission to pierce even farther into the interior the headquarters were moved to Lukunga.

During the first few weeks at Lukunga Young found his spiritual strength tried to the utmost. Day after day he preached, week after week he taught, and still the natives seemed as untouched as when he started. Ignorance, superstition, and vice were enemies of serious mien to this pure-hearted and thoughtful missionary. His own soul became a battle-ground for warring ideas! In all of the turmoil Young clung to his Lord. "What a blessed thing that through whatever varieties of experience one may pass, and however one's feelings may change," Young said, "Jesus always remains the same, unchanging, unchangeable in his affection."

With the beginning of 1895 Young was not only doing his own work, but he was also carrying on for Doctor Jackson of the American Baptists. The medical side of his work thus loomed large again; and the unfulfilled longing of his life to fit himself to be a medical missionary began again to spur him to train for this task.

"On his twenty-sixth birthday he wrote that his parish was thirty miles in diameter," reported J. C. Keyte, "and

involved long marches, generally going at top speed, to cover all his church and medical work." Young never spared himself. He was always a pioneer for God! He ever sought new opportunities for service! He journeyed to Matadi in October in one of his forced marches; and again hæmaturic fever seized him. He was so fatigued in mind and body that the dread disease raged through his system. Tenderly his friends placed him on a vessel bound for England hoping and praying for his welfare.

Years in Great Britain

When his fellow missionaries put Young on the boat they thought that he would never be able to return to the Congo. Eight months later, however, Young was on his way to Africa. This sturdy Scotchman had survived the fever that had slain many a white man; and he took up his work with his accustomed vigor. On his journeys he still walked many miles. He began to realize, however, that even his splendid physique was unable to withstand the tropical fevers, so he tried to conserve himself somewhat.

The return to Lukunga had been made too soon. He was trying to do the work of three men. Doctor Jackson was still in America, Mr. Hoste had been invalided home to the United States. Besides his own varied duties Young sought to carry on all the work of the American Baptists at this station. It was too much! Weakened by repeated attacks of fever, strength of body, mind, and soul constantly used to the utmost, nerves taut all the time, the hæmaturic fever found him an easy victim. He was sent back to England sick for the third time in two years. The days of his service in Africa were over! What had the future in store?

Out of his experiences in Africa one conviction emerged above all the rest. Before he returned to the missionary field Andrew Young would be a doctor! He would study to fit himself for the task that his heavenly Father had appointed for him. The urge that had been in his life for several years would find a response in his medical course.

Glasgow, Scotland, was his home as he sought to prepare to be a medical missionary. He had outlined a difficult task for himself. He believed it was of the Lord's leading, so he followed on. Lack of funds did not deter him, for he could earn money in the Quarrier's Orphan Homes. Obstacles to Andrew Young were stepping-stones to higher things. Barriers on his road of faith were to test the sincerity of his purpose.

Finishing his studies in the medical college Young served for a while as house surgeon in Glasgow's General Hospital. After varied experiences in two other communities he went to London for some special training on the diseases of the eye. In the publication of the *Student Movement* for October, 1904, there was an advertisement for a doctor to work with Doctor Edwards in the hospital at Shou Yang in China.

To China Under the Baptist Missionary Society

The challenge of this need met a ready response from Dr. Andrew Young. He would go to China. He was ready, thoroughly qualified! Accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, in October of 1905 he was on his way to China.

Another people to be won for Christ! Another language to be learned for his Saviour! New customs and precedents to be observed that he might win the Chinese!

Gladly did Andrew Young embark for China as an appointed missionary of the English Baptists.

He had volunteered to fill a need in the hospital in Shou Yang, which was in the province of Shansi. When he reached Shanghai he was asked to go to Sianfu, the capital of Shensi. Young immediately changed his plans, and embarked on a boat going up the Yangtze-kiang. It was a long journey across the Chinese provinces of Kiang-Su, An-Hwei, and Honan, into Shensi. It took infinite patience on the part of this hardy missionary, who was eager to reach his new field of activity. Andrew Young surprised the Chinese coolies in his party by walking forty-seven miles in one day!

The Shensi Mission had been started in 1891 by Moir Duncan and A. G. Shorrock. These men had been sent into this unevangelized province of China as a deputation of the Shansi Mission. With daring seldom equaled on the Mission field they had opened a station at the village of Fu Yin Tsun. From this village as headquarters they had tried to witness for Christ in the entire province.

Shensi is one of the great provinces of China, with an area of 67,000 square miles, and a rapidly increasing population of about ten millions [wrote E. W. Burt in his book *Fifty Years in China*]. Its position is isolated on the east by the Yellow River and on the south by mountain ranges. It is rich in mineral wealth. It is of great historic importance among the provinces of the Celestial Empire. With such great natural resources and a soil so fertile that in one good year food enough for three may be grown, the question faces us as to why Shensi supports so comparatively thin a population. The story of four consecutive calamities gives the answer. The first of these afflictions was the Tai-Ping Rebellion. Then came the Mohammedan Rebellion. It is said that one-half the population of Shensi perished in these conflicts. The Great Famine of 1877-8 came upon Shensi and destroyed many

of the remnant. The fourth was the Rebellion of the Wolves. The result of these four cumulative disasters was depopulation. To meet it the Chinese rulers encouraged the emigration of people from the congested districts in Eastern China into Shensi.

When Young reached Sianfu he made his home with Dr. Stanley Jenkins at the hospital. These two men kept bachelor's quarters, and they became mighty coworkers with God. The years that Young had spent in Africa had trained him in the process of adaptation, so he very soon felt at home in the Chinese city. A much harder task was that of knowing the Chinese language. It was difficult to learn; and it was still more difficult to find time for real language study in the busy round of his duties in the hospital.

In 1907 Young married Dr. Charlotte Murdoch. He had met Miss Murdoch while he was studying in London two years previous. She was then engaged in missionary work under Dr. Campbell Morgan at Westminster Chapel. To this chapel Young had gone Sunday after Sunday to teach in the Sunday school. Similar ambitions, similar tastes, and the Christian ideals of these two had drawn them together until in Young's thirty-eighth year they were married.

China was now, as never before, open to new ideas. The first few years of the twentieth century were years of tremendous opportunity for the cause of Christian missions in China. The Boxer Rebellion had failed, and with hope, with great expectation, and with wonder China was looking toward the Occidental world. Would the church of God rouse herself to enter into all the open doors of the world's largest empire?

One hundred years previous the immortal Robert Mor-

rison had landed in China. It was time to celebrate the centennial of Protestant Missions in China. The centenary conference was held in Shanghai in 1907 with almost twelve hundred people present; Doctor and Mrs. Young were among that number.

The 1907 conference registered a marked advance in cooperation and in plans for turning over the control of the church to the Chinese [wrote Dr. K. S. Latourette in his monumental book *A History of Christian Missions in China*]. It suggested the union of the churches established by different missions of the same ecclesiastical order; urged the importance of recruiting and training a Chinese ministry; appealed to the Christian world to realize more adequately its responsibility for giving a knowledge of the gospel to every person in the Empire; emphasized a high standard of preparation for the missionary physician, union medical schools, medical literature. Finally, the conference recommended "the formation of a Federal Union under the title, the Christian Federation of China."

With the inspiration of this Missionary Conference in their hearts Doctor and Mrs. Young started on their three-months' tour to Sianfu. After they had reached their Chinese home Doctor Young wrote of his wife: "It is obvious that she was made for China and for me. I simply can't begin to tell you what a difference having her with me makes in all my life."

Mrs. Young loved the open road and the camp-fire as much as her husband. Together they tramped over the Chinese hills, rode on their ponies, and were drawn in their carts as they visited in the villages. No more were there lonely tramps and forlorn trips, but these pioneers for God went everywhere healing the sick, teaching the Christians, and preaching that the Kingdom of heaven was at hand.

The "practise" of a Sianfu surgeon reaches to the boundaries of a province the size of England, and in addition it draws patients from a considerable portion of the neighboring western province of Kansuh, the capital of which, Langchow, is eighteen-days' journey from Sianfu [wrote J. C. Keyte in his biography of *Andrew Young*]. Thus, in spite of all endeavors to confine medical activities to the precincts of the hospital, a certain amount of flying column work is unavoidable. Young had not ridden before his China career, but he started riding from his earliest Shensi days.

Of one of these rides Young said: "The Chinaman caught hold of the horse's tail and hung on for all he was worth. The horse did not seem to mind it a bit; but I should have thought it rather risky."

One of the things that pained this man of God was the sufferings inflicted on the sick by the Chinese practitioners. The diseases of China were severe enough to command the ability of any physician; but to the hospital came hundreds of cases of people who had been pierced at different parts of their body to let out the evil spirits! The Christian hospital was often the place of last resort; when everything else had failed, when it was apparent that life was ebbing, then the patients were brought. Surely, the white man was a miracle-worker! He had made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk!

Uppermost in all Young's medical work was the winning of the Chinese to his Lord. The morning prayer-meetings, and the constant presentation of Jesus to all his patients was his heart's desire. No one came to the hospital seeking relief from pain without being taught of the One who would give relief from sin. He pointed them all to the Lamb of God. "The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He is the Balm of Gilead.

In this evangelizing ministry among the sick Young had the help of Mr. Chou, the hospital evangelist. This earnest Chinaman would go from bed to bed telling the story of Jesus and his love. Tenderly, loving, but persistently would this Chinese preacher labor to bring all his fellow countrymen to his Lord. No race of people in the world have such a capacity for endurance as the Chinese; and it was a constant wonder to Young to watch Chou continue stedfast.

What an array of diseases did this Scottish physician have to contend with in Sianfu. Carbuncles were very common, most of the people had eye trouble, venereal diseases and tubercular glands afflicted many of the Chinese. Sometimes pitiful cases of paralysis were brought to the hospital. "One little girl is in a pitiful condition," said Young. "She is paralyzed from the middle of her back downward from disease of the spine, and has frightful sores, due to the diseased condition of the nerves supplying the skin. She is just skin and bone. It takes a long time twice a day to dress her."

The time had come for advance on the part of the Shensi Mission. A delegation had come out from England to plan with the missionaries the program of the march. It had been decided that a small hospital should be opened in new territory as the mission frontier was pushed forward. The challenge of the new venture was very inviting to Andrew Young. He preferred the hard task, the breaking of new ground, to that of being a doctor in a large hospital such as his position in the well-established hospital in Sianfu.

The staff of Sianfu could ill afford to lose Doctor Young as it was already undermanned. In obedience to

what they believed to be Divine leadership, however, they rejoiced in this pioneering venture in the unevangelized area of Shensi. San Yuan was selected as the center of the new district, and to this community Young went in 1910. He immediately started to build a small hospital. He was very happy to have reached at last the place in service for which he longed ever since he graduated from medical college.

No matter what dangers were encountered, what hardships were undergone, the Youngs enjoyed their forced marches. It was a relief to the ever-busy doctor to get away from the hospital routine for a while, and to seek to save a magistrate's life in some village, or to perform an emergency operation many miles from Sianfu. Young realized the importance of reaching the villages of China. The Celestial Empire is essentially a nation of hundreds of thousands of villages.

> The Chinese village is always a miniature city, not only by reason of its internal arrangements or lack of it, but often also in the virtue of the fact that it is surrounded by a wall [wrote Dr. A. H. Smith in his book *Village Life in China*]. The most conspicuous object in a Chinese village is generally a temple, and this building often gives its name to the hamlet. A Chinese ferry is one of the most characteristic specimens of the national genius with which we are acquainted. There are in China many questions and many problems, but the one great question, the sole all-comprehending problem, is how to set Christianity at work upon them, which alone in time can and will solve all.

Hardly had Young started the Mission of San Yuan than a series of interruptions came. The first was the birth of his child, Russell Young. How complete seemed his home now. The white child, his own child, in the

midst of all these foreign children! As he loved his own boy, so his love for all the children increased. He would woo them all into God's Kingdom.

Another interruption in his field of activity was the Revolution of 1911. It brought the final overthrow of the ancient dynasty of China, and the establishment of a Republic. No province in China suffered more from the contending armies than the Province of Shensi. The bloodshed was terrific in this province, not only because of the battles fought, but also because of the bands of rowdies and marauders, under the name of "The Ancient Society of Elder Brothers," who roamed the country and plundered at will.

When fighting broke out in Sianfu Doctor and Mrs. Young were several days' journey away. Before they had started on their trip they realized that warfare would break out, but they had no idea it would be so fierce. "They found themselves cut off and in great danger," wrote E. W. Burt. "Leaving horse and baggage, and taking only such things as they could carry for their baby boy, they traveled for two nights over the hills in the fierce cold to a cave owned by a Christian. After many hairbreadth adventures they were rescued by an armed force and escorted to the capital."

Only the protecting providence of God had preserved the lives of these missionaries. The heavenly Father surely had sheltered the Youngs. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." With gratitude unbounded Young again consecrated his all to Jesus for his service.

The hospital at Sianfu was full of wounded men. Dr. Cecil Robertson and Dr. G. A. Charter were very much

overworked; and they were delighted to have Doctor Young with them again. It was only for a short time, however; for the Provincial Government commandeered his service. They needed field-hospital work on the Kansuh border. For three months Young served there, performing many an emergency operation. It was a marvelous opportunity to preach the gospel. Unable to return to San Yuan, Young responded to the appeal of the Government to go to the city of Pin Chou that he might again pioneer for God.

In April, 1912, Young had an attack of appendicitis. He had thrown off former attacks, but this one was so severe that Doctor Robertson had to operate at once. Everything was unfavorable for the success of the operation. Every one had hoped that it could be delayed until a surgeon, who had not been living in such fearful conditions as these Christian doctors of Sianfu, could come on from Peking. God was watching his workman, and guiding Robertson's hand! The operation was successful, but Young's strength was so worn by the continual drain put upon it that he was invalided home.

In England in 1913

Young and his family reached London in May. After he had spoken at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society he planned to rest in Scotland. He had gone to Scotland to speak when the news was brought by cable of the irreparable loss of Dr. Stanley Jenkins and Dr. Cecil Robertson by the dread typhus fever. Without a moment's hesitation Young volunteered to return to China to fill the breach. His own reserve of energy was gone. The doctor advised him against it. With intrepid fidelity

and with absolute self-forgetfulness he hastened to his post at Sianfu, China. He had been commissioned of God for his task, and he would be faithful to the divine command at whatever cost.

Last Years

Jenkins, Robertson, and Young had pioneered together to bring in the Kingdom of God, and now in May, 1913, Young was alone. In the prime of their service, in the very midst of their days, the other two had been cut down by the grim reaper. Young found it very difficult to carry on. He must stay in Sianfu. "Isn't it a strange thing," he wrote, "that for all the time we have been in China we have never yet lived in our own home?" What a sacrifice!

No sooner had he begun his second term of service in China than the Shensi Mission lost another one of its missionaries. Miss Jennie Beckingsale had been a member of the Mission staff when Young reached Sianfu. Now, after two operations, she died. Dr. G. A. Charter, who had been the only doctor in the hospital when the fury of the Revolution broke out in the city, lay sick with typhus. Lord, how long? What was the meaning of it all? Did the soul of Andrew Young need to be tested so that he could testify with Job, "When he hath tried me, I will come forth as gold"?

He was a man of great faith. "When other helpers fail, abide with me," was his constant prayer. Young realized, "The arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own." He was going through deep experiences of soul those days. He felt that he could say with Paul, "I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret,

both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want." His was a life which, under the fires of persecution and trial, sought power and wisdom in prayer. Workers might die, but the work of going into all the world and preaching the gospel would go on. It was God-given, and Young had the assurance of the constant presence of God.

The progress of Protestant Missions in China from the days of the Boxer Rebellion to those of the World War was phenomenal. While at the beginning of the twentieth century the Protestants in China did not number one hundred thousand, in fourteen years the total grew to over half a million. The magnitude of this tremendous advance is almost impossible to realize. The seed-sowing of the missionaries of the cross, and the faithful witness to the saving grace of Jesus by hundreds of martyred Chinese Christians, brought forth a bounteous harvest.

The Baptist Mission in Shensi shared in some of these victories of Jesus. It was an unspeakable joy to Young to see these people to whom he had ministered, and to whom he had talked, accept Christ as personal Saviour. For that purpose he had come to China, for that he had surrendered his all, to that end he labored unceasingly, that God in Christ might save some.

When a daughter, Hannah, was born in 1914 his joy knew no bounds. "You never saw two such lovers as Hannah and he," wrote Mrs. Young. Russell Young was now a boy of four, and he seemed almost as glad as his father because of the new arrival. He began to count the days until his little sister could play with him.

Young's modesty and self-forgetfulness were never so evident as when he received a sick call. Whatever the

hour of the day or night that the call came he would respond immediately. Wherever he was asked to go, no matter how far the journey might be, he went on one of his forced marches. Once he had been summoned to the city of Feng-hsiang, a hundred miles west of Sianfu. A missionary of the China Inland Mission was very ill. Without a moment's hesitation he started. While he was there doctoring the sick missionary, "He received a telegram that his son Russell was dangerously ill," wrote J. C. Keyte. "As soon as it was safe to leave his patient he got away from Feng-hsiang, starting from that city at one o'clock. He did the one hundred miles between Feng-hsiang and Sianfu in thirty-three hours."

George Young, his third child, was born in 1916. The boy lived for three years suffering with *spina bifida,* and then God took him to be with the band of children who are in heaven, "a holy, happy band." When Doctor Young realized the affliction of his child he cabled to America. In response to his cable Young received encouragement; so he and his family started for America in September. They arrived safely, despite the dangers due to the World War. Dr. Harvey Cushing of Boston operated on George Young three times, but the only result was temporary relief.

During his stay in America, Andrew Young sought all the knowledge possible. He visited hospitals in Baltimore and Boston. He attended lectures in Johns Hopkins University. The opportunity thus afforded this Scottish missionary was greatly appreciated by him. Young felt the necessity of returning to his Mission Station; so, with his family he left America in September, 1917.

Though he still worried about his son, George, he was

glad to reach Sianfu again. During his absence from China the new hospital had been built. It was known as the Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital.

Since Sianfu as a city was without such modern facilities as gas, electric light, water, or drainage, it followed that in the hospital time and strength had still to be spent upon work which never troubles workers in a hospital at home [wrote J. C. Keyte]. The wards were lit by oil lamps, whilst water had to be carried in buckets to each of the rooms. Thus in spite of the new buildings and new equipment, it was one long struggle to maintain the requisite standard of cleanliness.

The magnificent physique which Andrew Young had brought to the missionary cause had been overworked. With unflagging devotion to his task, and with whole-hearted consecration he had followed on. Every sinew of his being, every nerve of his body, and every bit of energy of his strength had been expended for the sake of his love to Christ. In March, 1918, he had a complete collapse. He was compelled to seek rest.

It was during the days of his convalescence that the rarity of Young's soul appeared. Though all his colleagues knew that he had a strong will, it was the beauty of his character that now attracted them. His fellow missionaries began calling him " Saint Andrew " because of the Christlikeness of his life. As a boy he had impressed his companions as a thoughtful and dreamy lad. Now, during these last years of his life, " Men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus."

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath his shadow: this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must find and bear the image of the Master in your face.

Ever since the days of the Revolution the province of Shensi had been in an unsettled condition. In the early part of 1919 the rebel army were fighting the army of the Provincial Government; and Young was again serving to the limit of his ability in Sianfu. In one of his reports to the Missionary Society, he wrote, "The staff, who come into most intimate contact with the patients, seem more in earnest about things than they have been, and begin to realize more that the cure of souls is not simply something that we indulge in our spare moments, but the objective of all of our work."

With greater facilities for service in the new hospital the prospect seemed bright. War clouds men's minds, however, and turns the thoughts of people away from the work of world-evangelization. Young was alone for most of 1919 and 1920. Not yet restored to his physical vigor, he found himself carrying the largest responsibilities of his career. Finally, new recruits arrived, and Young moved back to San Yuan.

Doctor Young looked forward to a quieter field of service, and one more of his own choosing. He preferred the small hospital because he felt that the doctor in charge could thus come into intimate contact with each patient. He was a believer in not only leading the unsaved to Christ, but in seeking to ground each believer firmly in Jesus. He wanted the Chinese Christian "to be able to give a reason for the hope within."

General Feng Yi Hsiang and his Christian army were then making an impression on China. In his book *China's Christian Army,* George T. B. Davis speaks in the highest terms of this noted Chinese general: "The army is not only a military organization, but a Christian school. It

has an absence of immorality, wine-drinking, and cigarette-smoking. It has an industrial branch, so that when men leave the army they have a trade when they get home." "I think nearly all the officers of his army are Christians," Young wrote of General Feng Yi Hsiang's army. "Not just following his example but convicted and converted by the Spirit of God. I do trust that during the stay of these soldiers the movement will spread outside, and result in many genuine converts being gathered in."

The hospital was now finished in San Yuan. Young and his colleague, Watson, began to evangelize the patients and their families. "We want more conviction of sin and real anxiety about their souls and the souls of others, amongst the members of the staff," said Young. He sought to grip each one with whom he labored with the master passion of his life. He had resolved so to live and teach Christ that those whom he touched might want to know and follow his Lord.

The End

Everything seemed to be heavy with promise. Young felt that the way was now open to the people of China as it had never been before. Then came the end! The dread disease that had slain his noble predecessors Jenkins and Robertson, found him an easy victim. Resistance was gone. All his reserves of strength had been expended that God's Kingdom might come in Africa and China. Typhus fever raged in his body. All the skill of the doctors of the Shensi Mission, and all of the English nurses couldn't keep Young from crossing the river. He died on April 29, 1922, trusting to the last in his Saviour, whom he loved so devotedly.

Saint Andrew

When J. C. Keyte, who wrote the book *Andrew Young,* came to the end of the last chapter, which he entitled " The Shining Year," he said:

> The inspiration which his life has for us lies in the fact that his gifts were not such as would place him hopelessly beyond our reach, whilst the graces of character that proclaimed him as an elect soul to the discerning were arrived at by means which are available for every Christian believer; he believed the Promise of God, he laid hold on the Word of Life, he worked Word and Promise into his daily plan and practise until slowly, unconsciously, and surely, he was changed, and men took note of him that he had been with Jesus.

Only fifty-three years of earthly life—then Young was moved to the higher life above. The suffering of others became his suffering. " If a person is ill," said his Chinese friends, " it seems as though he takes the illness upon himself." Even more deeply did he feel the sins of men. As he grew in the Christian life, as his own life began to measure up to the life of Jesus, Young felt heart sorrow for sin. Part of his modesty was due to the desire of his life to bury himself so completely in Jesus that he could testify, " For me to live is Christ."

From the time that he gave his life to Christ to the day of his death Andrew Young had labored with heroic zeal for his Lord. Forced marches might be required. Tropical fevers might lay him low. Armed bandits might change his course for a day or two. Nothing could turn him! Nothing could daunt him! Nothing could cause him to draw back! Bravely he followed. Heroically he carried on. His faith in God grew stronger. His time for

prayer grew longer. His love for Jesus became all-encompassing.

His pilgrimage was ended. His days of toil and hardship were over. He exchanged the sorrows of earth for the joys of heaven. "In his presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Saint Andrew had gone home.

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